

WHAT! NO MORE CLINCHES?

Silver Screen

August



Joan Blondell

VOLCANIC HOLLYWOOD By Dana Burnett

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

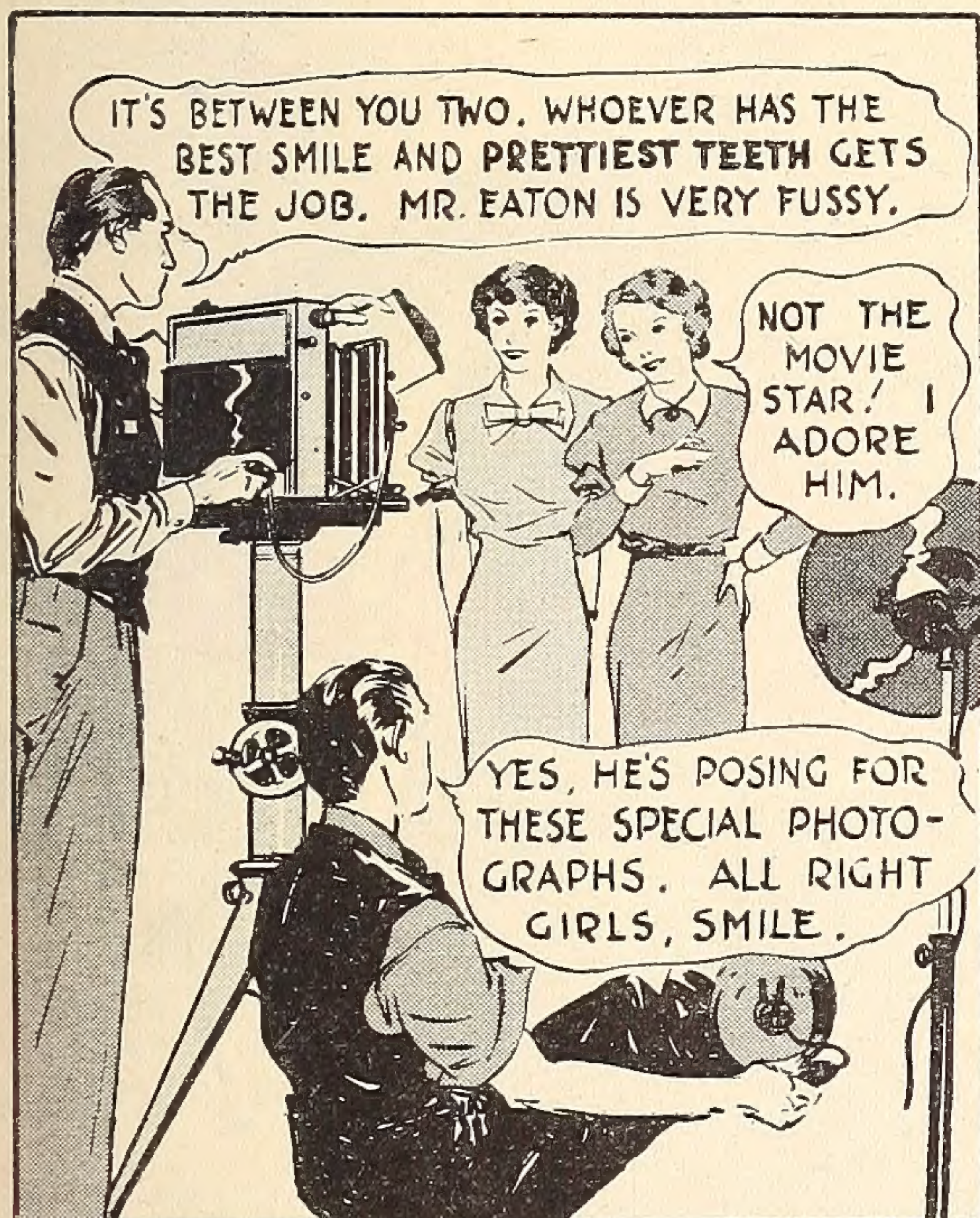
To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

How Rosalie found a fascinating new world



DO AS NEW YORK MODELS DO, USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Without perfect teeth, not one model in ten has a chance of success before the camera. No wonder famous New York models choose Listerine Tooth Paste. Its ingredients are super-fine in character, amazingly gentle in action; yet give marvelous cleanliness and brilliant lustre.

Why don't you, too, try Listerine Tooth Paste? See what an improvement it makes in your teeth in a few weeks.

Lambert
Pharmaceutical Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.



More than
1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢

Regular size tube - 25¢



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR
Powell
ROBERT
Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!



BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties!
He's a scream!



SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red
hot mommas singing her famous songs!



JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little
hot-singing discovery!



GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new
dancing partner!

Also in the Big Cast:
Binnie Barnes
Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by
Roy Del Ruth
Produced by
Jack Cummings
Dance direction by
Dave Gould

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Songs by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed

The mammoth M-G-M
musical that picks up
where "Great Ziegfeld"
and "Born to Dance" left
off!... Scores of stars!
Gigantic spectacle! Gor-
geous girls! Thrilling ro-
mance! Swingy tunes!...
It's M-G-M's gayest, star-
jammed entertainment!

**BIG
SONG HITS**
"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a
Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway
and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of
Shoes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

AUGUST, 1937

VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER TEN

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western EditorLENORE SAMUELS
Assistant EditorFRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

	PAGE
RELIEF FROM GLAMOUR.....BEN MADDOX	16
<i>Stars Become Mere Humans When The Fish Are Biting</i>	
VOLCANIC HOLLYWOOD!.....DANA BURNET	18
<i>Where Things Happen Suddenly</i>	
THEY ENJOY IT.....GLADYS HALL	20
<i>Some Players Who Think Themselves Darned Lucky</i>	
THE HARD WAY.....ED SULLIVAN	22
<i>It's The Best Way In</i>	
THEIR FATES HANG IN THE BALANCE.....HELEN LOUISE WALKER	24
<i>Experimenting With Careers</i>	
WHAT! NO MORE CLINCHES?.....JANET GRAVES	26
<i>Pictures Are Becoming Less Osculatory And More Successful</i>	
PROJECTIONS.....ELIZABETH WILSON	28
<i>Joan Blondell</i>	
WHO SAID "AWKWARD 'TEENS?'".....ANNABELLE GILLESPIE-HAYEK	30
<i>The Drama Of Youth Is The New Idea In Pictures</i>	
SHE'S 21.....WHITNEY WILLIAMS	34
<i>Rochelle Hudson Has A Birthday</i>	
HE CAN DO ANYTHING—.....JEANNE DE KOLTY	51
<i>The Versatile Walter Brennan</i>	
EMERGENCY LOVE!.....JACK BECHDOLT	52
<i>The Fictionization of "Between Two Women"</i>	
A SHORT-SHORT VISIT.....FREDERICK RUSSELL	55
<i>A Director Van Dyke Interview In A Nutshell</i>	

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	8
SEVEN WAYS FOR SEVEN DAYS.....RUTH CORBIN	10
<i>Family Meals While On Vacation</i>	
GUARD YOUR BEAUTY IN THE SUMMER TIME.....MARY LEE	12
<i>Be Enticing!</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	15
PICTURES ON THE FIRE.....S. R. MOOK	32
<i>A Personally Conducted Visit To The Studios</i>	
REVIEWS OF PICTURES.....	56
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING.....	82

ART SECTION

WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....	35
<i>Spencer Tracy</i>	
THE ENCHANTED SHORE.....	36-37
<i>Where The Never-Never-Land Touches The Ocean Of Dreams</i>	
THE SEARCHLIGHTS OF GOOD FORTUNE.....	38-39
<i>Good Roles Seek The Right Players</i>	
COMING ALONG THE SOUND TRACK.....	40-41
<i>Singers Are A Permanent Feature Of Pictures</i>	
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.....	42-43
<i>The Mammoth Marvels Of The Movies</i>	
"MORE LOVELY THAN PANDORA".....	44-45
<i>Select Casual Clothes For Your Vacation</i>	
NEW PICTURES FOR MIDSUMMER NIGHTS.....	46-47
CANDIDLY SPEAKING!.....	48-49
<i>Cameras Pursue The Famous Stars</i>	
PICTURE STEALERS.....	50
<i>No Scene Is Safe With Them Around</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN BLONDELL BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



W. C. Fields

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

If people must move, and I do think it is a good thing occasionally when mice and men and termites go stark mad on the welcome mat, I heartily recommend Jean Muir as a landlord. Just this week I took over a sub-lease on Jean's Hollywood studio apartment (Jean's off for a season of stock in the East) and for the first time in my life I found moving a positive pleasure. Jean said that the Venetian blinds would work, and so they did, she said I would crush a fender and snag off part of the fence trying to get my car out of the garage, and so I did. Truthfulness is something rarely found in landlords and press agents.

Perhaps it is the tropical summer sun, or perhaps it's the beach-comber coming out in me, but I must admit that my sole exertion this month, outside of moving, has been a mild dash every Sunday over to the Dick Powells for one of their Sunday breakfast-luncheon parties. Dick takes on the athletically inclined for a snappy game of badminton—no one can beat Dick at this feathered sport except Regis Toomey—while his little bride (Joan Blondell to you) dishes with the guests who are too lazy to do anything more strenuous than lift a beer.

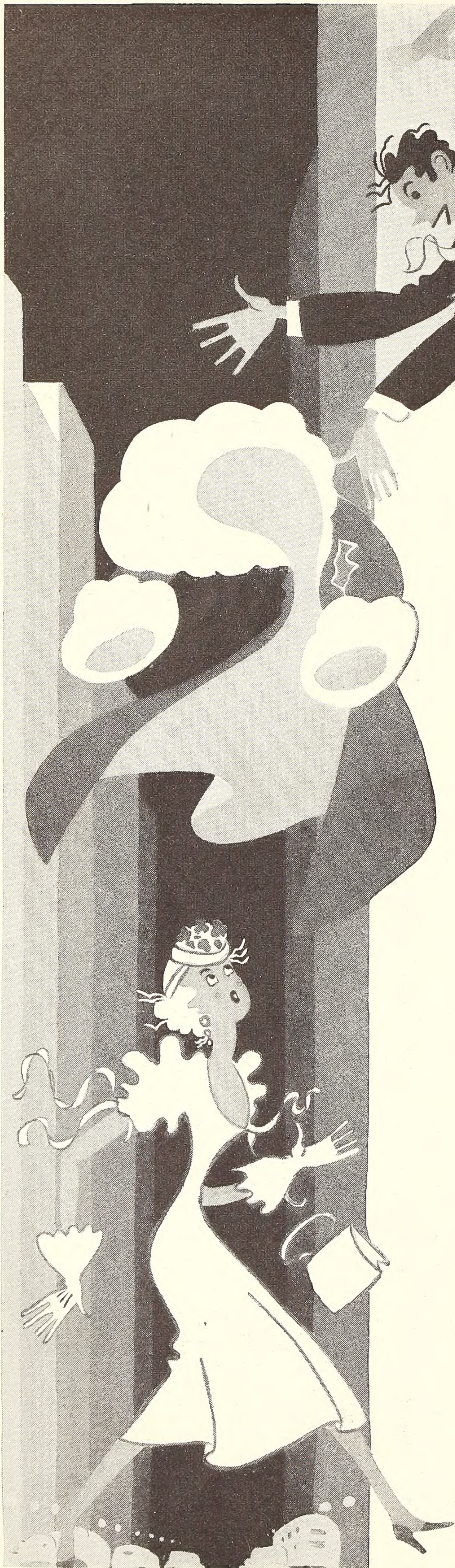
About three o'clock the most marvelous food appears in the garden, fried chicken, divine salads, chocolate cake, apple pie, my my, my my. Everybody says, "Well, I'll start my reducing next week," and stuffs something awful until it's four o'clock and time to listen to W. C. Fields (*the* W. C.) carry on his feud with Charlie McCarthy. No one in Hollywood misses the Fields broadcast. It's the consensus of opinion among the movie stars that he's the best.

My other exertion of the month was to put my car in first the other night and coax it to climb one of the highest hills back of Beverly Hills, whereon dwells Miriam Hopkins in the amazing house that once belonged to the Screen's Great Lover, John Gilbert. Miriam recently bought the house, redecorated it, and it is really a dream of a place. She threw a combination house-warming and birthday party for Anatol Litvak (Tola to his friends), and as he is Russian in the most charming manner it turned out to be a Russian party. Everything was Russian, the vodka and the caviar, my my, my my, the Volga Boatman rowing madly across the birthday cake, the Russian string orchestra, the champagne toasts, and the most delightfully insane Russians right out of "Tovarich"—none of whom I knew before, except Mischa Auer, but oh boy, do I know them now. Vodka does it.

LIZA

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1937 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



Suppose a \$75,000

Here's How I Felt

by
Jean Arthur

I WAS RIDING on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?" I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

I GET A TOWN CAR

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man

you got hit on the head with
sable coat! *How would you feel?*

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven't even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith...

But Mary's told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You'll find the answer in Paramount's "Easy Living," the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swellest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.

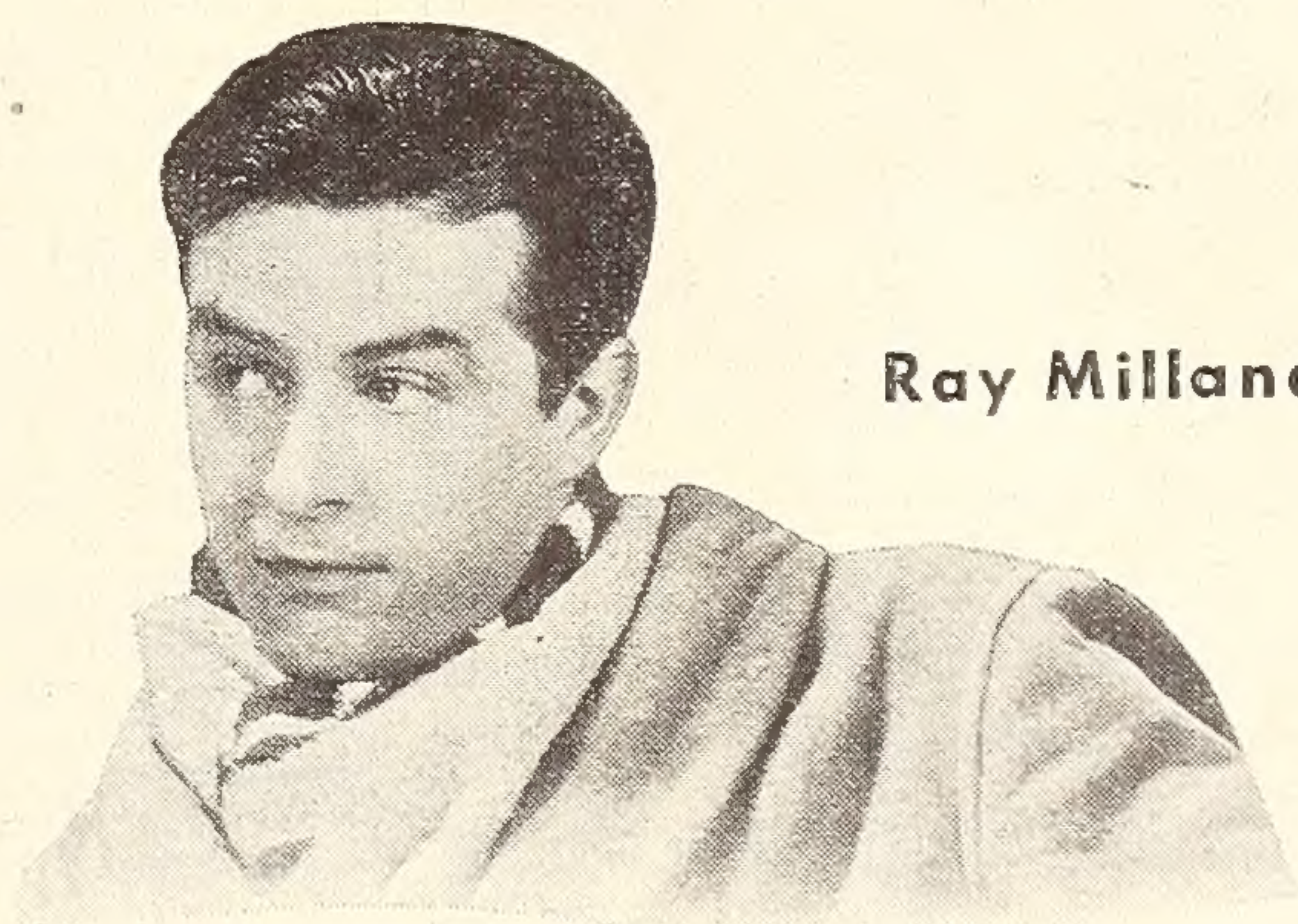


Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to... me, Mary Smith...

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn't enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it's all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like "No," he's invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I've just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen... and now I'm told I'm worth a million dollars.



Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.

Adolph Zukor presents

JEAN ARTHUR • EDWARD ARNOLD EASY LIVING RAY MILLAND • LUIS ALBERNI • MARY NASH

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

always
ardent color..

never

lipstick
parching



Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching



Tips On Pictures



Jeanne Madden has that "certain look" which precedes a proposal in this scene with Donald Woods from "Talent Scout."

AFRICAN HOLIDAY—Fairly interesting. A journey into the jungle by the wealthy sportsman, Harry C. Pearson, and his wife, is responsible for this film which, although amateurishly constructed, provides some illuminating moments, especially when it reveals a tribe whose members average seven feet in height.

ARMORED CAR—Fair melodrama. A number of robberies suffered by the Armored Car Company lead the police to suspect Irving Pichel, a gangster who goes in for organ playing, and Cesar Romero. The young love interest is played by Judith Barrett and a newcomer, Robert Wilcox, who does well by his role of undercover man.

BANK ALARM—Fair. As the title indicates this concerns a gang of bank robbers who ply their calling with pretty excellent results until they are rounded up by department of justice agent, Conrad Nagel, and his trusty G-men. Eleanor Hunt and Wilma Francis provide adequate romantic interest.

CALL IT A DAY—Good. A tender comedy of English family life, taking one full day and everything that happens to each member of the charming Hilton family for its narrative. Of course, it is Spring, and so Love is in the ascendant all day long. Competent cast includes Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, Roland Young, Anita Louise, etc.

50 ROADS TO TOWN—Good. Pleasant summer film-fare is this story of a self-willed young society girl, who runs away from her irate father who disapproves of her fiancé, and runs smack into another and better romance in a mountain cabin. A fair helping of melodrama serves to put a smart edge on to this second love affair which turns out to be the "right" one. (Ann Southern-Don Ameche-Slim Summerville.)

FLY AWAY BABY—Good. The recent around-the-world flight taken by the newspaper woman, Dorothy Killgallen, inspired this mystery melodrama which Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane, her fiancé, try to solve by means of a similar exciting flight.

GIRL SAID NO, THE—Fine. The fact that one of the better New York Gilbert & Sullivan Companies is cast in this film is real news. They contribute a good round number of breezy, tune-favorites that will please Gilbert & Sullivan fans throughout the country. The romance and comedy are nicely taken care of by Irene Hervey, Bob Armstrong and Edward Brophy, and the dialogue is brisk and amusing.

GO-GETTER, THE—Good. Remember Peter B. Kyne's famous Cappy Ricks' stories? Well, meet the lovable old captain again in this film in the person of the equally lovable Charles Winninger. George Brent is the go-getter who attracts the sympathies of Cappy Ricks, and Anita Louise furnishes the romantic lure.

GUN LORDS OF STIRRUP BASIN—Good. A feud over the building of a dam in the west furnishes the plot for this exciting action film starring Bob Steele, who is in love with his enemy's daughter, Louise Stanley.

HOTEL HAYWIRE—Good. An amusing farce concerning the domestic upheaval in the life of Spring Byington and Lynne Overman when Spring takes up astrology in a big way. Leo Carrillo is excellent in the role of the fake astrologer. It should not be taken seriously, but can be relied upon for sure-fire laughs.

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—Fair. All fans who have a yen for the wide open spaces should see this film based on one of Harold Bell Wright's stories. It concerns a big business man who goes west to secure control of a dairy ranch that is not making money, and after the usual complications marries the owner of the farm. (Paul Kelly-Judith Allen.)

KID GALLAHAD—Excellent. This is a "knockout" story of the prize ring, with a perfectly swell newcomer, Wayne Morris, cast as the champ. Ed. G. Robinson as Wayne's manager, and Bette Davis, as Robinson's girl friend, contribute ace-high performances. Also in the cast, and good, too, are Humphrey Bogart and Jane Bryan.

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Fine. Adapted from Josephine Lawrence's novel, "The Years Are So Long," this is a poignant story of an elderly couple, without financial security, who have to depend upon their married children for sustenance. See it and weep. It is one of the most moving stories of its kind yet filmed. (Victor Moore-Beulah Bondi.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY—So-So. A new edition of Van Dine's famous "The Greene Murder Case," which was done much more effectively when talkies first made their bow. It concerns a rich but very unpleasant family, most of the members of which are killed off (fortunately) before the film ends. (Roscoe Karns-Grant Richards.)

LET THEM LIVE—Interesting. John Howard is the crusading young interne who fights against the corrupt political situation in his town because he thinks it is the cause of so many unsanitary living conditions. The cast includes Nan Grey (of "Three Smart Girls"), Edward Ellis and Robert Wilcox.

PICK A STAR—Fine. A lively burlesque of Hollywood is attempted here with laugh-provoking results. It takes the combined comedy personalities of Mischa Auer, Patsy Kelly, Laurel and Hardy and Jack Haley to launch Rosina Lawrence, a beauty contest winner, into pictures, but you'll have a grand time following her progress.

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Excellent. One of the most charming of Mark Twain's fables (concerning the son of Henry the 8th and a little beggar lad) affords material for an equally charming film featuring the clever Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby. Particularly timely is the coronation of little King Edward the 6th, coming as it does just now. (Montagu Love-Errol Flynn).

RIDING ON AIR—Amusing. The latest Joe E. Brown film has this wide-mouthed comedian jack-of-all-trades and master of none. He's bound to get plenty of laughs when he exhibits his aptitude for aviation, even going so far as to invent a new gadget. Supporting cast includes Guy Kibbee and Florence Rice.

SHALL WE DANCE—Grand entertainment. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire go through their regular bag of tricks in this latest opus, and all we can say is "what fun!" They dance, they skate, they sing, they quarrel—all in the gayest possible mood. And Eric Blore and Ed. Everett Horton are incomparable in suave comedy roles.

SLAVE SHIP—Interesting. In the middle nineteenth century the trade of shipping slaves from the West coast of Africa to the United States flourished. Just how sordid this practice became is depicted graphically in this strong dramatic film starring Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Allen.

SLIM—Excellent. A comedy-melodrama centering around two construction job linemen—Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda—who are both in love with a nurse who tries to induce them to give up their dangerous employment. There is plenty of tragedy before these three work out their destinies.

SMOKE TREE RANGE—Good. One of Buck Jones' best films. A western, of course, with plenty of fast riding and melodramatic plot. Muriel Evans is the girl who gets Buck in the happy fadeout.

SPEED TO SPARE—Good. Auto racing is the nucleus of the fast-moving action plot of this film featuring two brothers, separated when children, who both have a yen for this sport. Charles Quigley and Eddie Nugent have the principle roles, with Dorothy Wilson supplying the romantic interludes.

TALENT SCOUT—Fine. A really entertaining story kidding the Hollywood studios. Donald Woods is the ex-talent scout who makes a real discovery, while hitch-hiking, in the acquisition of Jeanne Maddon. Jeanne, singer, flops in her first test but is hailed as a great star when Donald puts her over as a "foreign find."

TALK OF THE DEVIL—Good. A British murder mystery with some excellent work done by the three principals in the cast—Sally Eilers, Ricardo Cortez, and an English actor, Basil Sydney, whose performance is outstanding.

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—Fine. After seeing what happens to Franchot Tone, a young pacifist who was drafted into the late war and who returned to private life a full-fledged gangster, no wonder we all shout "no more wars." (Spencer Tracy-Gladys George).

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Fine. We go back to the days of the famous French cardinal, Richelieu, for this swashbuckling tale of a gentleman soldier of fortune who falls in love with the cardinal's niece. The excellent cast includes Annabella, Raymond Massey, Conrad Veidt and Romney Brent.

WHAT PRICE VENGEANCE—Poor. This is such an old-fashioned melodrama that it beggars analysis. However, it is good for a laugh—if you are in the mood. The actors who are more to be pitied than scorned are Wendy Barrie and Lyle Talbot, etc.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Good. When Wendy Barrie eloped with Ray Milland, a lieutenant at the navy air base in Hawaii, she didn't reckon on the fact that the U. S. Navy is a strict taskmaster and that it would demand more of her husband's time than she might. How the problem of this romantic couple is worked out affords material for a pleasantly entertaining drama.

WOMAN CHASES MAN—Swell fun. One of those daffy, dizzy films that the doctor orders to drive those blues away. The plot (what there is of it) concerns Miriam Hopkins, a young architect, who plans to get a hundred thousand dollars out of tight-fisted Joel McCrea in order to promote a housing scheme of his goofy dad, Charles Winninger.

Girls into Goddesses

Flatter your figure in a B. V. D. Swim Suit...fashioned to control and enhance your loveliest curves!



LADY, be beautiful! When you go down to the sea and the sands, sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B. V. D. For in their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side mailots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sea Nymph

The look of a lovely "hand-knit" with contrasting straps tying in "double bow" belt, \$8.95. Maillot model, \$7.95.

Tri-Color

B. V. D.'s "Crosstide" stitch with adjustable rope straps controlling pennant patterned uplift, \$4.95. Skirted, \$5.95.

Copyright 1937, The B. V. D. Corporation

B.V.D.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Swim Suits

- Seamless Sides and Backs
- Silhouetting Fabrics
- Extra Seat Fullness

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

JEAN *Parker* TESTS 2 TALCUMS



See lovely JEAN PARKER in Columbia Picture "Life Begins With Love"!

Likes Both—Prefers "Y"

Jean Parker tries both powders in plain white boxes. She chooses "Y"—the new MAVIS, mildly scented. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, fully scented.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! MAVIS cools, soothes and refreshes.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a lightly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

FREE Generous size trial package. Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 91, Long Island City, N. Y. Offer not good after Aug. 25th. Get your FREE MAVIS now!



*Finer than
most face powders*



Two lovely MAVIS Talcums. Both will flatter you. Which one suits your type?

MAVIS
FOR BODY
PROTECTION

SEVEN WAYS FOR SEVEN DAYS

Family Meals While On Vacation

By
Ruth Corbin

*All Recipes Have
Been Pre-Tested*

Dixie Dunbar finds it easy to prepare the old reliable—bacon and eggs—in a well equipped trailer kitchenette.



AUGUST is the month when vacation fever becomes most acute.

The majority of people must consider the family in their going away plans, and in this article I have planned meals serving four, for seven days. You will find also a list of the necessary supplies which need not cost more than \$15.00.

SUPPLIES

Two boxes Heinz Rice Flakes, 1 jar Dundee Marmalade, 1 pound Chase and Sanborn Coffee, 7 quarts milk, 9 tall cans Borden milk, 6 cans Crosse and Blackwell soup—3 cans Beef Broth and 3 cans Cream of Celery soup, 2 cans Date and Nut Bread, 1 package Saltines, 1/4 pound Premier tea, 1 pound White Rose rice, 2 dozen eggs, 1 box strawberry Jello, 2 boxes Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 1 pound Swift's bacon and 1 pound lard, 2 pounds butter, jar Kraft's cheese spread, 1 bottle pickles, 2 bottles olives, 1/2 pound potato chips, 2 quarts Hoffman's Gingerale, 1 can apple sauce, 3 cans Kemp's Sun Rayed Tomato Juice, box Junket, small box Bisquick, 2 #2 cans tomatoes, 1 package Caruso spaghetti, 2 boxes Royal Chocolate Pudding, 1 can S & W tiny peas, 1 can R & R Boned Chicken, 5 pounds sugar and 1 package cream cheese. Two pineapples, 2 pounds peaches, 2 dozen each of oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, 1 box blackberries, 5 pounds seedless grapes, 5 pounds oxheart cherries and 4 cantaloupes. One pound cold cuts, 1 can Morrell's Spiced Meat, 1 1/2 pounds chopped round steak, 4 pork chops, 4 minute steaks, 1 can Gorton's Fish Cakes and 1/4 pound dried beef. Three bunches beets, 2 stalks celery, 1 bunch endive, 1 chicory, 2 heads lettuce, 3 cucumbers, 2 bunches carrots, 2 pounds fresh tomatoes, 3 pounds cabbage, 4 ears corn, 3 pounds spinach, 5 pounds potatoes, 2 bunches radishes, 1 green pepper, 1 pound onions, 2 pounds green beans. A pint jar Hellman's Mayonnaise and small amount of seasonings.

A simple breakfast for the early riser or the stay-a-bed, with which to start off the vacation, consists of Rice Flakes with berries, buttered toast, marmalade and coffee. At noon you can prepare in ten minutes a satisfying lunch of beef broth, saltines, fresh pineapples, iced tea and dessert cookies, which have been made at home and brought along with the other supplies.

TRAY DINNER

Meat Balls
*Spanish Rice Green beans
*Spinach and egg salad
Hot or iced coffee Milk

SPANISH RICE

1 medium-sized onion, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 cup rice 4 tbsps. butter
1 tsp. salt 1/4 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. sugar 1 #2 can tomatoes
2 cups boiling water

Wash rice, brown lightly in butter with onion and green pepper, using a large skillet. Add seasonings, tomatoes and water. Cover and simmer about 30 minutes until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed.

SPINACH AND EGG SALAD

Wash and shred the heart of raw spinach—as much as needed. Cut hard-cooked eggs—2 for four people—and mix all ingredients with salad dressing or mayonnaise.

Tuesday—out of bed, stretch and into your bathing suits. As soon as your jiffy breakfast of corn flakes and fresh sliced peaches, crisp bacon, buttered whole wheat raisin bread, coffee or milk is over lunch will be prepared and packed by all. Then bring out the car and away you'll go to a nearby lake or beach for your first swim.

SWIM LUNCH

Ham Sandwiches
Cheese Spread Sandwiches
Cream Cheese on Date and Nut Bread
Potato Salad Pickles
Fruit Cookies
A thermos bottle of lemonade

DINNER

Cream of Celery Soup Saltines
Cold Cuts Potato Chips
Green Vegetable Salad
Date and Nut Bread with marmalade
Hot or iced tea Milk

Wednesday—for breakfast add Goldenrod Eggs to the orange juice, cereal, toast and coffee for a grand surprise. For luncheon

open a can of pork and beans, make cole slaw and finish with cookies and iced gingerale.

DINNER

Breaded Pork Chops
Parsley Potatoes Spinach
Apple Sauce
*Blackberry Roll Coffee

GOLDENROD EGGS

Into a plain cream sauce cut finely three hard-cooked eggs. Mix, pour on buttered toast, sprinkle with paprika and serve.

BLACKBERRY ROLL

Spread in bottom of a long deep pan a pastry which has been rolled to a thickness of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch and a width all around of about 12 inches. Pour on blackberries. Sprinkle with sugar, dot generously with butter. Fold over, fastening by pressing edges firmly together. Puncture with air holes and bake until done in moderate oven 350° F. Baste occasionally with mixture which escapes from roll.

Thursday—and now for a breakfast of tomato juice, scrambled eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee. Then a morning hike and more sunburn, returning for luncheon of vegetable chowder, hot Bisquick biscuits, fruit bowl, iced coffee or milk. Serve—

DINNER ON THE LAWN

Minute Steaks

French Fried Potatoes Green Beans
Whole pickled beets stuffed with cucumbers and celery
Junket Coffee

VEGETABLE CHOWDER

To all left over vegetables add a can of corn, 1 chopped onion and a whole can of evaporated milk. A little fried chopped bacon is also nice.

Friday—for breakfast you'll have cantaloupe, Spanish omelette, buttered toast and coffee. Spread your lunch under a tree. Make it *Italian eggs, radishes, olives, fruit, cookies and iced tea.

DINNER

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Fish cakes Corn-on-cob
Buttered asparagus Sliced tomatoes
Chocolate Pudding Hot or Iced tea

ITALIAN EGGS

2 tbsps. olive oil 1 finely chopped onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
4 hard-cooked eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk 1 tbsp. flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 package spaghetti $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper

Heat oil in frying pan, add onions, celery, green pepper and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Sprinkle with flour, add milk and seasonings, stir until it thickens. Pile freshly cooked spaghetti on a platter, garnish with sliced eggs and pour sauce over all.

Saturday calls for a quick breakfast of sliced peaches on the remaining cereal with buttered toast and coffee. Luncheon, too, must do away with left over foods so sandwiches are made from cold cuts and cheese spread, the few cookies remaining and lemonade. This makes the simple but tasty evening meal all the more welcome.

DINNER

Creamed Dried Beef on Toast Squares
Peas and carrots
Cole Slaw with Tomato Slices
Ice cream (from General Store) Coffee

Sunday breakfast is discarded. At noon you have a healthy Brunch of orange juice, cereal, pancakes with bacon and eggs and coffee. Then you pile into the car and head for home.

GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!

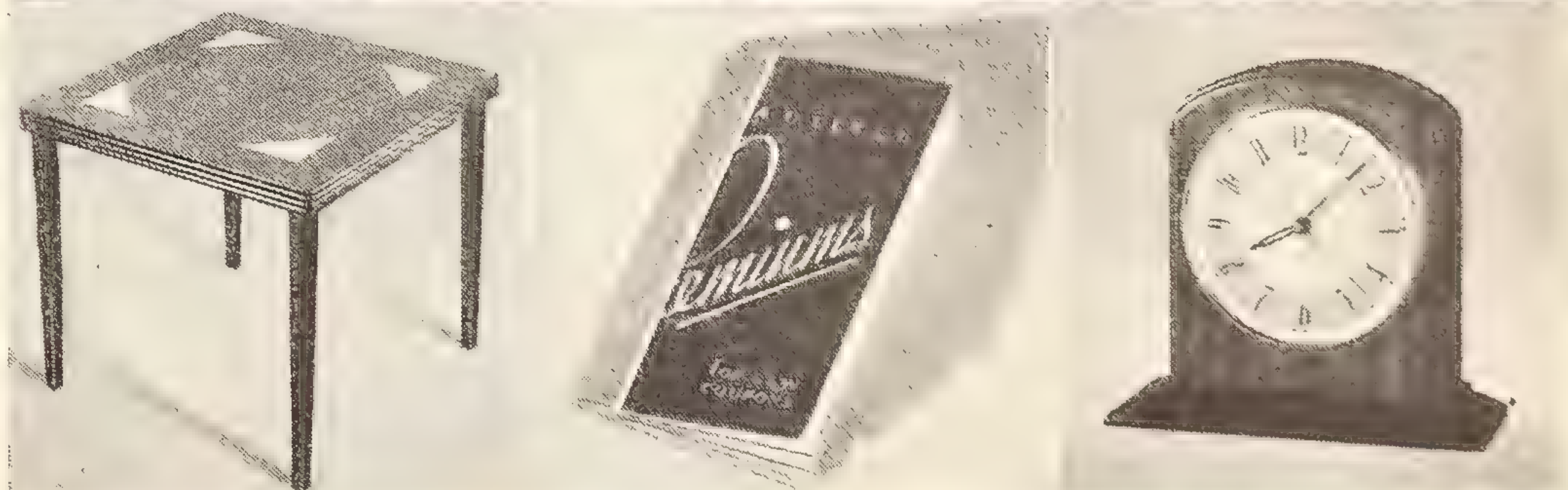


LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOL'S fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) Your throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Lowe,
NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



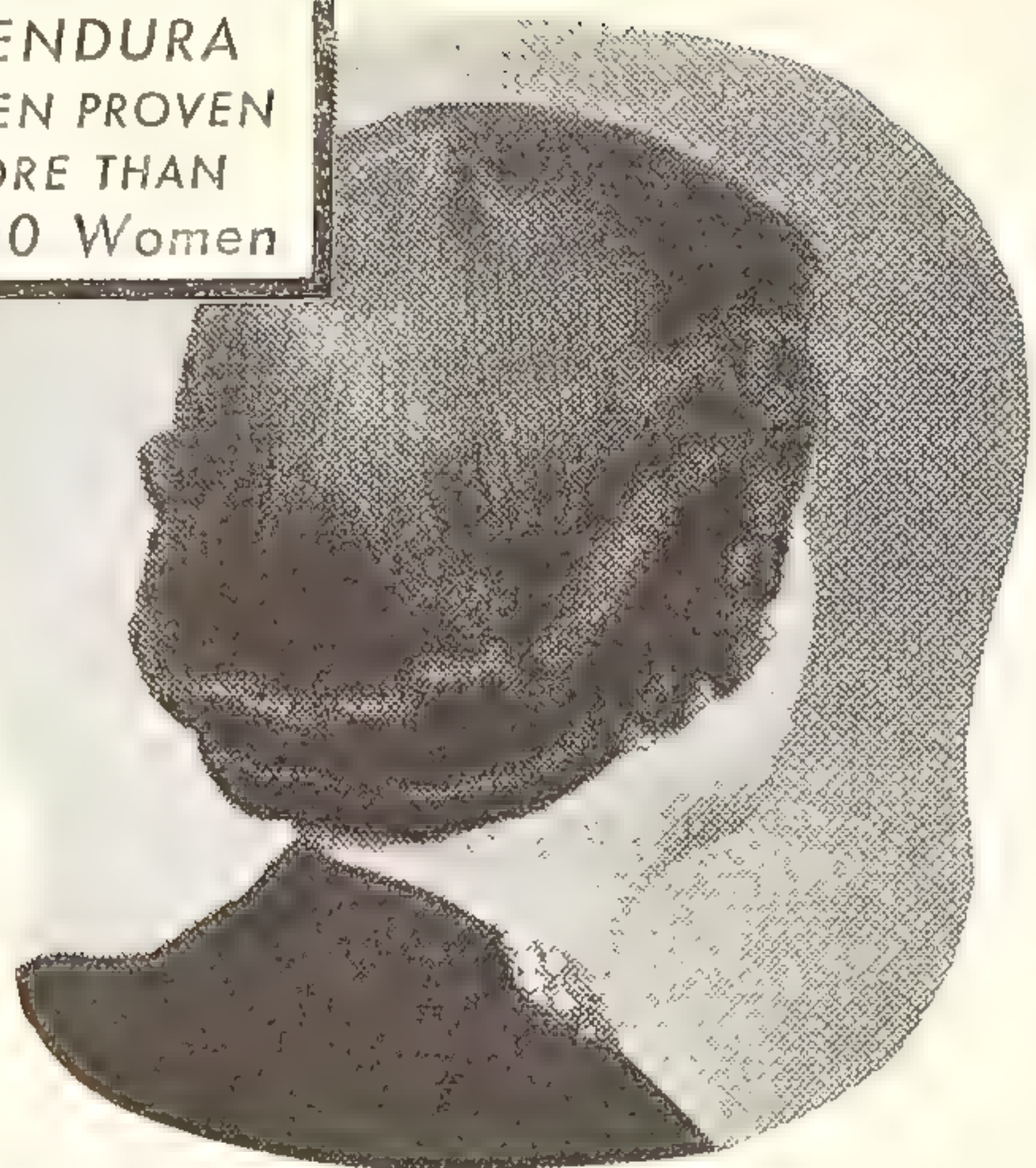
Bridge Table—De Luxe inlaid. Sturdy.
750 coupons. Plain model, 500 coupons

FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page
B & W premium booklet, No. 14

Electric Clock—Hammond. Walnut
front. 110V. 60 cycle AC. 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

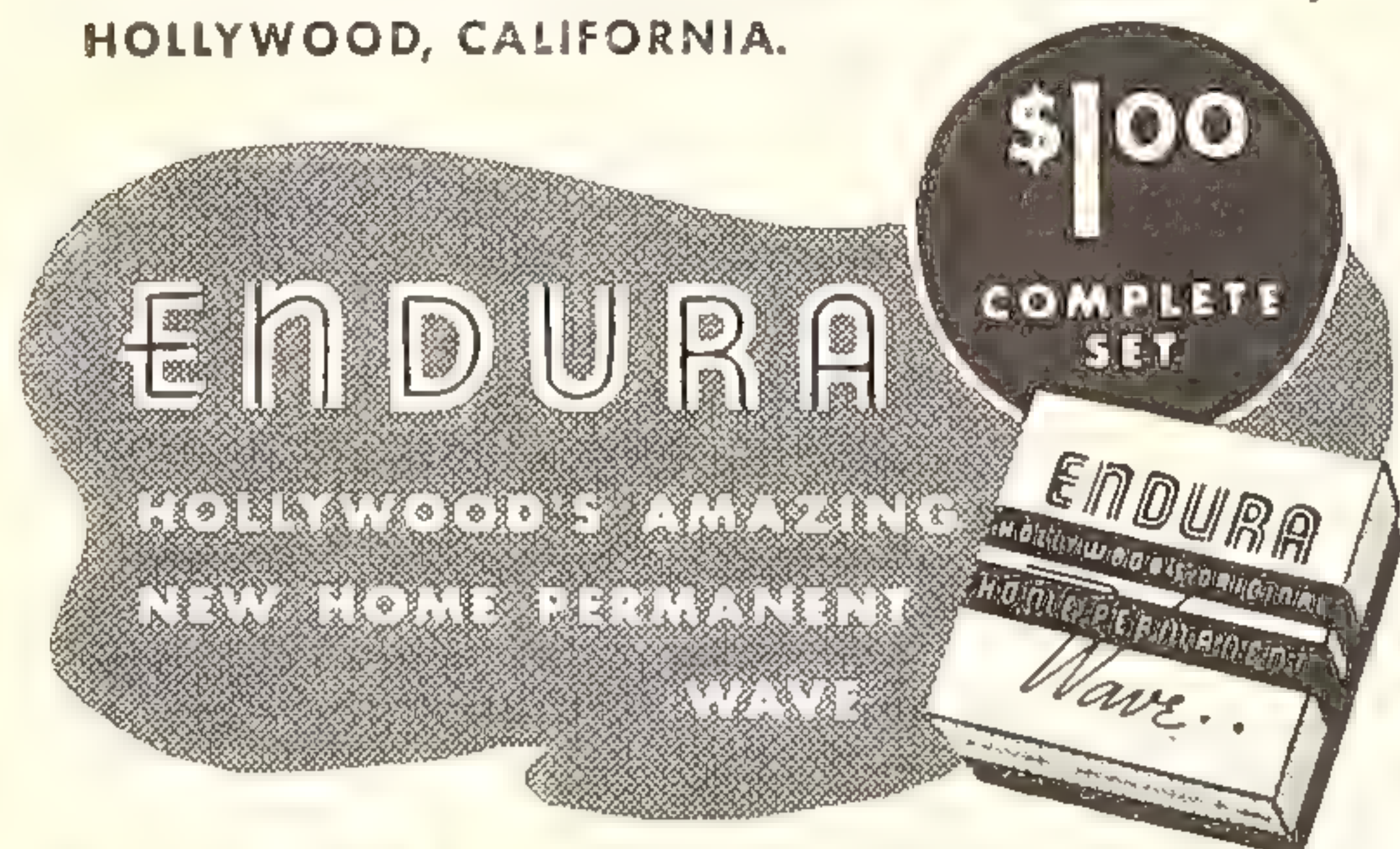
Only ENDURA
HAS BEEN PROVEN
BY MORE THAN
150,000 Women



★ PERMANENT WAVE
YOUR HAIR YOURSELF
AT HOME...A COMPLETE
PERMANENT \$1.00

Pleasantly and inexpensively, Endura gives you the best permanent you have ever had. Endura banishes, once and for all, the hours of discomfort of old-fashioned methods. Without machines, heat, or electricity, Endura permanent waves your hair at home while you work or read or even sleep. It's so easy to use, and so inexpensive. More than 150,000 women have changed to Endura permanents.

Endura is sold in two sizes; the \$1.00 complete permanent wave and the 25c Endura 10-Curl. Endura 10-Curl gives you 10 winsome curls, permanent waves those straggly end and side curls. Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it from THE ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



STOP Scratching
RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

for a
Summer Skin
of
Radiant
Loveliness!

**MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP**

In the searching glare of summer sun—on golf links, tennis court, hikes—and in the moonlit evening that follows—more than ever is your skin on parade. Keep it looking flawless with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to face, neck, arms, legs. How smooth, how lovely Miner's makes them! Stays on all day, won't rub off or streak. 50¢ at drug & dep't stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters, or mail coupon with 10¢.

SHADES
Ivory
Peach
Rachel
Brunette

MINER'S 40-A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

GUARD YOUR BEAUTY IN THE SUMMER TIME!

With A Little
Care Every Woman
Can Look Enticing.

By Mary Lee

If your back and arms
were as smooth and
lovely as Pat Paterson's,
you could pose this way
with equal confidence.



IT'S no lucky accident that won Pat Paterson the reputation of having the most beautiful back in Hollywood! She takes care of her body beauty just as meticulously as the face that made her famous.

We're going to devote this month's advice to beauty below the chin. The skin on your body is simply a continuation of your complexion, or the other way round, and you can't afford to neglect either if you want to be truly lovely.

Every bit of your skin that shows, whether you're wearing a bathing suit, sport clothes or evening decolletage, should present an unbroken line of satiny smoothness. And, even more than that, you have to take care of the hidden skin to insure the beauty of that which is visible.

Your body beauty treatment should begin with the bath, every bath or shower you take. Be careful not to have the water too hot and not to soak in a tub too long. If you've ever washed clothes, you know how your hands get red and puckered, unless you've used one of those "soak 'em clean" preparations that makes it unnecessary to keep them under water long.

Too much heat, prolonged soaking, hard water and harsh soap are the chief causes of dry skin, and that leads to chapping, "itchiness" and eventual wrinkles. Another cause is not getting yourself thoroughly dry after you emerge from your ablutions.

There are excellent water softeners, some of them delightfully perfumed, that will counteract drying effects.

And certainly body beauty is worth the time and effort required to get yourself good and dry. Use a thick Turkish towel, not the sleazy kind that is soaking wet before you've finished half the job. Be sure you don't neglect your back, just because it's

hard to reach. Get a good grip on opposite corners of that towel and draw it diagonally across your back, first one side, then the other. The harder the better. Backs don't get much exercise and they need stimulation.

Be just as careful in the choice of soap for your body as you are for your face. It should be mild. Strong soap doesn't get you one bit cleaner and it's likely to dry out your skin if it's alkaline.

An important part of your body beauty treatment (if you can take it), is a quick rinse with cold water—either a shower or a dousing with cold water if you have your ablutions in a tub. The cold water does the same thing for your body an astringent does for your face. It closes the pores and refines the texture. Besides that, it brings up a healthy circulation which every skin needs.

To make that after-the-bath freshness stay with you through a strenuous day or evening, give yourself a liberal dusting with bath powder. Whether it goes by the name of talcum, dusting powder or body sachet, it contributes much to beauty. In the first place, it takes away any lingering trace of moisture you didn't get off with your towel. Then it helps to keep you dry and cool by absorbing perspiration. And the fragrance that comes from your body and sifts through your clothes has a delicacy that makes you feel completely, though mildly perfumed.

So much for making your bath count for body beauty, whatever the type and condition of your skin. Now I am going to tell you how to remedy some of the faults that are most often responsible for clouding skin beauty.

Does your back break out in embarrassing

platches just at the time you want to look your loveliest in a bathing suit or evening gown? Perhaps you're eating too much rich, greasy food, candy or pastry. Cut down on them. One of the best remedies I know for clearing up blotchy skin from the inside is yeast. Take three cakes a day, and in a short time you should see a very definite improvement in your skin. Drink plenty of water, too, a dozen glasses a day or more. And drink milk.

Get into the habit of using a body brush every time you take a bath or shower. Use plenty of lather, and scrub hard. The friction brings up healthy circulation and puts lazy pores back to work, so they'll throw off impurities instead of letting them accumulate in blackheads or little lumps under the skin that are likely to break out in ugly spots at the most inopportune times. Propyl-lac-tic makes a dandy bath brush, with a detachable handle, curved to make it easy for you to get at the part of your back that's usually hard to reach.

Here's a bed-time treatment that's just as effective in clearing up broken out backs as it is in improving bad complexions: simply moisten the skin with hot water, then apply a little Kleeplex Pore Wash. Let it stay on a minute or two, then remove it with hot water and follow with cold. It corrects excessive oiliness, helps remove blackheads and refines enlarged pores, bringing your skin back to a healthy condition with clear, fine texture and good color. Hardy, normal skins may use it every day, but for sensitive skins it's recommended three times a week. Kleeplex Wash has a fresh fragrance that makes it pleasant to use. Incidentally, it's grand to make a dark or fur-stained neck "come clean" so it'll do justice to your carefully made-up face!

If your skin is extra-dry, so it chaps easily and gets rough or even "itchy," you need an all-over lubricating treatment at least once a week. A grand preparation for this is Albolene Solid. It's a cream form of the very same pure oil that doctors and nurses advise to keep a new-born baby's skin in the pink of condition.

Keep your arms smooth and satiny when they're out in the open. Carry the same lotion you use to beautify your hands right up to your shoulders, especially if you're preparing for a gala evening. Pay special attention to your elbows, as they're so likely to mar the beauty of your arms if they're rough or dark. When you massage your elbow, bend the arm, then cup the opposite hand and work the lotion in with a rotary movement. We're enthusiastic about Frostilla lotion for hands and arms. It's absorbed into the skin with a minimum of rubbing, leaving it instantly velvety and lovely to touch. It has a delightful, soft fragrance. Frostilla makes a grand finishing touch for a pedicure, too, as it softens up those rough spots on feet and adds a lot to their good looks.

NEW TITLES FOR THE NEW PICTURES

"A Gentleman After Midnight" (Leslie Howard) has been changed to . . .
"It's Love I'm After"
"Escape from Love" (Michael Whalen) has been changed to . . .
"The Lady Escapes"
"The Deep South" (Claude Rains) has been changed to . . .
"They Won't Forget"
"The Sound of her Voice" (Grace Moore) has been changed to . . .
"I'll Take Romance"
"Thanks for Nothing" (Francis Lederer) has been changed to . . .
"Thanks for Everything"

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



*The newest, loveliest
colors....in perfect
"skin-tone" harmony*

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—and your pedicure.

GLAZO



But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaux and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several *extra* days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

The Smart Manicure

The Highest **LOVE**

...the lowest men

The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!... Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats
..defying the gallows..doomed unless they smash
a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner
BAXTER *Wallace*
BEERY

SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth **ALLAN**
Mickey **ROONEY**

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by **TAY GARNETT**
Associate Producer **Nunnally Johnson**
Based on a Novel by **George S. King**

DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production



20th Century-Fox Sets the
Style... Sets the Pace...
for GREAT Entertainment! You loved — you
cheered — "On the Avenue",
"Wake Up and Live", "Cafe
Metropole", "This is My
Affair". Now expect even
greater thrills from even
greater hits!

SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips

Vacation days lure Ida Lupino to the wildwood. Her next picture is "Artists and Models."



WHEN Joan Crawford likes a book very much she buys a whole slue of copies. Then when she discovers that one of her guests hasn't read her favorite book she dashes into the library, gets a copy, and presents it to the guest. Right now the book that Joan is terribly enthusiastic about and is giving away like mad is John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men."

AT THE dinner at the Trocadero given recently to honor Weber and Fields, George Jessel, the master of ceremonies, introduced as the next speaker "an old English actor who trouped along with Sir Beerbohm Tree—Freddie Bartholomew." Freddie's opening remark was, "After all that build-up I didn't expect myself." Freddie has become the most agile impromptu speaker in Hollywood, and with his ready wit and repartee certainly puts the old-timers to shame.

A NEW and flourishing romance is that of Olivia de Havilland and John Arledge. Their favorite fun-is to take their bikes down to the beach and bicycle along the ocean.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, who has never shown the slightest fear of anything in her short career—as a screen star, has suddenly developed a terrific elephant phobia. Every time she sees the elephants in "Heidi," her new picture, she screams and yells like a frightened kid.

SINCE the "I Met Him in Paris" location trip to Sun Valley last February, Claudette Colbert has become an enthusiastic skier and if you don't know what a christiania or a slalom is you might just

as well pass up a conversation with La Colbert. Quite by accident while she was out skiing on her own, Claudette found herself in the midst of a men's slalom race one week-end last month (there is snow on the California Sierras even in the middle of summer) and much to her surprise, and the gentlemen's shame, won the race! But, inasmuch as it was a man's race she did not get the silver cup, but they did present her with a milk bottle. Big-hearted, eh? Now Claudette is so agog with her prowess as a skier she is planning to tackle those Swiss Alps if she can get time off from picture-making next winter.

SIMONE SIMON who used to be a little Alice-sit-by-the-fire is now the gay girl of Hollywood. In the course of one week-end she attended Andrea Leeds' cocktail party at the Trocadero with Director William Wyler, the tennis matches at the Westside Tennis Club with Jon Hall (who they say will be the next male sensation in Hollywood after "Hurricane"), and the Los Angeles opening of "Idiot's Delight" with Felix Rollo. It is quite fitting that one of Simone Simon's most constant companions is Arthur Arthur, a writer. Oh, those double talk people.

ONE of those sad sights in Hollywood: A "For Sale" sign on the not quite completed gorgeous new Holmby Hills home of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey.

A STEWARDESS on one of the important airlines was interviewed the other day as to the peculiarities of the glamour girls who travel the air ways. And this was revealed: Ann Sothorn likes her coffee

almost cold, Mary Brian likes her sandwiches with the crusts cut off, Irene Dunne likes cold chicken with plain bread and butter on the side. Joan Bennett wires home at every stop and doesn't like lemon with her tea, Kay

Francis likes to sleep as much as possible and Sylvia Sydney likes to travel in slacks without a hat.

THE best feuds going on in Hollywood now are those of Alice Faye and Gypsy Rose Lee, and of Mary Livingstone and Shirley Ross. Alice Faye and Gypsy Rose Lee are working together in the same picture, "You Can't Have Everything," and it seems that Alice is a frank, honest, down-to-earth girl who can get her Irish temper up at the drop of an eyelash. On the other hand Gypsy Rose Lee, who made the strip-tease famous, now wishes to forget Gypsy Rose Lee and the strip-tease and become Louise Hovick, artiste. So far it is only a polite feud. But the feud of Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) and Shirley Ross is not so polite. Shirley, it seems, made a few cracks about Mary Livingstone in the wardrobe department of the studio and Mary, on the other side of the thin partition, heard them. When the two girls met on the set of "This Way Please" there were heated words and, when the fray was over, Shirley was taken out of the picture.

WHEN a little old lady smiled as she passed him on the Goldwyn lot one day Joel McCrea politely tipped his hat. Great was his surprise when he passed her again about a half an hour later and heard her mutter under her breath, "It certainly is funny what a few good reviews will do to these stuck up actors." Thoroughly intrigued by now he decided to follow her, saw Charles Boyer politely tip his hat to her too, and hadn't the least idea who she was until she pushed open the stage door on the "Stella Dallas" set. It was Barbara Stanwyck, of course, in her old age make-up for poor dear old Stella, and when Barbara "ages" on the screen, unlike most of the glamour girls, she does it perfectly. Ask both Mr. Boyer and Mr. McCrea.

Scintillating,
Dazzling, Tem-
peramental Stars
Become Mere
Humans When
The Fish Are
Biting.

THE stars are proving unmistakably that you can hang onto sex-appeal and still go for fishing. The fine points created by the present craze are really something. Hollywood not only is learning patience, and how cunning you have to be to lure what you want to your pole, wives have to decide whether to be fish widows or to join their husbands. A bunch of the boys at Metro have formed themselves a jolly club. But Wally Beery, whose pre-eminence fits him for the presidency, climbs into his private plane and flies to distant mountain lakes because he wants to be a Garbo when he fishes. The town's parties are even affected. Aboard the more elegant stellar yachts you have to pull in so many pounds before the host will give you a cocktail.

To catch a star, catch a fish! The bigger your story of how you did it, the better your chance of becoming a confidential buddy of the movie player you like best. This is my tip if you are coming to Hollywood this month: Be prepared to get in on the current hobby, in with the clique that's leading the fun. You won't reach first base until you mention your latest fishing exploit. Then a star wakes up and begins to bubble over with enthusiasm.

The studio lots are starting to buzz tall tales of the various stars' exploits. At 20th Century-Fox the Cafe de Paris served the Ameche Special free for two days. Don went forth with Lum and Abner and they caught so much yellowtail he had to be generous in blanket fashion.

Catalina Island, twenty miles off shore from Los Angeles, is the headquarters for the sea-going fishermen. There the famous Tuna Club makes big game fishing a truly superb sport. But to become a member you have to be a gentleman angler who's taken a tuna or swordfish of specified size—the size depending upon whether you are using heavy or light tackle. And you have to do it according to the club's rules. When you're a member and begin making notable catches you're awarded buttons. Charlie Chaplin is in this society of sportsmen and has a button for the giant tuna he landed. When his reel started to cry and his rod to shake the battle was on. Charlie didn't have to be told he had a great strike. It was a memorable battle.

Deep-sea fishing is a battle, in case you hadn't realized it. It not only combines fishing with the fun of the sea, but its pits you against wary under-water game that have to be tempted most skillfully. The bluefin tuna are running best off Catalina now. Evelyn Knapp holds the record for Hollywood fisherwomen. She caught a hundred-and-ninety-five pound marlin swordfish from the deck of her yacht Celito.

Hollywood, particularly Reginald Owen, has gone nutty over surf fishing. At Malibu, Ann Sothern gayly parks her pole in the sand while she dashes through a few refreshing breakers. Shortly she returns to what's the rage again. Hollywood—particularly Jane Withers—ecstatically stands on ocean piers by the hour, regular radio reports having advised just where the mackerel and



Surf fishing from a sun-kissed strand puts Reginald Owen one up on Izaak Walton.



Binnie Barnes and John King, de luxe anglers, ready with rods and reels to give battle to any trout.

hanbut are most apt to be. Hollywood trolls from live-bait boats and off-shore barges. Its patronage keeps swanky trout farms on handy tap. Whenever there is time to get away for awhile it's deep-sea fishing or it's discovering a new, glorious mountain stream.

The game fish of the Pacific are a quiver since Gary Cooper taught George Raft several tricks about them. Bette Davis is daffy over the High Sierras. Bill Powell not only has high income taxes to worry over; now he has the more devilish problem of salmon on a sit-down strike. Glamour queens vie for a different kind of haul; they don't bother about sapphires since the joy of becoming Miss Izaak Waltons has come into their

RELIEF FROM GLAMOUR

By
Ben Maddox

the next express and henceforth dominated his dining-room wall. Now, naturally, Jeanette doesn't quite fancy the memento in the formal dining-room of the honeymoon house. A trifle too tropical! So she has thought of a special room—"For all the prizes you'll be capturing, darling." But, too, she's found out that a bride has to be more than clever. Separation is unbearable.

My latest word from the Gene Raymonds confides that she accompanies Gene whenever he rents a tiny boat to bring in barracuda. Don't let Louis B. Mayer hear this or he'll die of heart-failure. Once Jeanette was sitting at the stern, teasing a shark, when the wind changed. The boom started to swing violently. She didn't see it coming. It would have knocked her out or overboard if Gene hadn't made a leap and with superhuman effort heaved it the other way.

The kind of fishing a star prefers determines the skill and cash required. Fortunately, there is every variety available. The gamut can be run. Patric Knowles lives beside Toluca Lake so he can stroll within walking distance of home for enough bass for supper. There is excellent trout fishing at the farms close to Hollywood which have artificial pools. Noah Beery owns one of the most popular of these. Within two hours one reaches the Sesepe stream near Santa Barbara, for real trout maneuvers. The beach is only half an hour away.

"There is nothing like the High Sierras," declares Bette Davis emphatically. When she and husband Ham Nelson escape from duties they pile into their car and forget all the Hollywood [Continued on page 62]



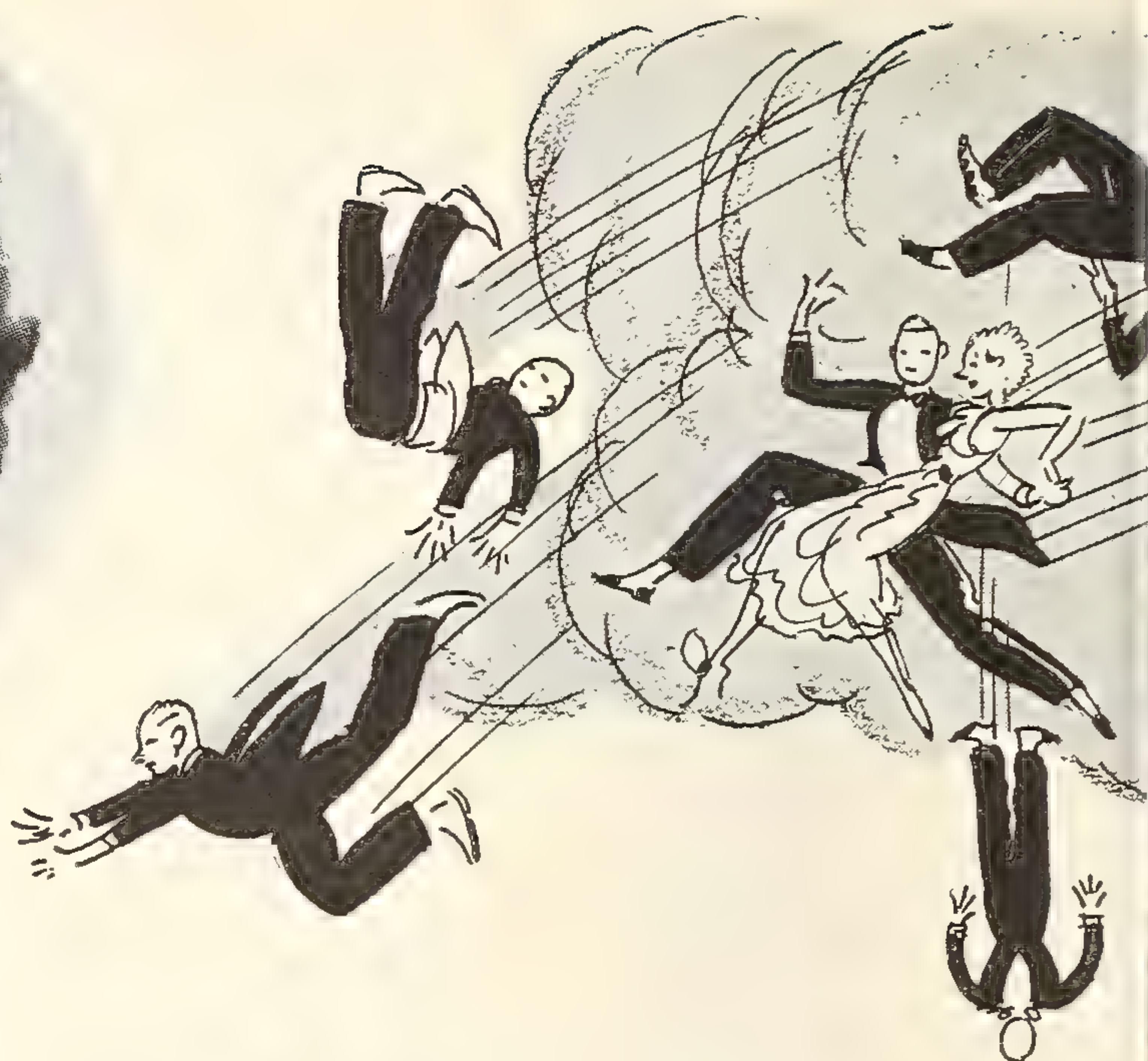
lives. A screen actress, indeed, no longer thinks of that stunning little number in Magnin's window when she plots to hook a whopper.

Of course, in Jeanette MacDonald's case, the dilemma has been cleverly solved without a doubt. Jeanette knew she was marrying an ardent sportsman when she starred in her glamorous wedding this June. But she didn't realize immediately how far love can sweep one. Gene used to take his brother on fishing jaunts to Florida. When he landed a hundred-and-seventy-five pound swordfish there he wired Jeanette all the details. She met him at the station with a crowd of stars, a German brass band, and a teasing welcome banner. But where was his prize? Gene exclaimed that he had left it in Florida to be mounted. He was hounded for months to produce his fish. He couldn't think why it didn't come until he at last remembered that he had never sent the taxidermist a check. When he did it was in

(Center) The charm of the forest stream is enhanced by Myrna Loy's beauty. The fish probably come from miles around. (Above) Shirley Temple and the fish she caught, herself, in person. (Right) They're off to the fishing grounds in Preston Foster's yacht. Preston (left), Betty Grable and Erik Rhodes.



(Upper—left)
Della Lind,
(left) Joan
Fontaine and
(above) Sigrid
Gurie.



VOLCANIC HOLLYWOOD

By Dana Burnet



Wayne Morris is a new
player who is accepted
by the public. (Right)
Dorothy Lamour, beau-
tiful and on the up-
wave.



ONCE I sat on the terrace of a cafe across the Bay of Naples from Mt. Vesuvius and watched that classic volcano in mild eruption. A pink glow stained the sky, clouds of volcanic ash billowed darkly above the smouldering crater and it seemed to me that I could detect a faint rumbling sound, though that may have been merely the voice of my waiter asking whether I would have plain water or soda in my highball. At any rate, it was my first acquaintance with a volcano; and despite the fascination of the spectacle provided on that occasion, I decided then and there that I would not care to live in any such explosive locality. Volcanoes as a place of residence are too impulsive for a man of my peace-loving temperament.

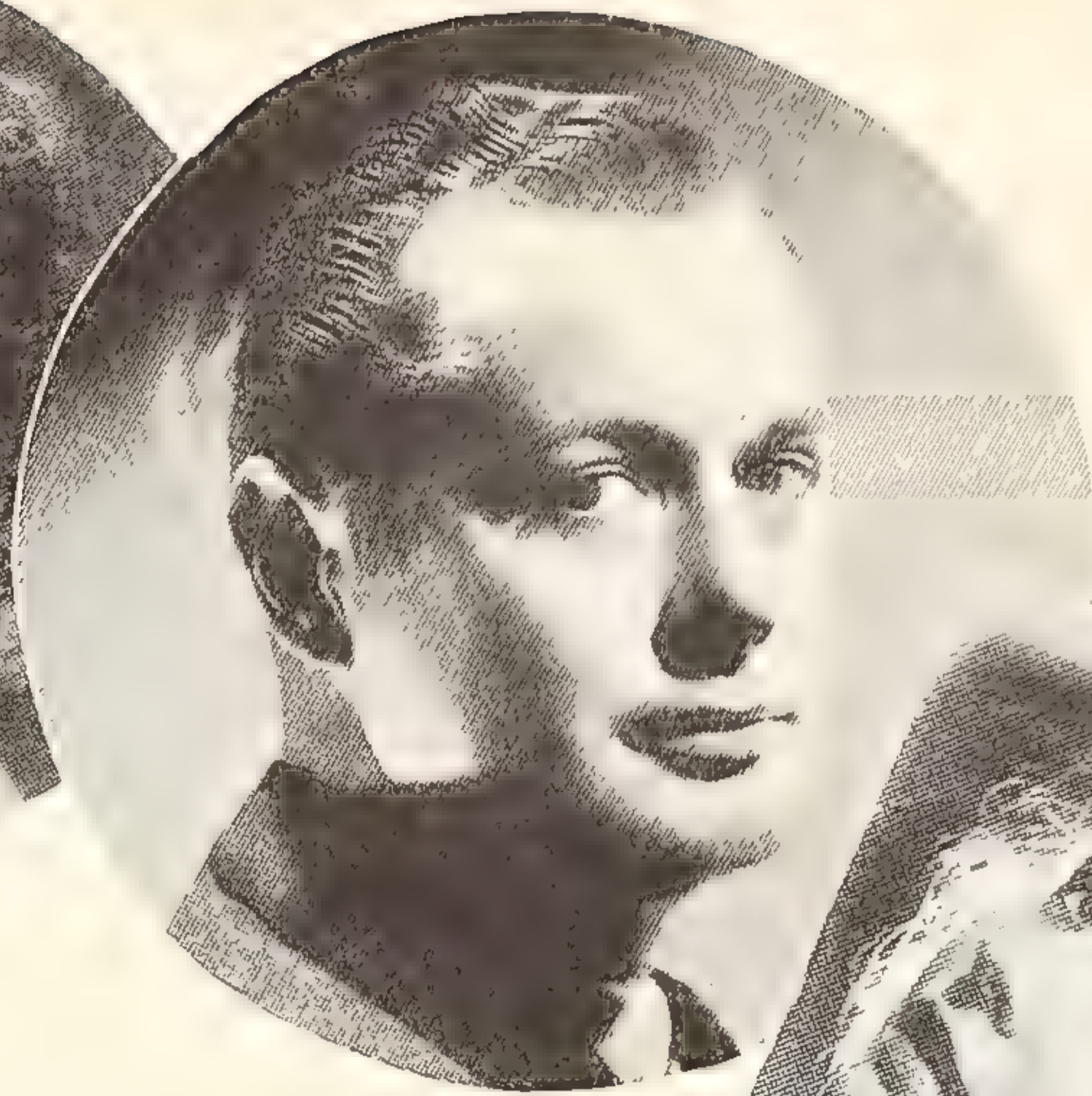
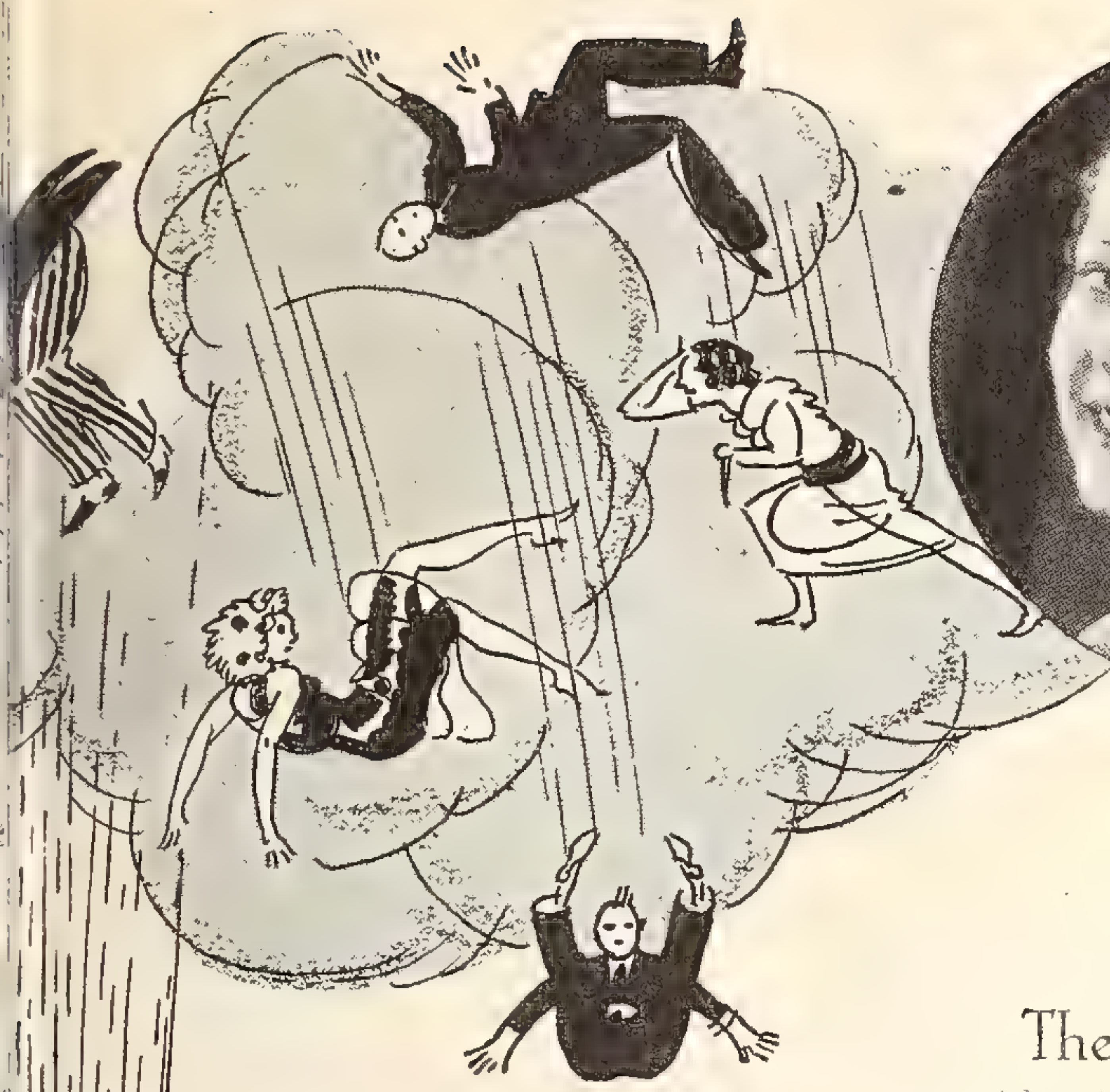
But you never know your fate. Today I find myself living in the witching town of Hollywood, which is definitely volcanic in character if not in fact. Nor am I speaking of the possibility of earthquakes when I say that Hollywood is volcanic. What I mean is that this sacred City of the Cinemas has an atmosphere, an aura of latent fatality that is both exciting and ominous. In Hollywood things happen suddenly or not at all. Reputations are made overnight. Other reputations are un-made as quickly. Success and failure are constantly suspended in a sensitive scale, which may be tipped one way or the other by a breath, a whisper, a burst of laughter, a package of fan letters, the weight of a rumor

or the vibrations from the dull thud of some unfortunate flop. Yet these extremes of fortune are not the phenomena of a gigantic gamble, which they are often said to be. They are more like the effects of contending forces of nature, which though capricious are not without a certain logic in their functioning.

For instance, a few weeks before this writing, Hollywood suddenly woke up to the fact that there was in town a young man named George Murphy who was, to put it mildly, quite a dancer. Young Mr. Murphy had been around the studios for some time, had appeared last Spring in a frothy opera called "Top o' the Town," in which he kicked up his heels all too briefly. But the word got around, via the Hollywood "grapevine," that young Mr. Murphy was on his way to lofty places. At this present writing, George has just completed his work in "Broadway Melody of 1937," with Eleanor Powell, and already I hear that he is destined for top honors among the dancing stars.

But it was no blind accident that caused George Murphy to click. That clicking was literally the result of his own educated feet. George was a well-known dancer in New York for some years (his partner then was his lovely wife, Julie) before he ever came to Hollywood. Of course, there is always an element of chance in any success-story. Maybe young Mr. Murphy was lucky to have landed a part in an Eleanor Powell picture. But if he hadn't been good, Lady Luck in person could not have saved him from failure. Success in his case is logical because it is based on hard work, experience, natural ability, a pleasing personality and hard work. Incidentally I hope that one of these days some producer will be smart enough to cast George in a part which will enable him simply to play himself. He is, personally, one of the most naturally charming, naturally entertaining people I happen to know.

The case of Janet Gaynor is an excellent example of Hollywood's volcanic potentialities. Miss Gaynor, as all the world knows, was formerly one of the picture industry's fixed stars. After the original "Seventh Heaven" she became, I believe, the world's Number One box-office attraction. I remember very well Miss Gaynor's popularity during those fat years. With Charles Farrell she once appeared in a picture based on a story of mine, called "High Society Blues." When the picture opened at the Roxy theatre in New York, I decided to go to see it. Arrived at the



Harriet Hilliard, Robert Montgomery and Ariane Borg. Their careers suddenly are changing. (Below) George Murphy dancing with Eleanor Powell—and the music is now a triumphal march.

The Day Breaks:
An Unknown Player
Achieves An Artistic Triumph—A Picture
Receives Sensational Reviews—The Air
Seethes With Exciting Rumors. Then the
Sun Sinks Beyond The Pacific's Rim
—Just A Hollywood Day.



theatre, I found a line of prospective ticket-buyers that stretched for two blocks east of the box-office. Appalled at the thought of spending an hour or so in this cinematic chain-gang, I approached the lordly attendant in uniform who guarded the theatre lobby and spoke to him as follows: "Look," I said. "Here's some money. Would you do me a great favor and buy my ticket for me? I wrote the story for this picture and I'm especially anxious to see it."

The lordly attendant, who was slightly bowed with the weight of gold braid upon him, straightened up and gazed at me like an Admiral gazing at a water-bug.

"You're about the tenth person," he said crushingly, "who has claimed to be the author of this picture tonight. You'll have to take your place in line with the rest, or you won't get in at all."

I took my place in line. After all, I reflected, there probably had been ten authors working for Miss Gaynor on that picture. She rated the best of everything at that time, and what are ten authors when it comes to fitting a story to a star? Ten dressmakers would be none too many to fashion a wardrobe for a queen, and Miss Gaynor was far more popular—and far more valuable—than any queen who ever lived. At that time.

Then followed a long period when Janet Gaynor was doomed to homespun dresses, cotton stockings and a diet of "wholesome" stories that somehow produced in her public the same reaction that would have resulted from an over-indulgence in sweets. This reaction, duly reported over the Hollywood grapevine, gave rise to that most terrifying of all comments in Movietown:—"I guess she's through."

But, in this case, Hollywood had another guess coming. Suddenly one day in 1937 a pair of joyous rumors flew about the City of Sighs and Tears. The first rumor said that the winter rains were over—(that turned out to be a lie). The second, and by far the more important, said that Selznick-International Pictures had performed an operation to remove Miss Gaynor's cotton stockings and that the operation had been successful.

Within twenty-four hours of the first hint of this miracle, crowds were flocking to the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood to see Miss Gaynor and Fredric March in the Selznick technicolor production, "A Star Is Born." David O. Selznick, aided and abetted by Director William A. Wellman, had snatched Janet Gaynor from comparative obscurity to dazzling new fame with a suddenness more striking than that of the story chosen for her triumphant rise on the screen. Gone—and I believe gone forever—was the girl in homespun, the small-town girl, the naive sweetheart of a simpler,

softer, sillier generation. In her place was a young woman authentically vested with glamor, which is the most overworked word in Hollywood but which occasionally, as in the case of the new Janet Gaynor, is justified. Today Miss Gaynor, who yesterday was a Cinderella sitting beside the cold ashes of her career, is being hailed as one of the most glamorous of Hollywood's female stars. In fact, I have on my desk at this moment a list of the ten best-dressed actresses in Hollywood—(compiled by one of those gentlemen who spend their lives compiling things in groups of ten)—and lo, Janet Gaynor's name leads all the rest.

In this instance the Hollywood volcano labored, and out of it a star was not only born but re-born. As for Fredric March, who co-starred in the Selznick picture, I must report that Hollywood buzzed no less with admiration for Freddie's performance and his courage in playing the role of *Norman Maine* in "A Star Is Born" than it did with wonder for Miss Gaynor's transformation.

Speaking of transformations, the metamorphosis of Robert Montgomery from a romantic juvenile to the poetic ego-maniac of "Night Must Fall" provided another one of Hollywood's volcanic upheavals. Here again the public's conception of a favorite star was changed overnight. Mr. Montgomery, hitherto known as a handsome young man who smiled his way through one sentimental comedy after another, was abruptly projected by his excellent performance in "Night Must Fall" as a different sort of young man altogether. He was still handsome and he still smiled. But now his handsomeness covered the soul of a killer and his smile was the expression of a criminal's euphemistic humor. Without going into the question of the picture's artistic worth or entertainment value—that depends on [Continued on page 75]



Grace Moore says, "I have had some of the fame. But Hollywood gave me the rich lace trimmings, the royal robes, the furs, the jewels, the international celebrity." (Right) Miriam Hopkins finds in the picture colony the people she likes to entertain.

GLAMOUR rests over Hollywood, lightly, brightly, like a veil. It is a veil crusted with jewels, the emeralds and diamonds of Merle, the rubies and emeralds of Grace Moore . . . the star sapphires of Carole and Joan . . . gardenias and orchids powder it, and the feathery golden rain of acacia . . . it is blown against by perfumed winds and perfumed whims and gives back the faint, fragile echoes of champagne glasses, soft whisper of chiffon velvet, the sirra-sirra of whispering satins, thick rich breaths of furs, sharp singing click of the French heels of Ginger, Loretta, Rochelle, Jeanette, film stars filmy and fun-having, at the Troc, at the La Maze, at Bali, at the Tropics . . .

It is Arcady, it is Nirvana, it is the Elysian fields. It is a Paradise regained and not to be relinquished . . . and there are lovely ladies, not lost, who say so . . .

The grind of the cameras, of competition, the ardours of the make-up boxes, sound stages, cutting rooms, conferences . . . even these are layered with loveliness and gilt-edged with glamour to the lovely ladies who do not lie when they confess that they love to roll around in Rollsies, float like languorous lilies in the blue, warmed waters of private pools, swathe themselves in great swatches of silver fox and mink and sable and chinchilla, bedeck, beglamour, begem themselves with diamond bracelets to their slender elbows, diamond rings weighting down their scarlet-tipped hands . . . laughing Dianas of every man-hunt, with all the young men a'sighing . . .

For a Garbo who "tanks she go home" (but doesn't go) there are the Joan Crawfords, Marlene Dietrichs, Jeanette MacDonalds, Alice Fayes, Merle Oberons, aglow and a'plenty, who tell you that they "would give all other bliss and all their worldly worth for this, to lose their whole lives in one kiss"—before the cameras of Hollywood.

Out of her bridal blissfulness Jeanette MacDonald spoke and said: "I love it all. I love Hollywood. I love the work I do. I love it even when I am tired to the bone. Because it is never the tiredness of discouragement or despair. It's the tiredness of having accomplished something that the whole world will see and hear—and pay for. I love being mobbed by fans. I love to think that there are thousands of people who reach out their hands and

The Courage Of Some Of The Stars, Their Gentle Hearts And Their Tough Breaks Are All Publicized, But Here Are Players Who Think Themselves In Soft And Darned Lucky!

their hearts to us, hands and hearts from drab surroundings, perhaps, hands and hearts hoping to break off a bit of the glamour with which our lives are draped and cradled and caressed.

"I love everything I do, the scripts I read, the recordings I make, the singing



and French lessons I take, the photographic sittings, the interviews. Because every single thing I do, every single thing we all do, is *contributing something to our own personal beauty or charm or distinction or fame*, or all four. I feel important and cherished and adored. And there isn't a woman alive who doesn't long to feel cherished and adored. I wouldn't give it up—no, not even for marriage. It's beautiful and exciting and sacred to be loved by the man you love. It's also beautiful and exciting and sacred to feel that millions of men and women and children love you, too. I love it, all of it. It's delightful," laughed Jeanette delightfully, "it's delicious, it's delovely . . ."

They do love it, the lovely ladies of Hollywood . . . they dance to it as to the music of the spheres . . . those who complain, or pretend to complain, were born by a Wailing Wall and should remain there, and they are few . . . Merle Oberon told me once "I love to give huge, gormy parties and to have dates and to go dining and dancing and to entertain and to be entertained. I love to invite everyone from a prop boy up to Mr. Goldwyn to my parties. I love to sling 'em caviar and pigeons' eggs and the Golden Apples of the Hesperides as lavishly as, if I were not in Hollywood, I might sling them sunny-sides up or hamburgers.

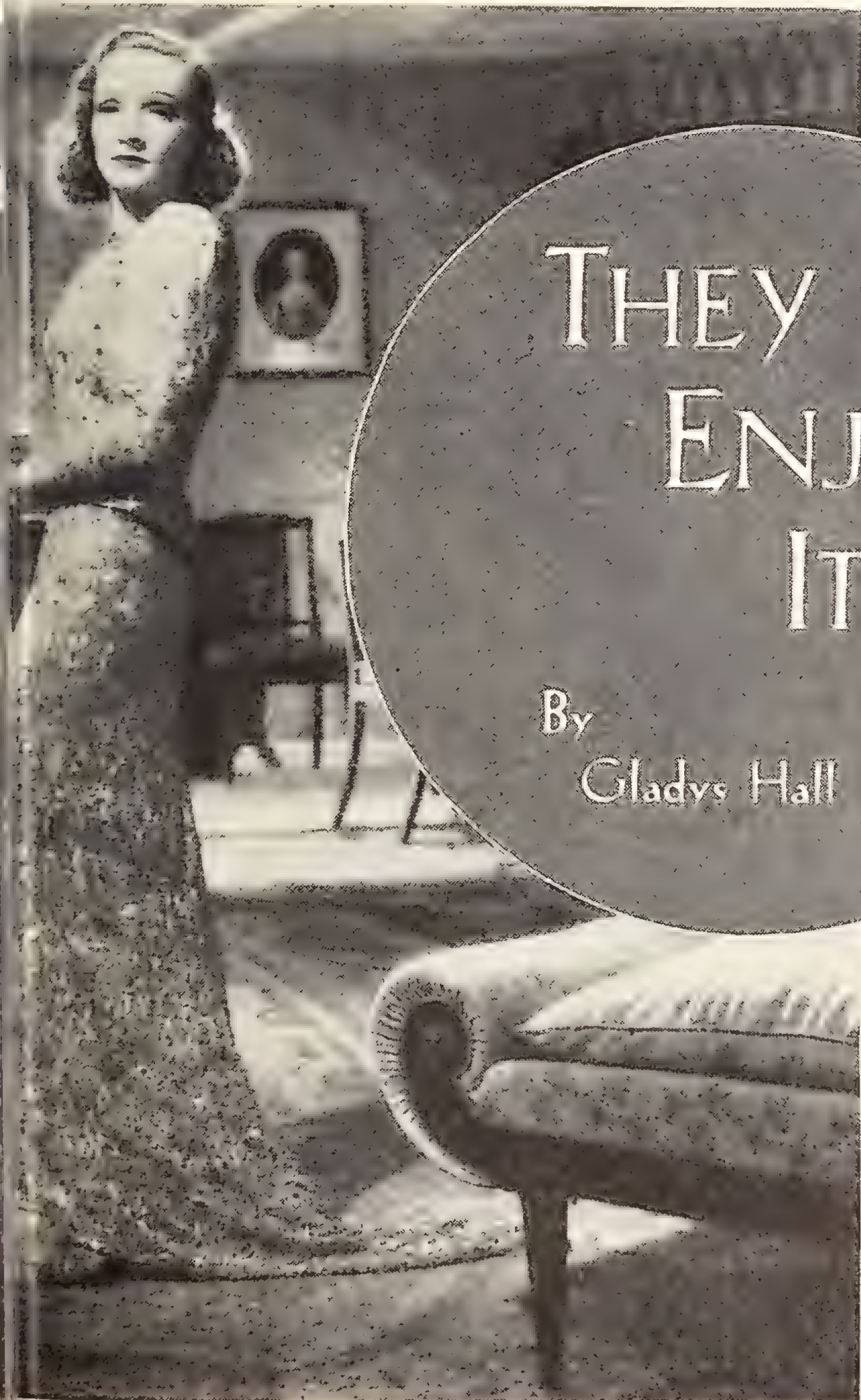
"I love to have champagne flowing, as it were, out of fourteen karat golden spigots—I love to go out and buy myself

great gobs of silver fox capes and mink coats and sable throws. And I do. I love to buy sets of emeralds and diamonds. And I do. I luxuriate in luxury and I admit it. And where else in the world would I find it except here in Hollywood, in the movies? Nowhere. I adore admiration and men waiting in stag lines to dance with me. I know it's not because I'm a dark girl with dark eyes and dancing in my feet. No, it's because I'm 'Merle Oberon,' a screen star, a trade mark, a 'celeb.' So that young men can say, offhand and careless-like, 'I was out dancing with the Oberon last night.'

"What of it? It's still thrilling and flattering. There wouldn't be that feeling unless the name of Merle Oberon meant something. I don't disparage that kind of attention. I love it. I love having the phone ring constantly and hearing nice, eager, masculine voices asking me for dates. I love to go out with David Niven, Brian Aherne and others. I'd eat Hollywood, if I could. I'm mad for it, all of it."

Yes, some love it . . . Olivia de Havilland says she has learned more about life here in Hollywood than she ever could have learned in college . . . Joan Fontaine says that she would have to go to school for the rest of her life to learn what she is learning in Hollywood, as a part of the cinema curriculum, so to speak . . . "for I am learning music, dancing, French, with private tutors, and how to walk, how to dress, how to speak . . . it gives you everything, Hollywood, and pays you magnificently into the bargain. A seamy side? I haven't discovered it" . . . Wendy Barrie is so grateful to Hollywood that she is taking out American citizenship papers . . . Barbara Stanwyck says that if the grandest man in all the world asked her to give up her career and marry him, she'd refuse . . . "I'd rather have any kind of heartbreak," said Barbara, "than the heartbreak of leaving Hollywood" . . . Gail Patrick enters the Troc and, instantly and always, the band begins to play for her "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" . . . Gail says "Hollywood makes you feel,

"Hollywood makes you feel all thrilled and stimulated and flattered and immensely grateful," says Gail Patrick. (Below) Marlene Dietrich loves the luxuries Hollywood has made possible.



THEY ENJOY IT

By Gladys Hall

constantly, as you feel when the man you love proposes to you . . . all thrilled and stimulated and flattered and immensely grateful to life . . ." Betty Furness told me "I'm Hollywood-crazy. Hard work? I wouldn't know. Who cares, anyway, when the 'work' is with the Jimmy Stewarts and Bob Taylors and Bob Montgomerys and Clark Gables . . . I may be naive but I still don't put that down to work . . ."

Joan Crawford told me, with the customary Crawford honesty of speech, "I love to be a star. A moom pitcher star. That's good enough and great enough for me. I love clothes. I didn't have any when I was a youngster and so I have always felt, and still feel that I must have hit Aladdin's Lamp by mistake somewhere along the way and that the treasures of all the kingdoms of the earth are cascading over my head. The work I've done, the worries I've worried, the pangs I've felt are covered with all

the flowers of fun and forgetfulness and laces and jewels of life.

"I like to be treated like a star. I love flowers in my dressing room the day I start a picture (Joan always has more flowers than any other star in the business on opening day—because her friends and fans know how she feels about it). I love to give formal dinners, the men in white ties and tails, the girls in exquisite formals. I love flattery and being besieged for autographs. I adore knowing that when I enter a cafe, a theatre, a shop, people are nudging and whispering 'There goes Joan Crawford.' I can't weep into my pillow or work up a very prolonged attack of the blues because I can 'do over' my house every year, from cellar to garret, because we can have a private theatre at home, Franchot and I, because we can drive in specially built cars, if we want to, buy all the books we can read, study the music we love, have entrée to the world of music and art and literature . . . I'm a ravenous person, as you know. I'm ravenous for life, great slices and wedges of life, all kinds of life, and Hollywood [Continued on page 58]

THE HARD WAY

There Are Easy Ways To Get Into Pictures, But Many Good Players Choose The Difficult Method.



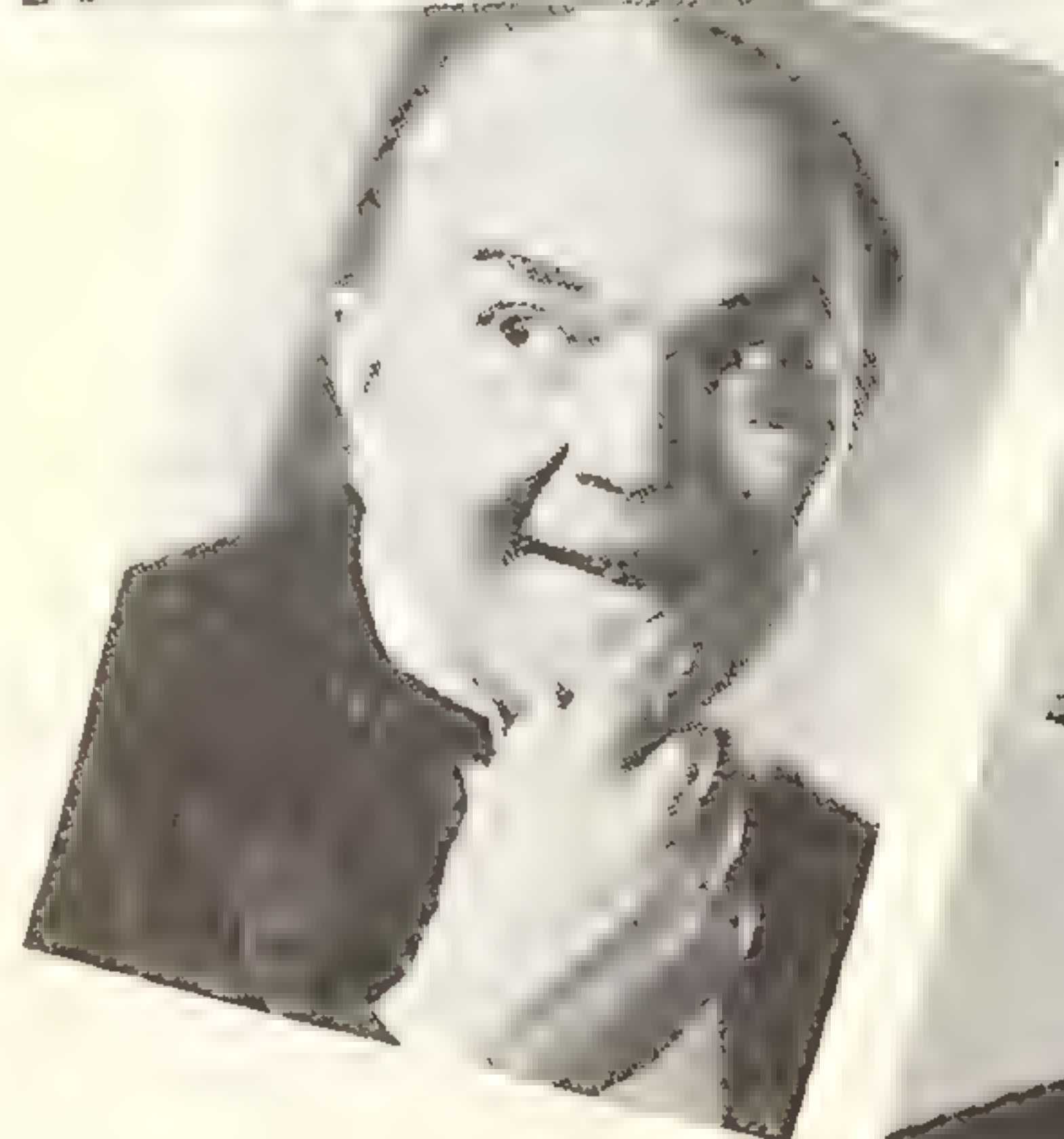
I LIKED the picture "A Star Is Born," liked it immensely, but I'm afraid that starry-eyed young ladies, believing what they see on the screen, will be tempted to rush to Hollywood and attempt to emulate the rush to stardom of *Vicki Lester*. Are stars born that easily? One picture opposite a matinee idol, and then a hop, skip and jump to stardom? Fortunately or unfortunately, it's not that easy. There are labor pains that enter into the birth of a screen star, for it takes a heap of learning, a heap of heartaches, a heap of experience, a heap of one-night stands through the tank towns of the country to produce the polished professional product, because there is no royal road to stardom.

These stagers must learn their trade the hard way, serving an apprenticeship in front of audiences, and more often than not, the audiences are hard-boiled or indifferent, and it is from contact with all manner of audiences and all sorts of rebuffs that a performer learns his business, and acquires the courage that will carry him on for years, while he or she awaits the one big chance that will catapult him or her from dingy theatres to the one big role that will certify his or her right to an equity in the bright lights of Broadway.

How are stars born? You might ask Victor Moore, who, at 61, is being hailed as an overnight discovery. Or you might go to the 20th Century-Fox lot and ask Jack Haley, who shot to importance because of his grand comedy make-believing in "Wake Up and Live." These are recent instances, but you could ask Frances Farmer, or Patsy Kelly, or Gladys George or even put the question to Joan Crawford. Ask Martha Raye if her success came overnight? Get the Ritz brothers to tell you the years they struggled before they clicked.

But in this story, because of the limitations of space, we will take the case histories of Victor Moore, 61-year-old product of Hammononton, N. J., and 36-year-old Jack Haley, of Boston, Massachusetts. We will concentrate on them, because they are the most recent "overnight" hits of the moving pictures, and perhaps in studying their careers we'll learn how stars are born—and I'm afraid that we'll learn they were born the hard way.

Certainly that is true of 61-year-old Victor Moore. Five years before Haley was born, in 1901, Victor Moore was already on the stage. Of his sum total of 61 years on this mortal coil, Moore has spent at least forty years in show business. Now even you youngsters know that a year is not composed of sunshine. Heartaches



After many years on the stage, Victor Moore found himself in front of a movie camera. He is an "original" and most amusing.



Jack has a been nized first-r. come

Can you imagine with what feelings Charlie and his studio are awaiting the verdicts of the critics and the public on this picture? Can you imagine their interest in preview reactions, and in the reception given it at its first showings?

The actor gambles his chances of a career, his prospects of future work, on these experiments. The producer stakes hard, cold cash.

Just now RKO is dickering for the services of Ruby Keeler, planning to make her Fred Astaire's dancing partner in the first picture he will make without Ginger Rogers. (Unless you count "Dancing Lady" which was years ago and in which you only glimpsed Astaire in passing.) The Astaire-Rogers team has been so spectacularly successful . . . no one knows how the public will take them if they are separated. Everyone is anxious . . . not only Fred and Ginger and Ruby . . . but the studio and lots of onlookers and co-workers. It's an experiment which hasn't really begun yet. But which is causing a deal of concern, just the same.

Sam Goldwyn is one of the most energetic, successful and light-hearted experimenters in Hollywood. He gambles with people, with stories, with technical gadgets. He stakes his reputation and his bank roll on these gambles. He lost, he said, nearly a million dollars when he tried to build Anna Sten into an important Goldwyn star. He made it all back when he went on, with equal enthusiasm, to experiment with Merle Oberon. Years ago Sam stunned the entire industry by sinking hundreds of thousands of dollars in the picture, "Whoopie," the first important, all-color musical picture to be made. "Whoopie" paid him back many times and is still earning royalties.

Now Sam announces that his "Goldwyn Follies," which is shooting, will be all in color, and that he expects to make all his pictures in color as soon as the necessary equipment is available. He will spend a million, perhaps, on his experiment and the other producers will wait to see how he comes out with it.

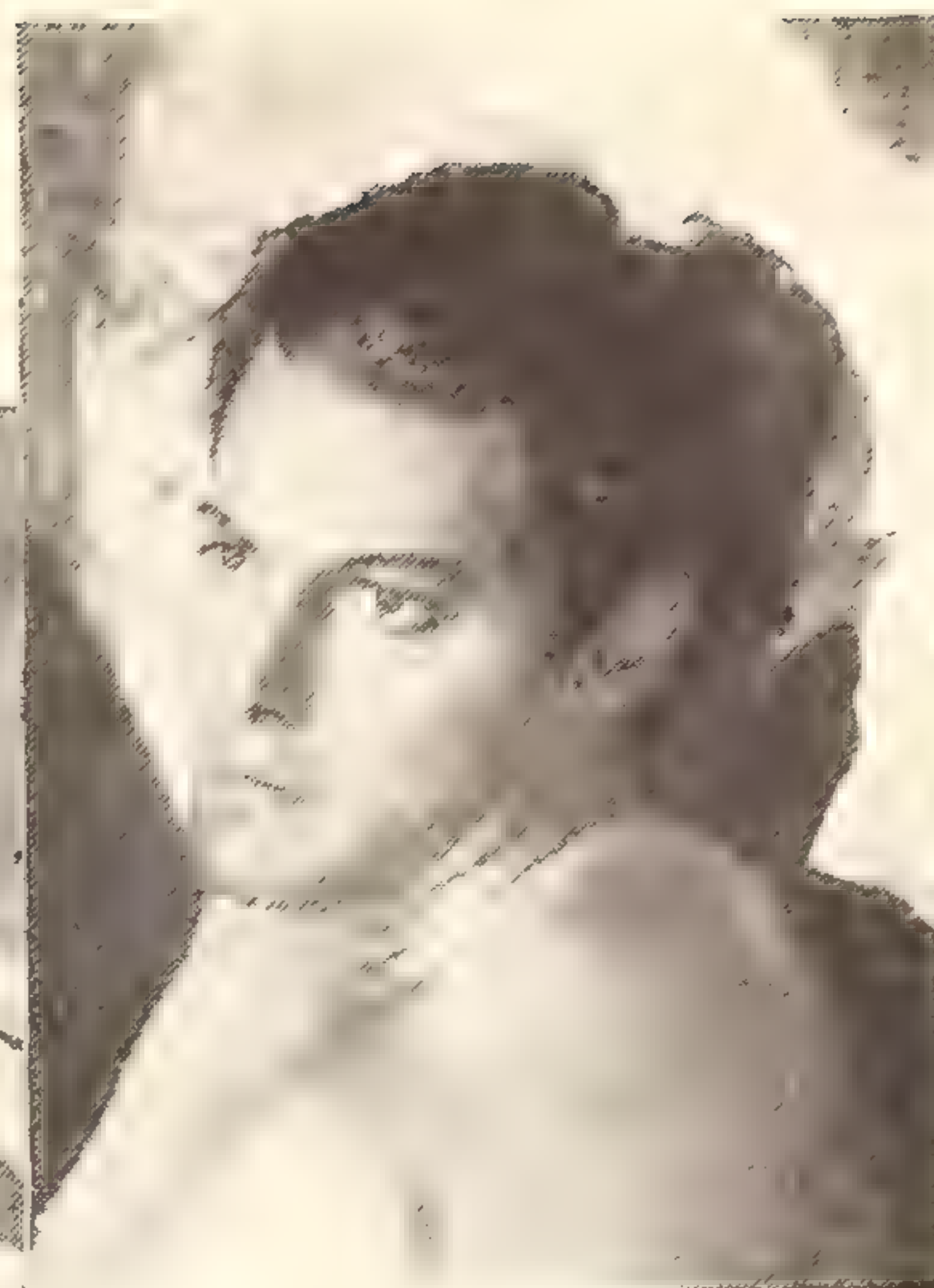
Color really hangs in the balance with Sam's experiments.

Meanwhile he is in the midst of new and exciting experiments with a personality. Usually when Sam signs a new actor or actress, he tinkers. He makes her over. New hair, new figure, new teeth, new voice. Just now he has little Sigrid Gurie, the Norwegian girl whom he signed some months ago, in his laboratory.

At first he thought that he would change her name. Then he decided that he wouldn't allow *anything at all* about her to be changed. This is pretty difficult in Hollywood. But Sam thought that he could preserve her, as she was. She is tucked away in a hillside house, high above Hollywood, as carefully guarded as

though she were some rare jewel. She may not visit a night club or a popular luncheon spot or meet any picture people, "who might give her ideas." She may not go to beauty shops or visit

Karloff takes a chance and already his success is certain. (Right) Jon Hall is staking all on his performance in "Hurricane."



young personality is put through the test tubes, preserved on film and emerges for final judgment at the box office . . . what will the verdict be?

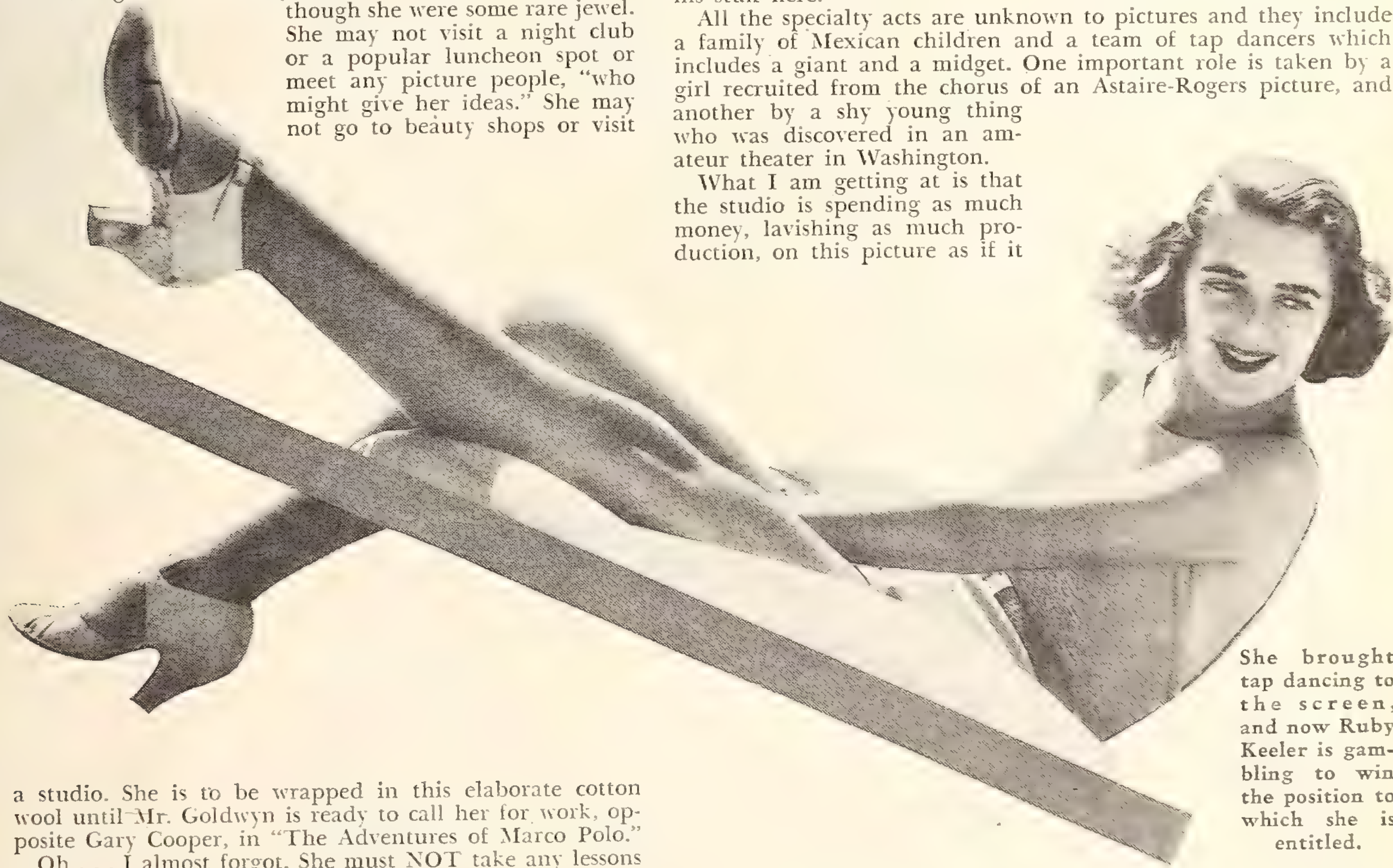
Can you imagine how she is *feeling* while she waits to be called for work?

But . . . more and more fates hang in the balance in Hollywood. Just now RKO is making a picture called "New Faces of 1937" and it means just what it says. *New faces*. Here a great deal of money is being spent on pure experiment . . . and nothing just like it has ever been done in films before. The chief players have been recruited, mostly, from radio and there is not a "Class A" name among the lot of them.

Harriet Hilliard, for instance, plays the lead and she has had a part in just one other picture. The male lead is one Bill Brady . . . and I'll bet a nickel you never heard of *him* before. You may know Milton Berle, the master of ceremonies, on the radio, but this is the first picture he has made. Joe Penner has had two unimportant parts in pictures, but he will have a chance to show his stuff here.

All the specialty acts are unknown to pictures and they include a family of Mexican children and a team of tap dancers which includes a giant and a midget. One important role is taken by a girl recruited from the chorus of an Astaire-Rogers picture, and another by a shy young thing who was discovered in an amateur theater in Washington.

What I am getting at is that the studio is spending as much money, lavishing as much production, on this picture as if it



She brought tap dancing to the screen, and now Ruby Keeler is gambling to win the position to which she is entitled.

a studio. She is to be wrapped in this elaborate cotton wool until Mr. Goldwyn is ready to call her for work, opposite Gary Cooper, in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

Oh . . . I almost forgot. She must NOT take any lessons in diction or voice culture. "She must not be made voice-conscious," says Mr. Goldwyn.

I wonder how little Sigrid feels about it all, don't you? She seems to be serving a sort of novitiate . . . and probably is wondering why she is here at all, if she is to see no one, learn nothing of what is expected of her. When she is finally called for work in "Marco Polo," when her

were simply studded with names of important stars. Will it pay? Will the public—you and I—select two or four or six of these hopeful people to crash fame and fortune? It is a sort of glorified and expensive "test."

What will come of the efforts of these earnest folk whose fates are hanging in the balance in this film? [Continued on page 74]

Pictures Are Becoming Less Osculatory And More And More Successful.

THIS season marks a crucial point in movie history. The good old love interest is making a bid to regain its command of the movies and restore the faded art of the clinch to its former glory.

But Hollywood is hesitant about defying the far-reaching influence of "It Happened One Night." That was a fine romance—with no clinches. Not once, from credits to fadeout, did Colbert and Gable really get together before the camera and go to town.

The absence of a kiss didn't exactly ruin "It Happened One Night" at the box-office; and so from that time the art of the clinch has gone into a decline. Heroes and heroines have taken to swapping insults instead of kisses.

If Bing Crosby had to depend on clinches for his romantic appeal, this nonchalant comedian wouldn't get very far. He caresses his heroines with his voice, mourns for a lost love by swooping for the low notes and, rising again with that sure-fire tremble in his bubbling baritone, and swings the tune happily out of shape when he's lucky in love.

The most youthful and joyous and ardent of all movie love scenes are clinchless. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers can say more with a few dance steps to most of us than Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo with a dozen clinches.

For the kiss must be the climax of a movie love affair. Here the actor must stop—but the dancer can go right ahead, to say symbolically what no actor would dare to express literally. Could any mere kiss show the depth of emotion that was implied in Astaire's and Rogers' number called "Let's Face the Music and Dance" in "Follow the Fleet," or during some of their exquisite

show us more than how it looked—they wanted to show us how it felt. So, as the lovers stepped into each other's arms, there flashed across the screen, with a surge of music, the picture of a breaking wave. And we felt ourselves lifted with Christian and the girl on a crest of ecstasy.

There was about the love story of "Mutiny on the Bounty" a sweet dignity for which



Sylvia Sidney can reveal the emotions of a loving heart without benefit of kisses. (Right) Clark Gable's first great scene, with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." He introduced the "heavy clinch."



WHAT! NO
MORE CLINCHES?

By Janet Graves

numbers in "Swing Time."

With camera poetry, as with the dancer's magic, the movies can escape the conventional. The first time Fletcher Christian and the native girl he loved kissed in "Mutiny on the Bounty," the creators of the film wanted to give us more than the hackneyed shot of two faces coming together. They wanted to

But, in a recent picture, "History Is Made At Night," the love scenes between Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur were so repetitious, and so excessively sentimental in tone that theatre-goers, not only sophisticated ones but the rank and file as well, squirmed uncomfortably in their seats wishing that the story would proceed along its destined way without benefit of so much self-conscious love-making, and so many reiterated "Oh, darlings."

However, the old-fashioned art of the clinch may keep our devotion by taking on such subtleties as the love scenes in

even the rowdy youngsters at the Saturday matinee showed silent respect.

"Mutiny on the Bounty"—or it may win our hearts with an enthusiastic lack of subtlety. Jean Harlow was queen of the comic clinch. Long after we have forgotten the sentimental interludes between William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Libeled Lady," we will remember the marathon clinch in the wedding scene between Harlow, the bride, and Spencer Tracy, the best man.

Harlow's love scenes were funny because of her straightforward, up-and-at-'em approach. Robert Taylor was no match for her. In fact, when pitched against her amorous gusto, even Clark Gable, with his formidable reputation, seemed abashed. It was a sad come-down for a fellow who was once master of the lost art of the heavy clinch.

Technically speaking, a heavy clinch is not just an extra passionate one. The

parties to a heavy clinch are an unwilling heroine and a determined villain. In the early days of the movies it was customary to cut back and forth between the heavy clinch and our hero galloping to the rescue.

In one of Clark Gable's first films, before he reformed, he and Norma Shearer furnished a beautiful example of this type of clinch.

Gable lunges. Shearer ducks. The kiss lands on her left ear. He repeats the maneuver. This time it's her right ear. Then he gets the situation well in hand and plants one firmly on her lips. Shearer breaks away, sprints across the room and turns at bay, scrubbing her mouth vigorously with the back of her hand and shrieking, "I hate you, I tell you! I hate you! I never want to see you again!"

And that, my children, was the late lamented heavy clinch in all its glory. Gable himself was partly responsible for its doom—because he was too good at it. He was so good that feminine moviegoers wondered why the heroine struggled.

Yet the heavy clinch received its death blow during Hollywood's drive to put the love interest in its proper place.

When Humphrey Bogart in "Bullets or Ballots" made advances to Joan Blondell and got his face soundly slapped, he retired gracefully, unlike the more persistent villains of yesterday. It isn't that today's villains are sissies. But heavies and heroes alike are putting business before pleasure. Stepping to the swift pace of melodrama, they simply haven't time to dally with romance.

The best adventure yarns have always observed this rule,

from "Lost Patrol" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" to "Captains Courageous" and "The Prince and the Pauper." If the love interest appears at all, it is merely a casual interlude, with no real bearing on the strictly masculine affairs of the plot.

The little melodrama, "15 Maiden Lane," tried amusingly to make a compromise with the rule. Its plot was all unraveled; the villain bit the dust; the missing jewels were recovered—and then the scenario writers suddenly remembered, "Good heavens! We've forgotten the love interest!" So they cast around for the handsomest male in the picture, who happened to be Lloyd Nolan, and tacked on a scene wherein he asked Claire Trevor out to lunch. That was supposed to take care of the romantic angle.

If it's the feminine movie-goers they're worrying about, they needn't go to such awkward lengths. Even without the sacred love interest, there are seldom any complaints from us when we are permitted to look upon the eye-soothing spectacle of Ronald Colman or Franchot Tone or Gary Cooper occupied in giving a rousing good performance.

Strangely enough, pictures that have dared to dispense with romance or keep it subordinated have done the love interest a great service. For when the love interest is dragged in or over-emphasized, like the unnecessary and colorless juvenile-leads in "The Informer" and the hackneyed scenes between Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in "The Plough and the Stars," love is simply made to look ridiculous.

That's a pity, because—in spite of all

the highbrow critics' sneers—love is a pretty important subject. It deserves more vital expression than the toothy smile and flapping eyelashes of the average movie heroine.

It needn't be interpreted as a grandly remote emotion, far beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. There was genuine feeling in the little scene where Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" declared his devotion to the lady of his heart—then dashed ecstatically away and fell over a trash-can.

Very few film stars can boast of a special talent for love scenes. First among those who can is Sylvia Sydney. Her scenes with Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once," beginning with the pathetic eagerness of their reunion, were ardent and real, in spite of the extravagances of the plot.

In her first joyous rendezvous with Alan Baxter in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," against a background of sunlit water glittering through leaves shaken by the wind, there was an emotion far stronger than the mournful and thinly spiritual thing the movies usually call love.

But, when we heard the warm voice of Margo in "Winterset" and "Lost Horizon," and watched her young face and expressive dancer's body, it looked as if Sidney might be due for a little competition.

Leslie Howard also has played some of his love scenes with singular grace and feeling. The beauty of his scenes with Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet" will survive for a long while.

But the actor who consistently brings the deepest emotion to the rare sentimental moments his films allow him is very far from the traditional picture of the great lover. In Lily Pons' "That Girl from Paris," on the roof-top overlooking the city, the gentle sincerity in Jack Oakie's voice as he sang to Lily, who was starry-eyed over Gene Raymond and not Jack, made you forget his reputation as a clown. And in "The Texas Rangers" he quietly pleaded Fred MacMurray's case to Jean Parker with more moving force than the stalwart MacMurray has put into all his film love scenes combined.

These few players have managed to rise above the material given them. For, in spite of Hollywood's reputed enslavement to the love interest, the movies haven't done the sentiment justice. They have been afraid to take love seriously. Only in a small group of films—"Dodsworth"

and "Of Human Bondage," "Craig's Wife" and "Marked Woman" come first to mind—have they attempted to treat the relationship between man and woman as the complex emotion it is.

We have seen great films that look into a man's inmost character to discover *why* he commits murder, as in "Love from a Stranger" and "Night Must Fall." Perhaps, some day, we may see moviemakers also devote an equal amount of artistry to showing us *why* he loves. Then and perhaps only then, will the clinch return, in a more modified form, to be sure.



(Above, left) Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle in "Double or Nothing." Bing is an artist who tells of love through the tones of his wonderful voice. (Left) How pleasant it is to watch Fred Astaire woo the lovely Ginger Rogers with caressing dance steps. (Right) Leslie Howard plays love scenes with restraint and feeling.

Joan Takes The World
As She Finds It, And
Likes It. Always
Radiant, And Now
Very Happy.

THOUGH completely disillusioned by a number of things, including the Press and the Public, Joan Blondell continues to gaze upon life with an expression of utmost surprise. She has a perpetual watch-the-birdie look about her, or are all of you except me too young to recall the early stages of photography. Joan can't help it. The very day she was born, a very hot August day in 1909, her eyes popped wide open, which is most unusual in a baby I am told. "Doesn't she look surprised?" said the doctor to Mr. Blondell, who had hastily rung down the curtain on his act at the Palace to be in on his first off-spring's premiere. "And," says Joan with a sigh, "I have looked surprised ever since, though really I'm not the least bit surprised."

She lost faith in the printed word several years ago, when, in one of her endeavors to Get Away From It All, she and her younger sister Gloria dumped a lot of canned goods and impromptu camping equipment in the back of the car and dashed off for a lovely stretch of beach miles away from anywhere. They pitched tent, warmed up beans, bathed in the Pacific and in no time at all the pride and joy of the Warners lot looked anything but alluring. She was letting her hair grow natural at the time, and there's really nothing so un-glamorous as that; she was the color of a sunset in Technicolor, and the salt water had been death on the Westmore wave. Her slacks had ripped in definite places, her sweat shirt smelled of fish that had long ago departed this life, and she had forgotten her sandals, much to the delight of the sand fleas. A pretty sight indeed. And on the third day who should walk into her Elysium-by-the-sea, of all people, of all god-awful people, a reporter!

"Well," said Miss Blondell who had always been taught to put her best foot forward for the Press, "this is the end." But the show must go on even on a lonely beach jutting out into the Pacific, so after denying that she was Joan Blondell the movie star for fully fifteen minutes she opened another can of beans, broke a fingernail on the can opener, swore violently, and gave an interview. As she watched the sour-faced young man wading dismally through the sand to his parked car, our little Joanie became quite philosophical. She thought of those first six months in Hollywood when she had been divine in silver lamé and golden glint and no interviewer had come within miles of her, and now—stark mad in bluejeans and no make-up—"that's life for you," said Miss Blondell.

She spent a sleepless night wondering if the reporter would quote what she said when she broke her nail, and if the Hays office would banish her from Hollywood forever for saying damn,



JOAN

and how much it would cost to buy up the entire edition of the newspaper—and then forgot all about it as Joan is not one to worry long over anything. A few weeks later the young man himself sent her a marked copy of the interview, and Joan read: "I recently had the pleasure of interviewing the lovely movie star Joan Blondell at her charming beach house" (I shall give you only excerpts from this pleasant bit of whimsy) . . . "As gracious as she is beautiful Miss Blondell received me wearing an enchanting hostess gown of organza printed with gay field flowers" . . . "You were sweet to come so far to see me," she said, pouring me a cup of tea from the most fragile of Wedgwood china" . . . "Oh dear, I think I have broken a nail. How dreadful! I looked but could see no blemish on those gracefully slender hands that have thrilled you so often on the screen" . . . "She is vibrant and delicate, modern and demure" . . . "A tantalizing perfume" . . . "She astounded me by talking for hours on a variety of subjects in beautiful, vivid English, showing an extensive vocabulary and the deepest of thought" . . . etc., etc. Joan, this time really surprised, collapsed in a chair. "You certainly can't believe a thing you read," she said.

She said a mouthful.

She lost faith in her Public about a year ago when, with several friends, one of them being Dick Powell, she was leaving the Hollywood Theatre after seeing one of her pictures and was lamenting the fact that she couldn't get her eyes at half mast the way Garbo did when she went into her clinches. "Miss Blondell," piped up a little boy who should have been home in bed, "please, may I have your autograph?" Joan delighted to find a fan who said "please"—most of them say, "Hey, sign this"—obligingly scrawled her name across an empty page in his book, not even muttering when his pen leaked on her new gloves, and returned it to him with her best smile, the toothsome one.

"Thank you," said the little boy, really impressed, and then feeling that the occasion called for further conversation he nervously added, "I'm like all the other morons, Miss Blondell, I'm

PROJECT



Joan is an actress and always has been. She knows a spotlight better than she knows the sun. To her, scenery means "flats and drops."

(Center) With her husband, Dick Powell, and (left) her baby, Norman.

ONDELL

just crazy about you." Out of fairness to the little boy may it be said that he didn't know what he had said. And to Joan's lasting credit may it be said that as soon as he was at a safe distance she laughed longer and louder than anybody. But it was unfortunate that Mr. Powell had to be along. For everytime now that Joan brings the theatre into her home and tries to work herself up to a big emotional scene where she renounces life and love and Warner Brothers, Dick will break her up completely by saying, "My little tomato, like all morons I am crazy about you." Then they both die laughing, and raid the icebox.

Although Joan is one of the sanest people I know, and can always be counted on in a crisis, there are times when she is so impractical that the kindest thing her friends can say about her is that she is nuts! No doubt it's the actress in her. Phone messages mean nothing to her, less than nothing, she may remember to deliver the message, but if she does remember to deliver the message she has completely forgotten the message. After he had arrived at Warner Brothers in make-up, when he should have been at Twentieth Century without make-up several times, thanks to his Little Bride, Dick Powell employed a secretary to sit near the phone.

If she's indifferent to messages it is nothing compared with what she is to checks. A check to Joanie is merely a nice little piece of paper on which she has only to write her name and then she can buy something. The little matter of having money in the bank to cover it rarely occurs to her. She just can't understand why bank clerks should get so excited over such silly things. At times like these Joan makes a better Gracie Allen than Gracie does herself.

When the Powells moved into their new home in Beverly Hills, shortly after their honeymoon, Joan decided to be very business-like about everything and save Dick, who was working, a lot of worry. She ordered the telephone immediately and was perfectly aghast when the phone company told her it would take three days. "Three days," exclaimed Miss B., highly incensed at such inefficiency, "why that's utterly ridiculous. How could it take three days to install a phone? You send a phone over here right away



by one of your boys and I'll install it myself." Signing sales slips in department stores is a lot of nonsense to our heroine and very annoying when she is in a hurry. "It's funny to me," she will say to the salesgirl, "I've had a charge account here for years and still I have to sign papers. The company is making both of us waste a lot of time."

The movie star to whom the routine details of business will always remain a mystery was born in an apartment house on the corner of Central Park West and goth [Continued on page 67]

ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson





Mickey Rooney

Jackie Cooper

Judy Garland

Johnny Downs

Joyce Co.

WHO SAID "AWKWARD"

THE financial moguls of the movie colony have learned that the boys and girls who belong to the "terrible 'teen" age are among the biggest of all Hollywood attractions at the box-office. Now the Junior High School striplings have at long last come into their own and are accepted into filmdom's royalty.

For the moment fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin wears the brightest crown of all. However, fifteen-year-old Betty Jaynes and Olympe Bradna come in for rather glittering ones. Besides these three stars there are a number of bright starlets just emerging into the 'teens. There're Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, June Carlson, and Edith Fellows—all hovering around the so-called unlucky number. Freddie Bartholomew graduated into the "terrible 'teen" age in March, and the Mauch twins just recently crossed the "line." Mickey Rooney and Jockey Frankie Darro—two outstanding lads—are in the class of sixteen year olds, while the venerable, blonde Jackie Cooper reckons his past with fourteen years.

As a result of starry-eyed, golden-voiced Deanna Durbin's unprecedented success in "Three Smart Girls" all the studio doors are now wide open to pretty lasses with good singing voices. Somehow, in that pic-

ture, Deanna pulled at the heart strings as few veteran stars have ever done. Consequently, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, realizing its great mistake in not featuring the beautiful Deanna while she was under a short-term contract there, has brought to light two other young prima donnas whom it hopes to raise to stellar heights in somewhat the same manner as Universal did with young Miss Durbin. These two songbirds are—Suzanne, an eleven-year-old Minneapolis sensation who is to be featured in "B Above High C," with the young player singing the theme song; and Betty Jaynes, a Chicago high school girl who created more than a mild sensation upon her debut as Mimi in "La Boheme" last fall, with the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

A little over a year ago Deanna was just another Los Angeles Junior High School girl. Today her beautiful voice is heard by way of the screen and ether waves in all parts of the world, and singing specialists proclaim her to be a real phenomenon. She is reputed to have a fully developed throat despite her youth, which may be a result of the early training that she received from her father. As a boy he had a fine soprano voice and sang in the Congregational choir at Newton Heath, England. But at fourteen

years of age he was forced to go to work, becoming an apprentice in an iron works factory. Later, however, he became a blacksmith and worked for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. When his second daughter, whom he called Edna Mae (now Deanna), was one year old she began to show signs of musical ability. This made the father so happy that he moved, with his family, to Los Angeles where for years he made untiring efforts to give his charming daughter a musical education.

Finally his dreams came true when Deanna

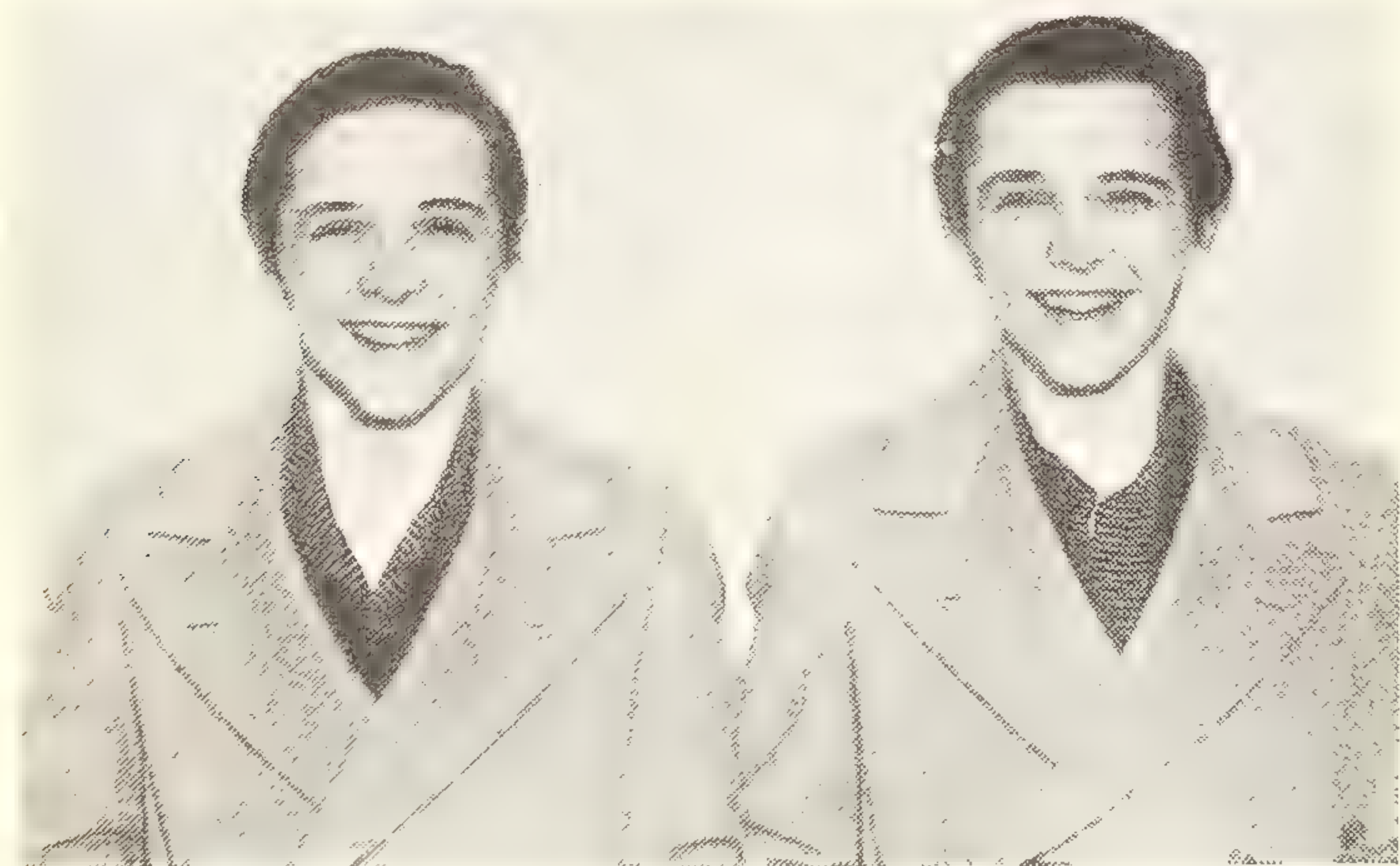
was discovered and made famous by National Broadcasting artists. Just how great a loss might have been sustained had this little girl never had those timely opportunities is difficult to know, but one thing is known and this is that Deanna's influence is widely felt at this time. She has helped greatly to create a new demand for screen entertainment—a demand for the heretofore unwanted adolescent.

But Deanna has not pioneered alone in the field of song, for there's also little Judy Garland who slips over notes with ease. Stardom is just around the corner for Judy. This is evident from the fact that recently her studio purchased "Blue Blood" with her in mind.

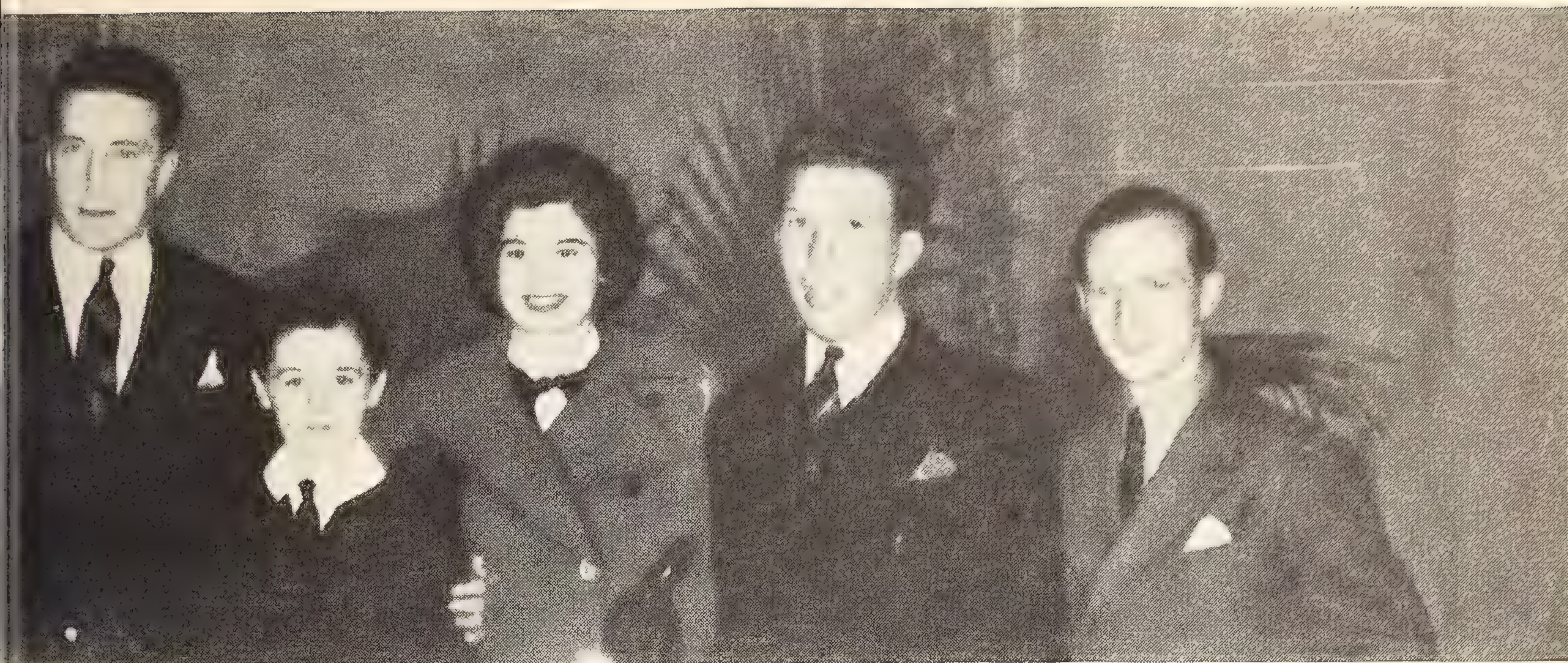
Not all of the stars of the adolescent group are confined to the singing and dancing category, for Bonita Granville, whose dramatic aptitude deserves stellar attention, and twelve-year-old Marcia Mae Jones both did some neat emoting in the film "These Three."

Over at the Columbia Studio is jolly little Edith Fellows who's certainly going places in a big way. Edith is not only a veteran of the drama, with more than one hundred pictures to her credit, but she also sings in five different languages. Her repertoire includes operatic arias, jazz numbers and blue melodies. She plays the piano and ukulele and is preparing herself for a grand opera career. If you could see and chat with this dainty miss you'd know why her studio has such ambitious plans for her. Edith is the type of youngster who possesses a combination of attributes: outstanding beauty, versatility, intelligence, a sweet-girl smile, lots of humor; heaps of vitality, personality plus, and a great deal of talent. Those who saw her in "Pennies from Heaven," with Bing Crosby, will remember her as the lovable little orphan. Rumor has it that she is even more charming in her current film, "Life Begins With Love."

Those engaging youngsters, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, have been before the cameras for a long time. Mickey has played in approximately forty pictures within the last eighteen months and is currently seen in "Captains Courageous," with Freddie Bartholomew. He has been in and out of pic-



The only twins in pictures, Billy and Bobby Mauch. "The Prince and the Pauper" offered a perfect plot for "identicals."



Louis D. Lighton, Producer Freddie Bartholomew Peggy Montgomery Mickey Daniels Wesley Barry, Former Juvenile

TEENS?" By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

tures since he was four years of age, though it remained for him to reach the "awkward age" before he achieved fame in a big way. At present Jackie is attending classes at the Beverly Hills High School and it is said that he is almost a model student, excelling in many of his studies. His last outstanding role was in "The Devil Is A Sissy." As for Freddie, his initial success in "David Copperfield" has been reached again, if not surpassed in "Captains Courageous."

What of Billy and Bobby Mauch, the twins who became thirteen years of age on July sixth? It is predicted that these two boys will climb to very great screen heights since the release of the "Prince and the Pauper." They were the two youngsters who played most of the children's parts on the "March of Time" radio programs before their advent to Hollywood. In "Anthony Adverse" Billy enacted the young hero while Bobby served as his stand-in and, for the most part, served as looker-on.

Billy is left-handed and is dramatically inclined while Bobby is right-handed and loves comedy. Only in those two particulars are studio officials able to discern whether or not the right boy is emoting before the cameras, so identical are they in every respect. During the filming of the "Prince and the Pauper" directors thought there would be no difficulty in telling the youngsters apart, in view of the fact that the players were dressed so differently (each playing a title part) but when it came time for the Prince to become the Pauper, and vice versa, authorities learned otherwise. When those two boys set out to have some fun and fool people, believe you me, it's fun!

On the Paramount lot is dainty, little Olympe Bradna, dancing sensation from the Paris Bergere. Born in a Parisian theatre, Olympe spent most of her life in a circus tent before coming to Hollywood. Now she is being featured with George Raft and Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea." Director Frank Lloyd proclaims Olympe to be the most gifted player on the Paramount lot and believes that her chances for stardom are greater than any other young player under contract to that studio.

The picture above, snapped at the gala preview of "Captains Courageous," besides

showing some of the important present-day stars in their 'teens, shows some of the successful juveniles of another decade who, although they made quite a name for themselves as child stars, weren't quite as fortunate as some of the youngsters of today.

Johnny Downs, for instance, was a prominent member of the original "Our Gang" comedies but his shadow self was missing from the screen during those awkward growing years. However, since he has reached the less awkward twenties, he is very much in the running again. In fact, since his excellent performance in "Turn Off the Moon" Paramount has signed him to a long term contract. Mickey Daniels was also a member of the original "Our Gang" and his subsequent career about parallels Johnny's. Wesley Barry was still playing in pictures when he turned into his early 'teens, but soon he became too tall and gangling and his career as a child actor was suddenly halted. It is only recently (having, like Johnny and Mickey, achieved the more suave twenties) that he has been seen here and there again in a number of films. Baby Peggy Montgomery is remembered by practically everybody in their twenties—or over—for she was the Shirley Temple of her day—a day that goes back to the Nineteen twenties, I believe. But her screen career died before she even approached the 'teens. Since growing up she has tried to make a comeback several times, but with scant success. Which is too bad. She was such an adorable youngster. As for the little lady above named Joyce Coad, although she is on the screen, she was not a juvenile player. She must be Johnny Downs' latest "crush," if we can judge by the proprietary manner in which he hangs on to her hand.

But the youngsters of the "terrible 'teen" age of today are right on top and it appears that they have taken such a strong hold that it can never be shaken. With their constant onrush in pictures it seems safe to predict that in the near future better and bigger stories will be written for them and audiences may look for a finer, saner type of screen entertainment, at least a type of entertainment which will reveal true life experiences of our American boys and girls. No question, these youthful

The Drama Of Youth Is The New Idea In Pictures. For The First Time Youngsters Are In Demand.

players have struck the Hollywood target right straight in the bull's eye and in so doing have also hit a note of tenderness and wholesome sentiment that people are finding dear to their hearts.

Yes, indeed, it looks as though the adolescents are going to have their cake and eat it too.



Bonita Granville is richly talented and experienced in success. The future could not be brighter.

A Personally Conducted Visit To The Busy Studios Where Pictures Are Brightly Shining.

By
S. R. Mook

IF THINGS have been fairly quiet at the studios for the past couple of months, I certainly pay in blood this month for my vacation. I've seldom seen as many pictures in production at one time. First there's—

United Artists

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has three pictures shooting here, which is almost a new high for him. There is "Stella Dallas," which I have already reported; "Dead End," which I'll tell you about next month because none of the principals are working today, and "Hurricane," adapted from the best seller of the same name.

The latter is by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and the two girls who played the wives of Franchot Tone and Clark Gable in the last named picture are also in this one. Also, there are Jon Hall, Reri (remember her in "Tabu"?) and Dorothy Lamour, who has been borrowed from Paramount for the lead.

This is one of the most interesting sets ever built in Hollywood. It covers over two acres and shows the shore line of the island in the South Seas where the action takes place. The schooner they are using, the Lana Kai, is down at Los Angeles harbor. They couldn't reproduce a South Sea Island there so they've done it at the studio. The long shots of the steamer and the close-ups aboard the steamer are all being filmed at the harbor but the close-ups of the action on the shore are being made at the studio. And they have also reproduced the *front end* of the schooner. What you see of the boat in the still picture is all there is of it at the studio. There's no stern. This scene I watch being made is where the ship returns from Tahiti. Dorothy Lamour is down at the pier to meet Jon Hall and all the natives are there in full regalia to greet the incoming ship. There is no dialogue. But it is interesting to watch the play of emotions across Dorothy's face as she sees the men coming ashore and no Jon.

Most of the "natives" in this picture are either full-blooded or half-caste Polynesians. And there are eighteen outrigger canoes

imported all the way from far-off Samoa.

Regretfully leaving the South Seas, I proceed to—

Columbia

THIS is to be my swan-song," Fanny Fanya greets me. "I'm leaving next week on a tour around the world. When I'm down with smallpox in Shanghai, will you think of me?"

"Aha!" I exclaim dramatically. "No nice girl ever made enough at a job like this to go on a trip around the world. Who's going with you?"

"I'm going on a freighter," she informs me, "and I have so many applications for companionship—at my expense—they're going to have to take a trailer along. It just goes to show you," she finishes stubbornly, "what a girl can do without sex and liquor."

"But why—?" I begin.

"Listen, darling," Fanya explains earnestly, "there are only two nice things about my job—and you're both of them."

Which is a pretty nice compliment, and I thank you, ma'am—but it seems, even so, there isn't room for me on the trip—not even on the trailer.

Stifling—or muffling—my disappointment as best I can, I scan the "Call Sheet." There is, praise be, only one picture shooting—and it's not a Richard Dix film. It's titled "The Man Behind the Law." We sail out to the set and here's what happens. Otto Kruger is a brilliant, but unscrupulous, attorney who earns huge fees by freeing gangsters who have been caught in the toils of the law. Stanley Fields (a gangster, naturally) consults Kruger, tells him he's killed a man in self-defense and asks Kruger if he can get him an acquittal. Kruger says, "Oh, sure" or words to that

effect so Fields then goes out and kills his man. He just wanted to make sure first that Kruger would be able to get him off.

Kruger, thinking the deed had already been committed when Fields consulted him, assigns his adopted son, Douglass Montgomery to the case. Doug gets Fields acquitted and they're holding a testimonial banquet for him. But Doug, in the meantime, has found out what the score is and he's sore as a boil.

When they call on him for a speech, he rises. "Mr. Toastmaster," he begins, "and gentlemen—for argument's sake—I appreciate your applause—the more so because I realize that before I

Preston Foster is exposed to the siren lure of Kay Francis in "First Lady."

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

finish—if I'm allowed to finish—you may be in a different mood."

"No danger of that, kid," Fields puts in good-humoredly, puffing at his panatella. "You're doing all right."

"As you all know," Doug resumes, "Mr. Mellon—'Smiling Bill'—(Kruger) graciously permitted me to assist him in this trial, the outcome of which we are celebrating tonight." A slightly puzzled expression creeps over Kruger's face but Doug rattles right along. "Carefully he coached me along—and those of you who have been his witnesses from time to time know there isn't a better coach in the business."

There is applause all up and down the table at this and Doug finds difficulty



in making himself heard but he proceeds: "Mr. Mellon's consideration for his young assistant knew no bounds. And when he felt that knowing the truth would conflict with my foolish scruples, he went out of his way to keep the truth from me." Turning to Kruger, "A rare kindness from a rare man!"

"Brother," Fields interjects devoutly, "them's woids!"

"Of course," Doug resumes, "I realize you haven't the slightest idea what I'm talking about but Smiling Bill is your smart lawyer (Smiling Bill is frowning now) and he'll understand me perfectly when I say that in his defense of Public Rat Number One, this high-priced disgrace to the legal profession whom you are honoring tonight, has deceived and made a sucker out of me and not only me," continuing grimly, "but of every decent citizen in this community!"

You may well imagine what a hubbub this creates.

When the director calls "Cut!" I shake hands with Mr. Montgomery and inquire after the welfare of a play he wrote a year ago. "They want me to come east to try it out in Connecticut this summer," he says, "but I've been away so long I'd like to stay out here awhile."

"Gee!" I enthuse, "if anyone ever even suggested trying out one of my plays I'd be heading east so fast it would make your head swim."

"So would I," Doug rejoins with amazing candor, "but as I look back on it I'm afraid it's an actor's play more than an audience's. I mean, there's a swell part for an actor in it but I'm afraid the play itself is not so hot."

I thought I'd heard everything, but that stops me. I merely bow with profound respect, salute his honesty, bid Fanya "bon voyage" and proceed to—

R-K-O

THERE are three pictures going here—"Take the Heir" with Guy Kibbee and Cora Witherspoon (which is on location), "New Faces of 1937" and "Super Sleuth" featuring Jack Oakie and Ann Sothern. It's a tentative title and the plot is "cops and robbers." Mr. Oakie is the screen's

greatest detective. He admits it himself (although Mr. William Powell may have something to say about that) and when the police can't solve the mystery of a lot of poison pen letters Oakie modestly states he may have to take a day off and solve it himself. His interview infuriates the cops.

Ann is head of the publicity department at the studio where Jack works. The head of the studio tells her she'll either have to muzzle Jack or lose her job . . . (as though anyone could muzzle Jack).

She persuades Jack to give a party for Police Lieutenant Garrison (Edgar Kennedy) and a few of his aides, and assure them the interview was just a gag. At the party Ann interrupts his speech and tells them the studio wants Kennedy and his aides to play police roles in a chase sequence of a picture next day. As she starts to walk away, Kennedy stops her.

"Miss Strand," he begins hesitantly, "I want to talk to you a minute. For the—er—sake of the—er—department, I'd—er—like to look my best." He pauses and bows his head. "What can we do about this?" indicating his bald pate.

perfectly good take laughing at him. "Get off my set!" Ann screams, catching sight of me.

"What now?" I begin.

"You jinxed me. Last month when you were here I sneaked you onto my set, which was closed to visitors, and what happened. As soon as you left I slipped and sprained my ankle."

"Then I didn't jinx you," I protest. "You were jinxed for letting me get away."

"Maybe you're right," she agrees. "See that you stick around today, then."

I'd like to. I'm telling you, Ann is something to look at in this figured black net dress with the skirt made in tiers and ruffles. I often wonder if Roger Pryor knows how lucky he is. And even oftener I wonder how all these dames out here let me slip through their fingers.

"Ann'll just have to take her chances of living through the day without your beneficent influence," my guide informs me. "We have another picture shooting here that you haven't covered yet. Come on."

And I have to leave Ann.

So we drift over to the set of "New



Scene from "Exclusive." Fred MacMurray confronts the newspaper reporters. (Above) "Oh," exclaims Ann Sothern to Edgar Kennedy in "Super Sleuth," "how long your hair is!"

"That's easy," Ann smiles. "We'll get you a little toupé."

"Toupé!" Ed repeats in vague alarm. "Don't you think that's going a little too far?"

"No-o-o," says Ann slowly, scanning the extent of his baldness. "I don't think so."

"Well," he concedes, "for the sake of the department I'll do it."

I wish I could describe to you Kennedy's timidity. I have never yet seen that guy do a scene that the company didn't break up a

Faces." This set is just a bare stage where they're trying out talent for a new show. Bill Brady (RKO's new juvenile), Parkyakarkus, Joe Penner (Yep! That man's here again!) and Lorraine Kruger are in a huddle. Parky is managing Lorraine and Joe and just when he thinks he has a job for Joe and none for Lorraine, Brady (who has been an insurance salesman and who doesn't know anything about the show business and hence will not be using old acts because they have big reputations) comes up and fires Joe and hires Lorraine. "Just a minute," Parky expostulates. "You can't talk to us that way. He quits! And, anyhow, if you want to talk business, you got to talk to me. I'm his manager." "All right," Brady agrees indifferently, "he's fired."

"That's different," it's Parky's turn to

[Continued on page 77]





Rochelle Hudson Has Had Another Birthday. Now Girlhood Is Finished And Her Real Career Has Begun.

chestnut-colored hair. Had I not already been an enthusiastic admirer, I would have been her abject fan beginning that moment.

As I gazed at this dainty young person, so full of life and vitality yet never obtrusive, my mind flashed back to that day six years before when, newly-arrived under contract on the RKO-Radio lot, she had sat beside me at another noonday table.

"This little girl is going places," a friend introduced her, in the Hollywood vernacular. "She's got what it takes."

Rochelle, I remember, said nothing. She smiled, just as she was smiling now in her announcement of having reached her majority. But in that quiet way of hers—she wasn't quite fifteen—one could discern assurance.

"I can't eat very much, this noon," she confided now to the waitress, ordering a broiled lobster with drawn butter, French fried sweet potatoes and a dish of China tea . . . "you see, I'm singing right after lunch."

"Good thing you have to keep in training," I ventured.

"Oh, that," passing off her order with a flourish of a bun, "you should see me when I'm hungry."

"Just a hot-house plant," I said.

"I am not," hotly came back this slight vision beside me. "I'm an outdoor type and I'm a sportswoman. You should have seen me in Canada, when we were up at Callander on location for 'Reunion,' with the Quints."

"I suppose you walked to work every day," interposing, just a tinge of sarcasm in my voice. "It was only ten miles, I have heard." The idea of this Dresden-like creature, trying to talk old-man-me into believing she was athletic.

"Well, I didn't walk quite that distance, but I did hike several miles every day, and went horseback riding and fishing, and played Badminton after the company set up a temporary court."

A new expression crept into her lovely eyes.

"Those Quints . . . I get excited every time I even think of them. I couldn't play with them half as much as I would have liked, but they were the darlinest bundles of sweetness I've ever seen."

"At first, they weren't so certain that they liked us. I don't suppose they could remember Jean Hersholt—they were so young, you know, when he was up there on their first picture—but it didn't take long for him to win them over, and then they were climbing all over him, just as they do Dr. Dafoe. The resemblance between Jean and the doctor is striking."

"Before long, too, I was accepted into the fold, and whenever I made my appearance they'd come toddling over to me, each with some toy in her hand. Then, of course, I'd have to play with each one, and with her particular toy."

"Annette was my favorite, possibly because she seemed to pay me more attention than did the others. I can't say, but this I do know . . . I have never gotten such a thrill out of a baby putting its arms around my

[Continued on page 70]

A BUOYANT grey-eyed girl wended her way perilously between closely-wedged tables, scurrying waitresses bearing overloaded trays and friends who constantly popped up in her path to greet her affectionately, and finally reached our table in a far corner of the Fox studio Cafe de Paris.

"Look me over, dollink," she chirruped . . . "you see before you a woman, no longer a maiden fair."

"Where?" I demanded, glancing about me.

"Right in front of you, silly," she returned, sliding in beside me. "I am the woman . . . a new woman. Today's my birthday. I am just twenty-one, this day, and I expect to be treated with respect."

"So the little gal's grown up," I mur-

mured.

"Y'darn tootin'," proclaimed Rochelle, elegantly. "How do you like me, now that I've arrived at my new station in life?"

I did. Rochelle was wearing a light blue satin blouse and severely-tailored gray jacket with odd skirt, and the most utterly ridiculous chapeau topped her lustrous

WE POINT WITH PRIDE



Spencer Tracy and Mrs. Tracy en route for a holiday.

An unpretentious fellow, Spencer has become honored and respected in Hollywood. No one in the business works more hard, or toward a higher ideal than he. His characters are believable and no other actor has done more to end the legend that movie actors are egomaniacs.



To That
Great Actor—
SPENCER
TRACY



(Left) With Freddie Bartholomew in one of the early scenes in "Captains Courageous." (Above) In "San Francisco," with Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer won new honors.

THE ENCHANTED SHORE

THIS picture includes several well-formed and graceful beach maidens. It is just a work of imagination. If there was such a place where famous fair ones gathered, the public would be there in thousands. Actually, screen girls do not swim in batches. The competition is too personal. A beautiful player who is known from the arctic circle to South Sudbury, Mass., is accustomed to certain admiration, and within her own circle of friends receives sincere affection. In return she loves them all without reservation. The stars cannot all be the most beautiful, and so this particular shore exists only where the Never-Never-Land touches the Ocean of Dreams.



In this group are Joel McCrea, Bette Davis, June Lang, Ginger Rogers and Sally Eilers. What a bevy!

Where The Restless Sea Spreads Garlands
Of Foam At The Feet Of Beauty.



Joan Crawford at left. The swimmers are Dick Powell and (above) Anne Shirley and Phil Huston. (Right) Dixie Dunbar, Barbara Reed and Simone Simon as care-free as the tumbling surf.

THE SEARCHLIGHTS OF GOOD FORTUNE

THE producers are always trying to assign the roles in their pictures to the player best qualified to play the part. Their eyes study the contract players in rival studios, and frequently an actor or actress leaps into greater fame when he or she is borrowed by a competing producer. When Claudette Colbert was borrowed by Columbia from Paramount for "It Happened One Night," she developed into a greater star and her real success dates from that picture.



Charles Boyer, who has been borrowed for Garbo's new picture, "Madame Walewska." Irene Dunne has been chosen for many fine parts at many studios. The day Clark Gable was borrowed by Columbia, Fortune smiled on him. Hollywood discovered a comedienne in Carole Lombard, but not on her home lot. Will the work Franchot Tone did at RKO help his career?

The Good Roles Con-
stantly Seek The Players
Who Are Ready For
Great Opportunities.



Edward Arnold is in constant demand. Madeleine Carroll has been borrowed for the lead opposite Francis Lederer in "Thanks for Everything." Melvyn Douglas will next perform with Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance." Warner Brothers have spoken for Claudette Colbert. Frances Farmer was borrowed by United Artists and found there her lucky part.

COMING ALONG THE SOUND TRACK

IN THOUSANDS of homes the magic of the radio entertains the family. But though all voices are rich in musical qualities, the headline singers never would have become the popular performers that they now are if we did not already know their faces. To us, the movie stars are old friends and their voices give us a thrill of happiness.

They are hard worked, richly paid artists who will be coming along the sound tracks of new pictures for many years and there will be a hearty welcome for each of them.

The leader in more ways than one is Bing Crosby. Next comes Deanna Durbin, who sang her way in. Then Dick Powell, a real sound track discovery. Lily Pons has qualified in pictures and the sound engineers should be very proud of her. The marvelous voice of Jeanette McDonald makes any scene important.





Nelson Eddy, a singer, actor and popular idol.

She's coming down the sound track—Martha Raye is a hard test for the apparatus.

Leah Ray and Tony Martin are well worth listening to. The star who first gave us grand opera was Grace Moore. She raised the microphone to an importance equal to the camera.

Many Of Our Favorite Players
Would Never Have Reached The
Screen Had They Not Been Able
To Qualify At The Microphone.

GREATEST SHOW



(Top) The most remarkable boy actor on the screen, Freddie Bartholomew.
The biggest box-office baby, Shirley Temple.



(Top) Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Famous play and famous pair.
The screen's most romantic team, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.



(Top) The No. 1 movie actor for 1936, Paul Muni, in "The Life of Emile Zola," with Gloria Holden.
The most photographed girls in America. These New York models are now in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."



EARTH

Mr. Barnum Gathered Together Many Of The Greatest And Most Wonderful Things, But He Had Nothing To Compare With The Mammoth Marvels Of The Movies.



ANCE



(Above, left) Walt Disney's marvelous Mickey Mouse and Pluto, the Prince of Pups. (Top) The players who have become the most liked married couple—William Powell and Myrna Loy in "After the Thin Man."

One of the most famous silent pictures, "Stella Dallas," now returning to the screen, with Anne Shirley, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck.

(Top) The star who made the greatest hit of the season—Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born." Robert Taylor is the world's best loved lover.

THE finest performers are in our Big Top. The most beautiful girls, the most remarkable star, and other great and glorious, brilliant, scintillating wonders, without equal on land or sea, direct from the hidden haunts of Hollywood!



"MORE LOVELY THAN PANDORA"



The mid-season can boast few more distinctive sports costumes (front and back) than the one worn, right-above, by Diana Gibson. The short-sleeved jacket and peasant skirt are of gay roman striped silk and heavy white silk fashions the tailored blouse.



Sheer dusty-pink wool, finely tucked, is favored by Anita Louise for this interesting country-club ensemble. The classic white Toya hat is banded with brown to match her gloves and belt

(In circles) No travelling wardrobe is complete without a casual sports hat. Barbara Read's is black and white checked taffeta, held in place by a black grosgrain ribbon band to which a couple of red silk pompons are coyly attached. Marion Davies' is a white felt with navy band. (Right) The Tyrol inspired Jean Parker's costume of heavy white silk with a gored skirt and bodice of grey wool, heavily embroidered. Changing her sandals to high-heeled pumps, Jean can turn from an all-occasion daytime frock

When You Pack Your Boxes For That Vacation Trip See That They Contain Casual Clothes That Gently Waft An Air Of True Sophistication.



NOW that the mid-season is upon us we are already fairly tired of the unpretentious cottons that enriched our imagination and our wardrobe during those first warm days and nights of May and June. For, after the 4th of July with its traditional airy costumes has come and gone, we feel like expanding with the cooler breezes and can do so with assurance when clad in the more fortifying silks and opulent wool crepes considered smart at this time. The illustrations on these two pages will give you a fair idea of what the stars in Hollywood wear during those periods when play-clothes and swim suits are not permissible. As you see, they lack the studied informality called for earlier in the summer.

Three evening gowns displayed here carry out the season's most enticing feature—matching jackets that make an evening cap unnecessary. (Above-left) Sea-green taffeta embroidered in an all-over design of a deeper hue is Olivia de Havilland's pièce de résistance. Black velvet bows adorn the V-cut bodice and "period jacket." (Above-top) French blue chiffon, with tucked bodice and bolero, tends to make Madge Evans look both cool and glamorous, while Elizabeth Russell (Above-right) looks svelte and ultra-sophisticated in white paper taffeta flecked with gold threads and horizontal chenille bands. Her unique bolero is not detachable.

NEW PICTURES FOR



Raymond Walburn, Sonja Henie and George Givot in "Thin Ice."



Arthur Treacher, Don Ameche and Alice Faye in "You Can't Have Everything."



Lew Ayres and Gilbert Roland in "Last Train From Madrid."



John Beal and Armida in "Border Cafe."



Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."



Loretta Young and Frances Drake in "Love Under Fire."

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS



Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond in
"There Goes My Girl."



Cecil Cunningham, Jack Benny and Gail
Patrick in "Artists and Models."



Betty Furness and Ralph Bellamy in "It
Can't Last Forever."



Esther Dale and Edward Everett Horton
in "Wild Money."



Kent Taylor and Nan Grey in "Love in a
Bungalow."



Pauline Moore, Robert Kent and Harry
Carey in "Born Reckless."

The Players Are Never Self-Conscious. It's The Candid Man Who Is Embarrassed.

CANDIDLY



Jane Withers and her faithful watch dog, "Puggy," calling on Don Ameche on the "You Can't Have Everything" set.



Joe Penner and Harriet Hilliard have a spot of tea or something between scenes of "New Faces of 1937."



Where friendship counts. Ann Sothorn conversing with the camera crew of her picture, "Super Sleuth." Joseph August, ace cameraman, center. (Below) Red Cravat, race horse of "Broadway Melody of 1938," accepts an apple from Eleanor Powell. No professional jealousy.



MARION DAVIES GIVES A PARTY



The four circus party pictures show (above) Robert Montgomery, who is getting stronger, and Marion. (Right-above) Dolores Del Rio with Cedric Gibbons, her husband. (Right-below) An unposed, intimate family group—Leslie Howard, his son and Mrs. Howard. (Right-center) Cowgirl Carole Lombard and Cowboy Clark Gable.

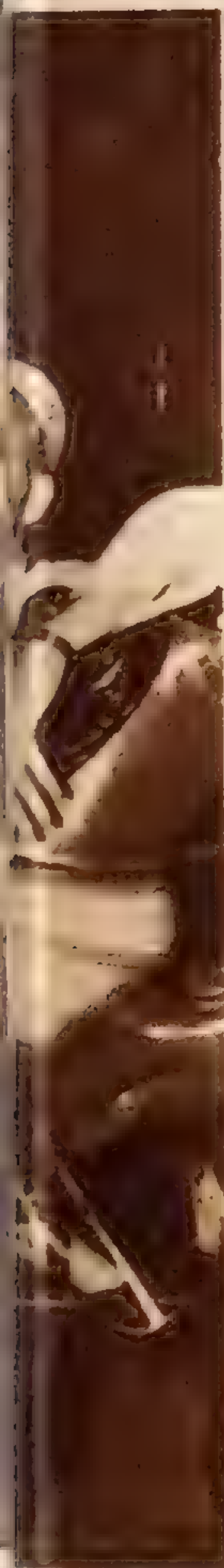


SPEAKING!

On Screen And Off
Screen, Cameras Pursue
The Famous Stars.



Caught at a Coconut Grove Party—Dorothy Lamour and Walter Bullock, song writer. (Right) Larry Crabbe, Terry Walker and John Howard enjoy a game of cards while on location for "Mountain Music."



Jed Prouty, Joyce Compton, Stu Erwin and Dorothy Appleby speeding back to work for Grand National. (Below) Anna Sten, with her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, and (left) Victor Schertzinger. Anna is returning to the screen in "Two Who Dared."



PICTURE STEALERS

They Hold Your Interest—They Fascinate Your Eye—They Remain In Your Memory When All Else Is Forgotten.



Leo Carrillo
Frank Moran
and Una Mer
No scene is
with them around

Jack Oakie
and Ned
Sparks, scene
burglars de
luxe.

MANY an actor or actress who, by training or talent, seems actually to become another person on the screen, is rewarded by numerous jobs and hearty checks. But, strange enough, they do not know they do it, and if they stop to think about it they would soon lose their mantle of mystery to believe.

HE CAN DO ANYTHING—

Even Make A Hit In Character Work. That's Brennan.

By
Jeanne de Kolty



The half comic figure of *Old Atrocity* in a scene from "Barbary Coast," with Joel McCrea.

YEAR, 1929. Scene, a chicken yard on the back lot at the old Universal Studio. Lucile Webster Gleason is feeding a flock of chickens. Jimmy, her spouse both in the picture and in real life, looks on. This is their first screen appearance, "The Shannons of Broadway," from their stage success of the same title.

The cameras are grinding and everyone is acting according to script—I know, I'm script girl—except the one rooster in the pen. The rooster is a ham. He won't crow.

From behind the hen house, a sudden uproar bursts forth. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-do! It must be the biggest rooster in all Hollywood. The recalcitrant cock in the pen, recognizing competition, starts strutting his stuff. With a lusty crow, he walks directly in front of the turning cameras. A perfect shot!

The scene finished and "in the can," I saunter around behind the hen house, where the lively rooster is still crowing away for all he's worth. There, on the ground, comfortably leaning against the hen house, sits Walter Brennan, crowing like mad. His imitation is so perfect, it had even the chickens fooled!

Walter is general handy man on the production. Originally he was hired to play two roles—a young vaudeville announcer and an ancient Civil War veteran, crony of Slim Summerville who is portraying the village drunk. Now they've put Walter to work playing a rooster. Probably before the picture is completed he'll be doubling for the ingenue. Although he is only an obscure bit player, Walter can do almost anything. Those who watch him cannot fail to recognize his genius.

Let us skip eight long years and visit the Biltmore Bowl, 1937. The Bowl is crowded with the 1200 most important personages in Hollywood. Jean Harlow, Bill Powell, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Clark Gable—name any of the greatest stars, they are all here tonight. This is the biggest event of the season, the awarding of the Motion Picture Academy's trophies for the year's greatest performances.

Toward the rear of the room sits a quiet, self-effacing young man. He is seated next to Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. All eyes are focused on them. The young stranger is ignored. Awards are announced—Miss Rainer and Mr. Muni for the greatest starring performances, Gale Sondergaard for the best feminine supporting role. A pause, and the winner for the best male support is announced—Walter Brennan, the "Swan" of "Come and Get It."

The crowd applauds generously; but when the man next to Miss Rainer rises in the glare of the spotlight and starts the long march toward the platform, they think there is some mistake. They don't recognize Walter Brennan. They expect someone who looks like Swan, white haired and elderly.

There is no mistake. Brennan is young, much younger in looks and behavior than in years. There is no trace of gray in his hair, no diminishing of the youthful sparkle in his eyes. If you know him, he'll admit to being way past the thirty-five with which his



As Swan in "Come and Get It," with Frances Farmer. (Right) The off-stage Walter Brennan. (Below) In "When Love Is Young," he changed his screen character completely. Seen with Kent Taylor and Virginia Bruce.



publicity men accredit him; but he certainly doesn't look it. His is the spirit of youth. No wonder he has remained unrecognized among all the great stars surrounding him at the Academy banquet!

For ten long years, Walter has struggled for recognition. He has known great hopes and bitter disappointments. The first big break came in "Barbary Coast." He made the part of "Old Atrocity," a comparatively minor bit, stand out as one of the highlights of the picture. Followed, "Swan" in "Come and Get It," and Academy recognition, the highest honor that

can be paid to any motion picture player.

Today, Walter is going places in a big way. Last time I saw him, he had nine parts awaiting him. Directors and studios were fighting for his services. But it didn't seem to affect him much. He still has his old ideals, the old way of living, the same old friends. He still kids me about "movie boners" I let slip through on "The Shannons." The prop boys, grips, juicers, have always been his buddies. They are borrowing ten spots from him today just as they did when I first met him. Occasionally he runs short and borrows from them. They go to his house for dinner, ride his horses, borrow his clothes.

The obscure, middle-aged cowboy who was his closest friend when we worked in "The Shannons of Broadway" is his closest friend today. Walter never makes a picture without arranging for his buddy to have a bit. They joke together, ride together, work together.

For years, Walter begged the various actors' agents, trying to get one to represent him at the studios. They ignored him. He wasn't important. Finally, five years ago, [Continued on page 72]

EMERGENCY LOVE!

It Makes A Man True To His Inner Self—It Explains Every Yearning—It Is The Secret Of Happiness.

Copyright 1937 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. The cast and credits will be found at the end of this story.



Allen (Franchot Tone) drinks a toast to Claire (Maureen O'Sullivan). (Below) His friend (Charlie Grapewin) realizes that Allen has come to the crossroads. (Oval) Virginia Bruce as Patricia Sloane. She has everything, including love.



IN ITS unromantic brick and stone exterior General Hospital looked anything but a battle front. Nor did the casual visitor get that impression from its well ordered interior—general office and small reception rooms, information desk and telephone switchboards, long corridors hospital-clean and white clad women nurses who spoke, when they talked at all, quietly, calmly, with that brisk, impersonal interest in humanity that marks the well trained nurse and doctor. The hospital gave overpoweringly the impression of strength and peace and smooth running machinery. No emergency could surprise it, for it was built to cope with emergencies and nothing else.

Yet General was the first line trenches in the never ending war science wages to end human suffering. Twenty-four hours a day and year in and year out the war raged behind its calm walls and, as in all wars, some men and women were of the stuff of heroes and others the slackers and deserters.

In the Emergency Watch Room, Interne Dr. Allen Meighan slumped in a folding chair, his feet on a small table, a copy of "Billroth's Surgery" on his knees.

Interne Dr. Barili stretched on a cot, taking a well earned twenty winks.

Interne Dr. Toni Woolcot had just come down from the operating room where he had tended an emergency case. "The kid didn't come out of the anaesthetic," he reported triumphantly, pouring himself a stiff drink from the flask he kept hidden in his bag. His voice swelled with complacency. "But that was an operation! Boys, it would have been an education to both of you, no kidding. Tonight I was terrific."

Suddenly aware of the shocked silence and the pointed way they were ignoring him, Woolcot looked up from his drink.

"What's the matter, don't you think I should have operated? Aw, you guys have no nerve!"

The internes made no comment. Claire Donohue, surgical nurse on duty, was silent, avoiding his eyes. Only Sally, the emergency switch board girl, was willing to share a drink with Woolcot. The son of a rich father, Woolcot had one ruling passion, his desire to operate whenever an excuse offered. Every nurse there who was not old and withered, might have added even less pleasant descriptions of him.

A light flashed in the switchboard. Sally pressed the button that rang a bell in the garage below. The roar of an ambulance motor warming up came through the floor.

Allen Meighan looked up with a grin. "Get going, Woolcot, it's your turn."

Fictionization of "Between Two Women" by
Jack Bechdolt

Woolcot's face expressed chagrin. "I'm tired!" His expression brightened. "I'll toss you who goes. And if you lose, I'll pay you ten bucks bonus." He flipped a coin and picked it up in triumph. "You lose! Here's your ten. On your way, doctor!"

That wasn't the first time one of his fellow internes had done Woolcot's work, glad to earn the ten dollar bills he could afford to throw around. But this particular night cost Woolcot a great deal more than ten dollars.

Meighan rode with the ambulance and did an emergency operation on the engineer of a hoisting crane who had been crushed in his cab. His brilliant work won the praise of the superintendent, and the last vacancy in resident physicians was filled by Allen Meighan. Woolcot, who had coveted the post, cursed his bad luck and drowned his sorrows with a round of whiskies. And Claire Donohue, the surgical nurse, felt such a warming glow in her heart because of Meighan's promotion that for the time all her other troubles were forgotten.

The percentage of beautiful women among nurses is no higher than it runs through other walks of life, but Claire was beautiful. She was beautiful in that truly lovely way that is built as much by character as it is



Claire responds to the toast. (Left) Allen and Snoopy, the reporter (Cliff Edwards) and Sally (Helen Troy) the telephone girl.

had just finished doing things to her hair and face that heightened even her loveliness. She looked her best and she knew it. She wanted to look her best.

For eighteen days Allen Meighan had ruled her life. She ate, she slept, she waked when he ordered. He was the god of her hospital world and that world bowed before him. Even Patricia, used to ruling as the goddess of her own world, bowed also. This was a new experience for her, and she loved novelty.

"You'd make a good husband," she said audaciously. "Why haven't you ever married?"

Meighan's voice was serious. "Young doctors don't make enough money to get married. I've seen plenty of them. The wives subordinate everything to their husband's profession. No certainty of hours. Few comforts. It's no life for a woman."

But when Patricia's lovely arms closed about his neck, drawing his lips down to hers, he was lost. She was holding him close when Claire came into the room.

Patricia's voice reached her, vibrant with jubilation: "This isn't as shocking as it

looks . . . we're engaged. We're very happy that you're the first to know."

Through stiff lips Claire murmured her congratulations and left them together. Her loyal heart was torn with grief, not

because Allen Meighan had found a woman to love. Claire was above such jealousy.

But she had seen other doctors marry rich, imperious, spoiled women like Patricia Sloan. She had seen what misery came of such ill-advised matches. Fear lest Meighan suffer made her miserable.

Allen Meighan earned fifty dollars a week as a resident surgeon. Patricia's father had earned almost as many millions. But they were in love and love, they thought hopefully, can level any difference.

When they were married they lived in the modest little suburban house Meighan could afford, but it was furnished with the luxuries Patricia was used to, brought from Patricia's home. Patricia's gay friends were always on hand to help her waste her time and Meighan was not, for his career was an inexorable master and when the calls came, he had to answer them. It was inevitable that after a time Patricia would find other young men who had plenty of time to beau her to parties. It was inevitable too, that Meighan would find sympathetic understanding from Claire. Claire shared his work and knew his problems well. Claire had her own bitter marriage problem in Tom Donohue, charming when he was sober, but he was so seldom sober any more!

An emergency case arrived one night when Toni Woolcot was on duty and in charge. The patient had been struck by a car while staggering drunkenly against the traffic lights. His leg was badly fractured and Woolcot, after one look, declared it was a case for amputation.

Toni had had more than his usual few drinks. He was feeling powerful and daring.

The patient was speeded to the room where Claire Donohue as head surgical nurse was in charge. The still form on a wheeled stretcher, face covered with a sheet, was just one more unfortunate to Claire, one more job to be handled the best way they could . . . or so it was until she picked up the chart sent up on the stretcher beside that still figure. [Continued on next page]

determined by accidents of feature and coloring. In private life she was Mrs. Tom Donohue. Not many people knew that, for Claire talked

little of a home that was none too happy. Allen Meighan was one of the few who knew and understood Claire's long struggle to find happiness with a man she felt sorry for. Meighan loved and respected her for her courage. And, secretly, Claire loved Meighan.

Into General one night came an emergency case, discovered by the police. A young woman had collapsed suddenly while driving her car. Allen Meighan pronounced it a ruptured appendix. Meighan operated again that night with Claire, now head surgical nurse, assisting him. Once more he did a brilliant and thorough bit of emergency work and the patient was saved. Next day the astonished hospital learned that the emergency patient was Patricia Sloan, daughter of a millionaire soap manufacturer.

Patricia was beautiful. More radiantly lovely than Claire Donohue, beautiful in that heart-breaking way that some women possess without deserving it. It seemed to Allen Meighan that he had not lived at all until his first glimpse of her and that forever after life would be devoted to worshipping her. Claire saw that worshipping light in his eyes and tried to feel wholeheartedly that she was glad for his sake.

The beautiful patient smiled into the grave face of her young doctor. She was in her newest and prettiest negligee. Her maid

Thomas Donohue!
The words leaped up at her. Her husband—Tom!

Woolcot was preparing gleefully for another amputation. Boy, he was going to show them some great form this time! Claire's hysterical protest and the news that her husband lay on the stretcher did not sober Woolcot. Claire's husband—or somebody else's—that didn't matter.

Claire had but one hope, to get Allen Meighan, Woolcot's superior.

The call reached Meighan at the Hotel Metropole where he had been dancing with Patricia. It wrenched him from her arms and left a furious, bitter wife.

Meighan was barely in time to snatch the case from Woolcot, but not in time to save Tom Donohue's life. When he left for home at last, it was like a beaten man. He felt that he had failed his job. He had failed Claire, who was his best friend. And when he reached home at last it was to find Patricia, drunk and bursting with bitterness.

Toni Woolcot was dismissed from the staff and forbidden to practise medicine again, as a result of his drunken blundering. Patricia insisted with vitriolic comment that Meighan had engineered his disgrace as a petty revenge. Soon Patricia discovered that Toni was a most amusing person to beau her about to parties and Toni always had time to devote to her—he had no profession now to call him from her.

On a day when Meighan's unexpected return home drove Patricia to hiding her lover in another room, she burst out at him. "What about you and your Florence Nightingale? I've always known what was going on between you—"

"I've told you not to make insinuations about Mrs. Donohue," he retorted angrily.

But she was past all reason, past all sense of decency, for knowledge of her own guilt drove her on. "You may be good enough for those glorified chamber maids—but to me you're nothing but a cheap, little quack trying to dress up as a gentleman!"

Aching with shame and humiliation Meighan went from the ruins of his home—and turned back to the hospital. That was the one place left for him to go.

Claire, leaving after work, met him on the steps. She did not need any explanations to know that this man was sodden with suffering, that he was in the depths.

Claire took him in charge and with him in his car drove about in the dusk, saying nothing, asking nothing, content just to be

ANNOUNCEMENT

SO LAST year you voted Robert Taylor the Most Popular Star in Hollywood. Who will win the medal this year? See our September issue so you can vote.

Stars receive funny gifts—and beautiful ones—according to Gordon Silver.

Would you like a movie star husband? What woman wouldn't! A lovely dream answer to this poser has been written by Ruth E. Varley.

As the projection machine, in a movie palace, throws upon the screen sharply and clearly the characters of the play, so Elizabeth Wilson in her "Projection" story describes Marlene Dietrich clearly and dramatically—a true projection on the pages of SILVER SCREEN of one of the most interesting players in the movies today.

Many other features and articles will make SILVER SCREEN for September entertaining and amusing.

At all newsstands on August 17th.

with him and give him the soothing companionship he needed. She turned on the radio in his car and they drifted on again.

In the full swing of a number the music of the orchestra faded abruptly from the air. An announcer's voice cut in:

"We interrupt our program to make an important announcement. Attention all physicians and nurses. Because of a railway disaster the General Hospital is calling all internes, residents and physicians on the staff! Disaster call! Disaster call!"

Meighan's tired head came up. The old light of battle flashed in his eyes as they met the startled eyes of his companion.

"That's us, Claire!"

She smiled at him as she swerved the car about and stepped hard on the gas.

An overland train had gone off a trestle. Fire was raging through the twisted, broken

coaches. Men and women were screaming for help, their voices drowned in the hiss of escaping steam.

Two stretchers came up to the surgery on the overworked elevator. One of them came under Meighan's eye. Together he and Claire stared in dismay. The man was Toni Woolcot, his legs shattered beyond all hope, it appeared. When Woolcot's eyes opened they showed that he knew how badly hurt he was.

His lips moved as he stared into Meighan's face. "Both legs?" he whispered.

Meighan's stark face gave him the answer.

The injured doctor roused again, fumbling in his struggle to keep his voice clear, "Patricia . . . is she badly hurt?"

"Patricia!" Meighan gasped.

"She was . . . on . . . that . . . train," Woolcot mumbled before he lapsed into coma.

Patricia had been on the train, sharing a Pullman compartment with Toni Woolcot. They were eloping.

Meighan found her, the woman he had once loved, in another operating room, in charge of a skin specialist. She had been burned by live steam. Meighan could do nothing there except pray for her. Then he turned to his own task, the risky almost impossible job of patching up Woolcot's shattered legs.

That night's work done by Meighan, a grim, patient, miracle of a job that lasted well into the dawn of a new day, accomplished what the staff at General had thought impossible. Toni Woolcot was saved the fate of a legless cripple.

He came to Meighan for their last goodbye. The debonair playboy doctor was neither whimsical nor intolerantly wilful now. Only Toni knew how deeply he had wronged Meighan and how much he owed to the skilled and humane resident surgeon. They had little to say to each other, only an awkward thank you from Woolcot.

Modern science and surgery has achieved such miracles that in less than six months' time Patricia was practically well again, her former beauty entirely recovered.

But Patricia soon realized that no matter what she had once meant to her husband, he now put his work before his interest in her. Her beauty . . . her money . . . even her rekindled love for him were of no avail. When he left her that day, she knew that he was lost to her forever.

But one woman's loss is generally another woman's gain. And one night, a few months later, Allen cornered Claire in a corridor of General Hospital.

"Claire—I've waited so long—to tell you so many things—and now that I'm free to tell them I can't find the words . . ."

And Claire answered simply: "When you've waited so long to hear them and have rehearsed them so often in your heart, they don't have to be said . . . because even you couldn't say them as beautifully as I've listened to them in my dreams."

Fictionization of "Between Two Women."
Directed by George Seitz. Original story by Erich von Stroheim and screen play by Carey Wilson.

THE CAST

Doctor Meighan Franchot Tone
Patricia Sloane Virginia Bruce
Mrs. Claire Donohue—

Maureen O'Sullivan
Snoopy Cliff Edwards
Sally Helen Troy
Tom Donohue Anthony Nace
Miss Pringle Janet Beecher
Wanda Grace Ford
Eleanor June Clayworth
Doctor Barelli Edward Norris
Doctor Toni Woolcot Leonard Penn



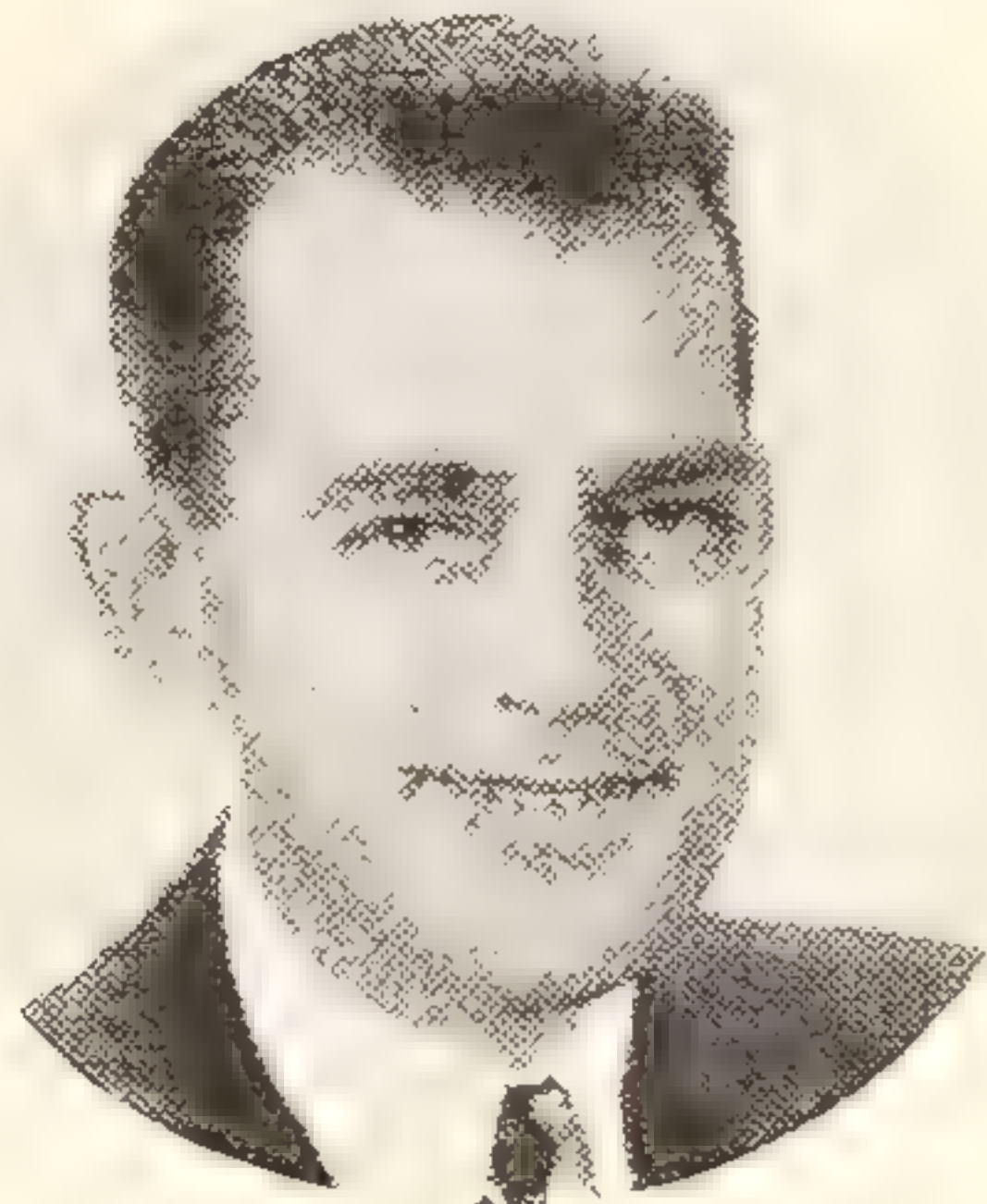
In the new Columbia picture, "Thanks for Everything," Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer play principal characters. "Everything" seems to have quite overcome our hero.

A SHORT-SHORT VISIT

By
Frederick Russell



Jeanette MacDonald
and, at right, her direc-
tor, W. S. Van Dyke.



Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford.

The Director Who Never Overlooks The
Beauty Of Women When Filming A Story.

W. S. VAN DYKE, Hollywood's veteran director of such outstanding pictures as "Trader Horn," "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "The Thin Man," "The Devil Is a Sissy" and "San Francisco" among so many other hits that he can't remember them himself, seldom goes to the movies!

"I don't like pictures!" he admitted astonishingly, "and I seldom go to see them. Once in a great while, when somebody is recommended to me, I'll have his picture run off in the projection room to watch his work. That is all."

"I haven't an artistic bone in my body," he confessed further, "and I'm not concerned with the artistic merits of the pictures I direct. I direct to make money. I take stories they give me and don't squabble about them. Occasionally I have to fight for the stars I want. Naturally I hope each picture I make will be a success. If it isn't, I'm out."

This amazing man, who has been in pictures for twenty years and has made so many he doesn't remember the number, is one person around Hollywood who isn't afraid to say what he thinks.

"I'm sometimes wrong," he remarks, "and willing to admit it when I am. But I have to be shown."

"I'm a director," he continued, "because they wouldn't have me on the other side of the cameras. I was an actor. I've been in Broadway plays. When I went out to Hollywood, I was still an actor, but they were inclined to disagree with me, so I turned to directing. There was nothing else for me to do."

In fact "Van," as most of his friends and associates call him, began acting when he was seven months old. Born in San Diego, he was carried upon a San Francisco stage to appear in a play produced by Fred Butler and Charles Nichols. His father was a Superior Court judge and his mother Laura Winston, a well-known actress in her day. He has been a miner, lumberman, newspaper reporter and screen writer and has traveled practically all over the world.

"Van" wrote "Sins of the Parents" and "Madonna of the North." He was playing on the stage in 1915 when he became D. W. Griffith's assistant director for "Intolerance." He is Hollywood's most noted director for film expeditions. He made "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "The Pagan" in the South Seas; "Trader Horn" in Africa and "Eskimo" in the Arctic. His latest picture is "They Gave Him a

Gun" with Spencer Tracy, Gladys George and Franchot Tone. He has no idea what he will do next, and doesn't care. The man who can direct Freddie Bartholomew in one picture and Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy with equal success in the next, needn't. He has the reputation for producing more box-office triumphs than any director in the business—and in less time.

Van learned to direct by directing—and practically growing up with and in the industry. He prefers comedy to serious drama.

"Because I prefer people coming from one of my pictures feeling happy," he explained, "rather than feeling 'life is much worse than I thought.' I think people go to the movies to be entertained. Problems as bad or worse than their own are seldom entertaining. They probably have enough of their own before they go in to forget them."

When I met him in New York, he had just come from a conference with the President of the United States. He sends all his films to The White House as soon as they are completed. That is, all the good ones. Occasionally he cringes and tries to forget a picture he hasn't liked.

He refused to make "The Good Earth." "It was that picture which caused Irving Thalberg's death," he said. "I knew what a headache it would be when it was submitted to me two years ago. The work, worry and research for two years was enough to kill anybody! Besides, I don't like to make pictures like that unless I can make them on native soil."

"Censorship and the chance of offending somebody is one of the chief worries of making pictures," he said. "Strangely enough, the thing I expected to cause the most trouble in any of my pictures was the earthquake in 'San Francisco.' I knew that the scenes were authentic. They were reproductions of actual photographs taken after the earthquake. There were no objections to them at all. I happened to be in Frisco, myself, before and after. One old man, who was in the earthquake, said that those scenes were so real that he had to leave the theatre. It recalled everything so vividly that he was reliving the tragedy."

Among his many varied interests, Van is an ardent fight fan. He once directed Jack Dempsey in a serial. He also directed Max Baer's picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

"Just as we had finished Baer's picture, I was giving a party to celebrate the comple-

tion and opening of my swimming pool. Somebody tipped me off that he had been waiting for weeks for the big night, planning to push me into it. So I was ready and waiting. I saw him coming along, dressed to 'kill.' He was going in for being a 'dandy,' a sort of Beau Brummel. I hid behind a tree. When he went up to the edge to inspect the pool, probably wondering just how he would get me into it, I sneaked up behind him and gave him a push! He was the first to initiate it!

"Of course he later caught me off guard. And the funny thing about the party was that by the end of the evening, I had no clothes left in the house. Everybody at some time or other had been pushed into the pool and had to borrow dry clothes!"

Van is one of the most popular hosts in Hollywood. He has been married to the present "Mrs. Van" only three years, but there was a former wife, from whom he was divorced. He is the proud father of two, a daughter, Barbara, now twenty-two months old, whom he affectionately calls "Mug"—and hopes she won't grow up to be a movie actress! His ten-month-old son he has labelled "Orangoutang."

"The first time I saw him," he relates, "I had to fight my way through a circle of women friends muttering and gushing 'What a beautiful baby!' I couldn't find anything beautiful or even cute about him. He was the homeliest little mutt I've ever seen! I asked my wife if she was sure his father wasn't Mahatma Gandhi!"

Just as Hollywood's leading director of record-breaking hits seldom sees pictures, he also never reads a book. He hasn't time, for one thing, and is more interested in life than fiction, for another.

"I do read all the newspapers," he explained, "particularly the foreign news and current events."

He is honorary member of three French societies, but speaks no foreign languages. He is also a member of the International Adventurers' Club and the Explorers' Club. He would still rather act than direct, in spite of his success. His home is a museum of trophies from far places of the world, and for all his exploration and adventures, he is afraid of heights.

"I only fly when absolutely necessary to save time," he confesses, "and then my heart is in my mouth from the moment the plane leaves the ground. I can't climb a ladder without fear of jumping and I'm panicky in a hotel room above the second floor. I don't dare look out of the window!"

A DAY AT THE RACES

TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY—M-G-M

THOSE nutty zanies, the Marx Brothers, are at it again, and in this their latest comedy go screamingly mad in a big way. Laugh? I'm telling you, you'll split your sides.

The story has to do with a fashionable but heavily mortgaged sanitarium, owned by Maureen O'Sullivan, and situated in Florida near a famous racetrack. To please a rich patient, a slightly unbalanced society woman, poor little Maureen puts a mysterious Dr. Hackenbush in charge of the hospital, and Dr. Hackenbush turns out to be both Groucho and a horse doctor. From then on anything can happen—and does.

The highlights of the picture are when Groucho postpones his investigations by faking a telephone conversation, his idiotic examination of Harpo, and the scene where Chico sells him a racing tip, not to mention the scene where the boys break up Groucho's love affair with the devastating Esther Muir.

Chico, of course, plays the piano again and Harpo the harp and both bring down the house. The love interest is looked after by Maureen and Allan Jones, who sings at a night club by night and grooms his one horse, High Hat by day. High Hat finally wins the big race, and quite the maddest race that has ever been screened. Margaret Dumont is perfect as the rich woman in love with Groucho. And Vivien Fay is lovely as a toe dancer in a spectacular musical interlude. Allan Jones sings "Blue Venetian Waters" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day."

MOUNTAIN MUSIC

THE HEIGHT OF FUN—Par.

BOB BURNS and Martha Raye make their debut as Hollywood's newest star team in this hilarious hill billy farce that will have you in stitches from start to finish. Martha Raye plays a country gal who can sing and dance but can't get a beau on account of she ain't pretty, and Bob plays a hill billy who does such radical things as shave and work. He has a low comedy romance with Martha that's a honey.

Included in the cast are a troupe of hill billy singers, led by Rufe Davis, who are nothing short of a riot. Rufe's "My Ma Don't 'Low No Singin' in Here," will have

you in the aisles. And then Martha will bowl you over with "Good Morning" and "If I Put My Heart in My Song." A gay little farce that will certainly get you in the right mood.

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE

IN WHICH CUPID AND POLITICS STAGE A MERRY BATTLE—RKO

PRESTON FOSTER plays an attorney, in this gay bit of nonsense, who just can't resist a dare. So when Joan Fontaine is out soliciting votes for her father, who is running for mayor, she runs across the amazing spectacle of a suave young man in a top hat and evening clothes digging a ditch, accompanied of course by his valet, our Mr. Herbert Mundin. He and Joan fall in love at once but naturally they have to hurl a lot of expletives at each other first, and, the next thing he knows, playboy Preston has accepted another dare and has proclaimed himself a rival candidate for mayor.

There's quite a flurry of good old American politics, never taken too seriously, with plenty of matching of wits. It's Foster's best chance at acting in a long time and he is swell. So is Barbara Pepper in a Mae West role which will have you in stitches. Harold Huber and Paul Guilfoyle make excellent gangsters, William Brisbane is an editor, and Berton Churchill a grafting police chief. It's right merry.

ESCAPE FROM LOVE

MATRIMONY ON THE SKIDS—20th Century-Fox

THE rather silly saga of two young married people who are madly in love with each other—so they battle continuously with the bricabrac.

Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen play these young things who love each other so much they can't resist trying to brain each other. Gloria rushes off to Europe with a French playwright, played by George Sanders, and Mike chases her, of course, and they decide to begin all over again. In the cast for excellent bits are Cora Witherspoon, Franklin Pangborn and Gerald Oliver Smith.

THE GREAT GAMBINI

A PERFECTLY GRAND MYSTERY—Par.

ONE of the better who-done-its which you mystery lovers (and count me in)

REVIEW

can hug to your little murder loving hearts. On the eve of his marriage to Marian Marsh, Roland Drew is told by a magician, in a night club, known as the Great Gambini, that there will be no wedding. Sure enough, Roland is found murdered the next day and a lot of people are suspected. John Trent is the chief suspect because he loves Marian and had been heard to hurl death threats at Drew. Just as the dumb detectives are about to drag Trent off to jail the Great Gambini enters and takes charge.

The picture is unusually well cast for a mystery and a good time is had by all except the corpse. Reginald Denny plays Marian's father and Genevieve Tobin her step-mother. Edward Brophy and William Demarest once again are dicks. Akim Tamiroff, whose parts get bigger and bigger, is elegant as the Great Gambini.

PARNELL

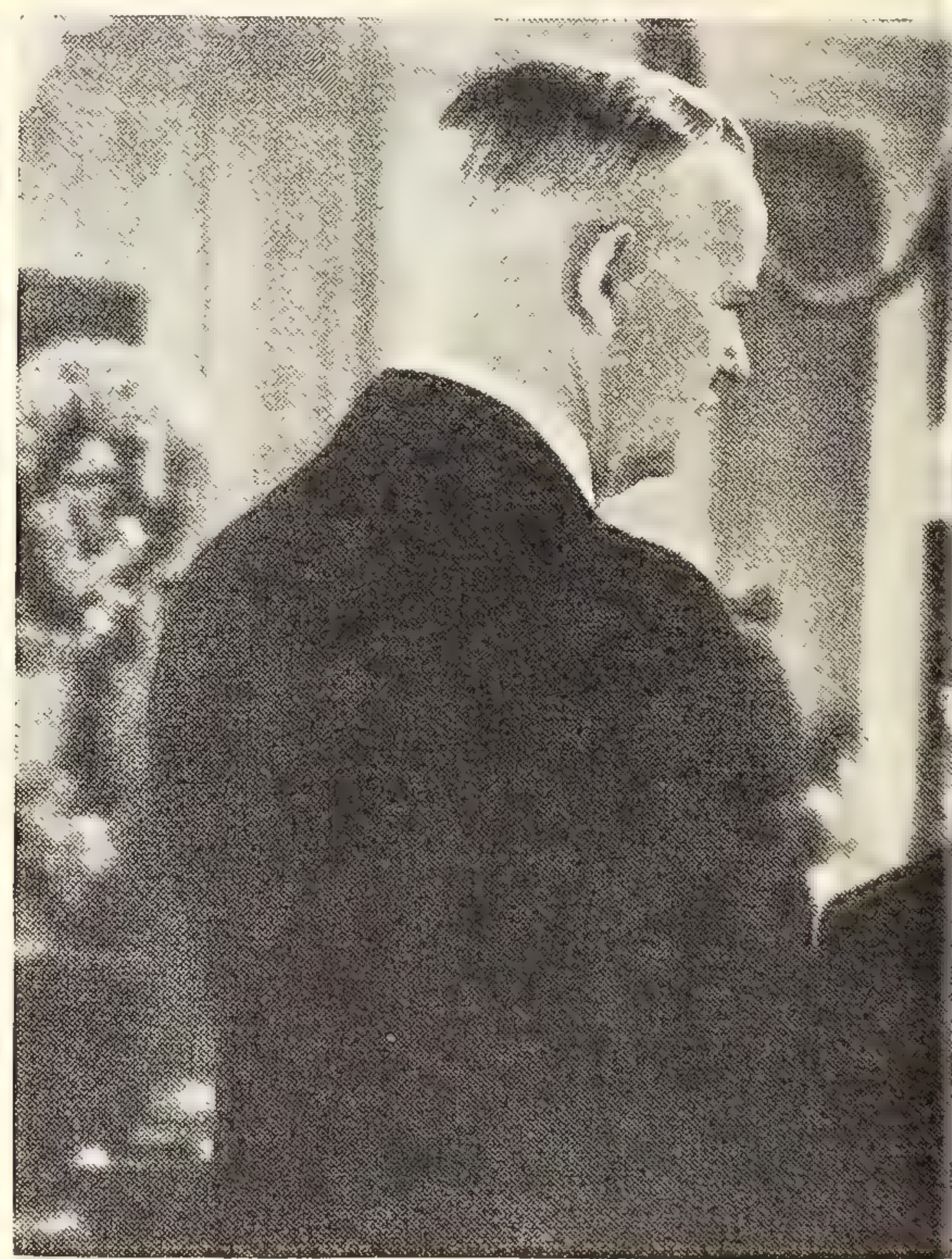
A RATHER PONDEROUS FILM BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE GREAT IRISH PATRIOT—M-G-M

HERE is the dramatic and human story of the last few hectic years in the life of Charles Stewart Parnell, he who laboriously paved the way for Irish Home Rule and who once was called "the uncrowned king of Ireland" and worshipped as a god.

Meticulously and ponderously produced and directed by John M. Stahl this picture should not bring forth any caustic comments from the historians who shudder every time Hollywood delves into history. I suppose I will be branded as a nincompoop (which undoubtedly I am) for saying so but I think a little less accuracy on Mr. Stahl's part and more color would have



In "The Great Gambini," Marian Marsh and John Trent mix love and mystery.



Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart do let marriage interfere.

PICTURES

made things a lot more fun.

Edna May Oliver, as sardonic Aunt Ben, and Billie Burke as the fluttery, inquisitive Clara look after the laughs, and look after them well, you may be sure. There are many stand-out parts, but chiefly among them are Alan Marshall as the ambitious, conniving Captain O'Shea, Montagu Love as the menacing Gladstone, Edmund Gwenn as a jealous secretary, and Donald Crisp as a grim Irishman.

The love scenes between Gable and Myrna are beautifully done and you'll enjoy every second of them, but the Parliament scenes you'll have to take as best you can. It is definitely a picture for adults.

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

DELVING INTO MELODRAMA DURING PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADMINISTRATION—20th Century-Fox

AFTER years of gingham and percale our Barbara Stanwyck blossoms out in a carload of aigrettes and feathers in this picture and out-Marlenes Marlene. Yes, indeed, Barbara has a chance to look lovely and she certainly makes the most of it. Co-starred with Barbara is handsome Robert Taylor, and my, my, won't you fans enjoy seeing those two together, as their romance is still quite the hottest in Hollywood.

The picture is based on an actual fact, and in this case, actual fact is far from being dull. It seems that during the McKinley Administration there were a gang of bank robbers in the middle west who were getting away with murder, not to mention a lot of loot. To find out who the "higher-ups" were in this gang President McKinley has Taylor discharged from the

U. S. Navy and sent incognito on this secret mission.

In a cabaret in St. Paul Bob meets Barbara, who is the leading entertainer and sort of mistress of ceremonies, and he soon discovers that her brother and her unwanted suitor, the Messieurs Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen, are members of the gang. Plenty of action and intrigue follow, culminating in the assassination of McKinley and the near-hanging of Bob as a bandit.

It's one of the best of the detective melodramas and you're bound to like it. Barbara has glamour and as mentioned before looks elegant in her 1901 costumes. She sings several songs of the period in a low voice which is most pleasing. Bob gives his best performance to date. With Barbara to inspire him, why not?

I MET HIM IN PARIS

A MID-SUMMER MADNESS THAT YOU MUSTN'T MISS—Par.

BY FAR the gayest and most charming comedy of the season, and what fun for these hot days and nights is Claudette's romping over Sun Valley, Idaho, up to her ears in skis and skates and snow, with her two suitors, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.

Mildly spicy at times, but always gay, the film tells the story of a young and beautiful New York fashion designer who has saved her money for that big spree in Paris that every girl dreams of. In Paris she meets two Americans, a playwright and a novelist, who fall in love with her and give her the time of her life.

The novelist persuades her to go on a trip with him to one of the winter resorts, assuring her of course that everything will be perfectly proper and all quite, quite innocent. His pal, the playwright, decides to become an ex-officio chaperon, so he glumly trails along, never missing a chance to tell Claudette that a trip to a winter resort with a young man cannot be innocent and proper.

They ski and they skate and they quarrel—until the novelist's wife suddenly appears! Claudette bolts for Paris, with the two men in hot pursuit. Claudette is at her comedy best in this tongue-in-cheek bit of nonsense, and Melvyn Douglas and Bob Young,

as the playwright and novelist respectively, have never been so much fun before. And in case you are a doubting Thomas it's Claudette herself in person on those skates.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA

FOR THE TENDER-HEARTED—Par.

THIS rather sentimental drama of mother love serves to introduce two interesting newcomers to the screen, both of whom have a swell chance of becoming top-notchers. First of all there is little four-year-old Kitty Clancy, the newest of the child wonders in Hollywood, who looks exactly as Shirley Temple did at the age of four, and who might become another Shirley Temple. And then there is Mady Correll, a young woman with definite beauty, a pleasing personality and charming voice.

The story deals with a narrow-minded old judge, Robert Ellis, who, abiding by the letter of the law, awards cute little Kitty to her scapegrace of a father who is only interested in her legacy. Coming to the rescue of the mother, Miss Correll, is Warren William, a night club owner and gambler, who kidnaps the judge and forces him to go on a tour of the underworld where he sees the criminals whose testimony he has believed. Irene Franklin as a hostess in one of the dives stands out.

BORDER CAFE

PLENTY OF ACTION AND EXCITEMENT HERE—RKO

HERE'S an entertaining western with a cheering mixture of comedy and romance. John Beal plays the weakling son of a rich old Boston family whose one idea seems to be to drink up all the liquor in a border cafe. In this same cafe the pretty little Armida sings and dances and flirts with the customers, and, of course after the traditional quarrelling and quibbling she and John fall in love.

John strikes up a partnership with a kindly old cattle rancher, played by Harry Carey, who proceeds to straighten the boy out, establish him on a ranch, and make a number one cowboy out of him. Of course the wild western gangsters under the leadership of J. Carrol Naish muscle in, kidnap Armida, and stir things up generally. John shoots it out with the bad men and proves he's no softie.



th their lovers' quar-
s in "Escape from
Love."



Mady Correll and Warren Wil-
liam in an underworld, mother
love story, "Midnight Madonna."

They Enjoy It

[Continued from page 21]

gives me this. I'm grateful and I'm glad."

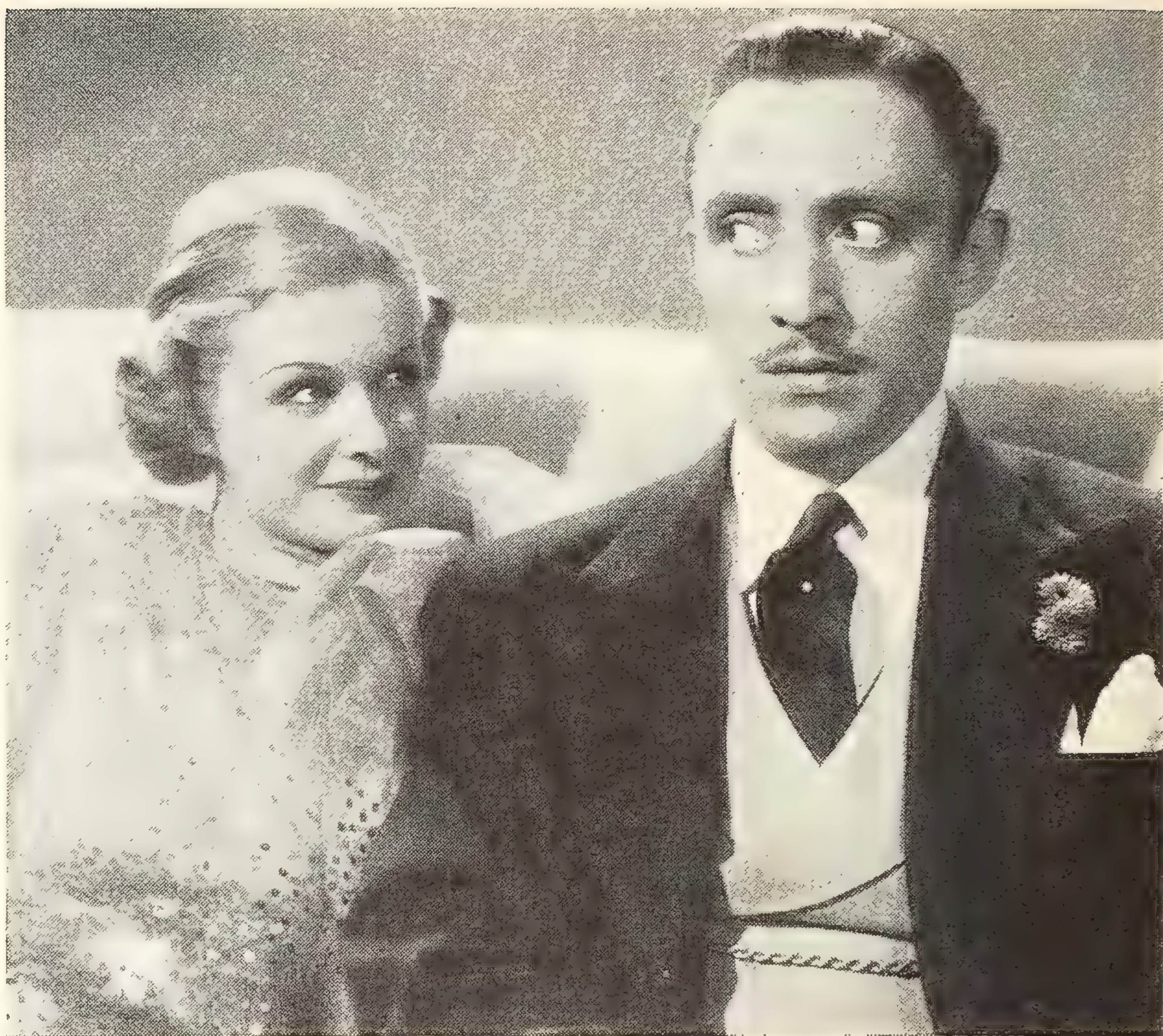
Grace Moore has always, she told me, wanted to be the Prima Donna. She wanted—and she has—a life lived with opulence, with grandeur, with magnificence; life dressed in a "robe de style" and wearing a diamond tiara . . . she loves and *has* de luxe houses and cars and servants and clothes and jewels, with champagne and milk and perfumed baths, with carpets of orchids and orchestras of symphonic music, with love and lights and lavishness bedding her down . . . She has a penchant for rubies and emeralds and owns vast jewel cases crammed with them. Molyneux makes her gowns.

She gives swank and sumptuous parties for all the musical crowd, Laurence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, Lily Pons . . . and others . . . Gloria Swanson, Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman. She owns a villa at Cannes, the Casa Laurretta, a shooting box in Scotland, another villa in Italy. She is building a palatial home here in Hollywood, in Brentwood Heights.

She has sung for almost every crowned head in Europe, was asked to sing at the Coronation this year and couldn't . . . She knows Royalty, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the King of the Belgians, and loves it, exults in it, gets a great lift and lilt out of it. She always travels in the most de luxe fashion, by rail, by boat, by plane. She carries an entourage with her, chauffeur, chef, secretary, personal maid . . . "I had the voice and the training," said La Moore, "I had some of the fame. But Hollywood gave me the rich lace trimmings, the royal robes, the furs, the jewels, the international celebrity. Hollywood took me to Japan, to China, to Greece, to the outposts of the world, to all the places where I have longed to be and now, in shadow, have been. In no other place in the world do I love to sing as I love to sing in Hollywood . . . I sing under the blind white moonlight and under the warm, kissing stars; I sing in the white-gold blaze of the sun, under the palms and golden acacias and purple jackarandas, riding by the blue Pacific, on the sound stages where battalions of trained people do my bidding *and* bid me. I am released in Hollywood and free in the magnificent plenty of it all, which is somehow akin to the sybaritic spirit in me . . ."

Alice Faye told me "I love luxuries, what girl doesn't? I have always been luxury-conscious but Hollywood gave me my license for luxury . . . I remember when I worked in the chorus of George White's Scandals and how I would see the principals coming into the theatre in their lovely fur coats and I felt that if the day ever dawned when I could own a mink coat I would have 'arrived.' Nearly three years ago I bought my first mink coat and I didn't have the reaction other girls say they've had . . . I didn't disparage the thrill once I had it. I wrote out my own check for it and I was so proud that I'd earned the money myself that I positively paraded in it. I'm grateful to Hollywood for my mink coat and for the ermine and the gal-yak I've bought since.

"I'm grateful to Hollywood for the home with a swimming pool my studio pay check enabled me to pay for . . . I'm grateful to Hollywood because I can now provide so nicely for my mother. I love flowers. I never get over the thrill of being able to stop at a florists' and order orchids for mother and myself. I'm grateful to Hollywood and to my fans for my perfume shelf . . . it isn't



Joan Bennett and Mischa Auer developing the romantic theme of Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938"

only the glamour, either," Alice said, her blue eyes warm and misty, "it isn't only glamour Hollywood gives us . . . it's bread and meat and shelter. The substantial things. It's self-confidence and hope and a chance to show the whole world what we can do . . . it's dreams-come-true . . . that's Hollywood . . ."

"It's the doors that Hollywood opens to us," Rochelle Hudson told me, "the doors we could never open without the magic key of the movies. I went to Honolulu recently. On the way I wondered whether anyone would know me, whether I would have any fun. I needn't have worried. We were met at the boat by every dignitary on the Island, military officers, naval officers, diplomats, the Press. We were taken everywhere and saw everything. I was dined and wined and fêted. I met all kinds of new men, had all kinds of dates. Hollywood is the open sesame to every sort of experience and adventure. I had fun I could never have had if I had gone there as just Rochelle Hudson. But because I went as Rochelle Hudson, Hollywood star, every door, secret and otherwise, was wide opened to me. In no other business in the world could I, at my age, have written out my own check for my own house—for mother and me. Any girl would love this life here, if she would tell the truth."

Yes, they love it . . . they do love it for they never leave it. Even when, Time passing, they lag a little behind the passing picture parade, they stretch out eager hands and clutch at the hem of Hollywood's drifting gown. On any set you may behold the glamorous stars of Yesterday, Betty Blythe playing small parts; the Getrude Astors, the Jean Ackers and others playing bits or extras, loving it too well to leave even the leavings, knowing that no spot on earth can offer the allurements, the enticements of Hollywood, where movies and miracles are made . . .

Even those who "tank they go home" remain . . . Garbo, on the set, with a private orchestra, provided by the studio to play for her between scenes, to her

alone. Great sidings are specially built so that perfect privacy may enclose Garbo, mute her music for her ears alone . . . coffee is brought to her, specially brewed, at ten in the morning, at three in the afternoons. When she wishes buttermilk a fresh supply is kept on hand, in ice-boxes on the set. Certain popular magazines, the latest mystery stories are kept handy for her, should she be in the mood. Special Swedish foods are specially prepared and brought to her dressing room on trays . . . silence and seclusion are laid, like royal red velvet carpets, over the sets and stages where Garbo walks . . .

Stars of Today, stars of Yesterday, Stars of Tomorrow hymn the happiness, the plethora which is Hollywood . . . Miriam Hopkins presented Anatol Litvak, on his recent birthday, with a trailer, a very de luxe trailer and also with a very de luxe party in her Harold Grieve-decorated, erstwhile John Gilbert home crouched luxuriously in the hills looking down on Hollywood. Miriam buys Gobelin tapestries and Old Masters and first editions. Miriam loves and lives in a world of smart people, champagne cocktails, furs, gowns, town houses, country houses, jewels and laughter. Miriam adores going to parties and adores giving them. Miriam has met and talked with Hemingway, Michael Arlen, Walter Duranty, aristocrats of art and letters and science the world over. Miriam has lunched with the Duchess of Kent, has met and tea'd the former Wallis Warfield and the Duke of Windsor. Miriam has flown over the earth in the de luxe luxury liners. Miriam loves all of life and thanks Hollywood for giving her most of it. She flips one small expressive paw and says "Where else? Where else and how else would it be possible?"

Luli Deste, recently come to this country, to Columbia Studios, has bought a 170 acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley . . . there she will raise, commercially, the flowers she loves and understands. Hollywood not only gives her her career but gives her, also, the land she loves, land such as she was raised

*"My Beauty Bath
leaves me
marvelously
refreshed—"*



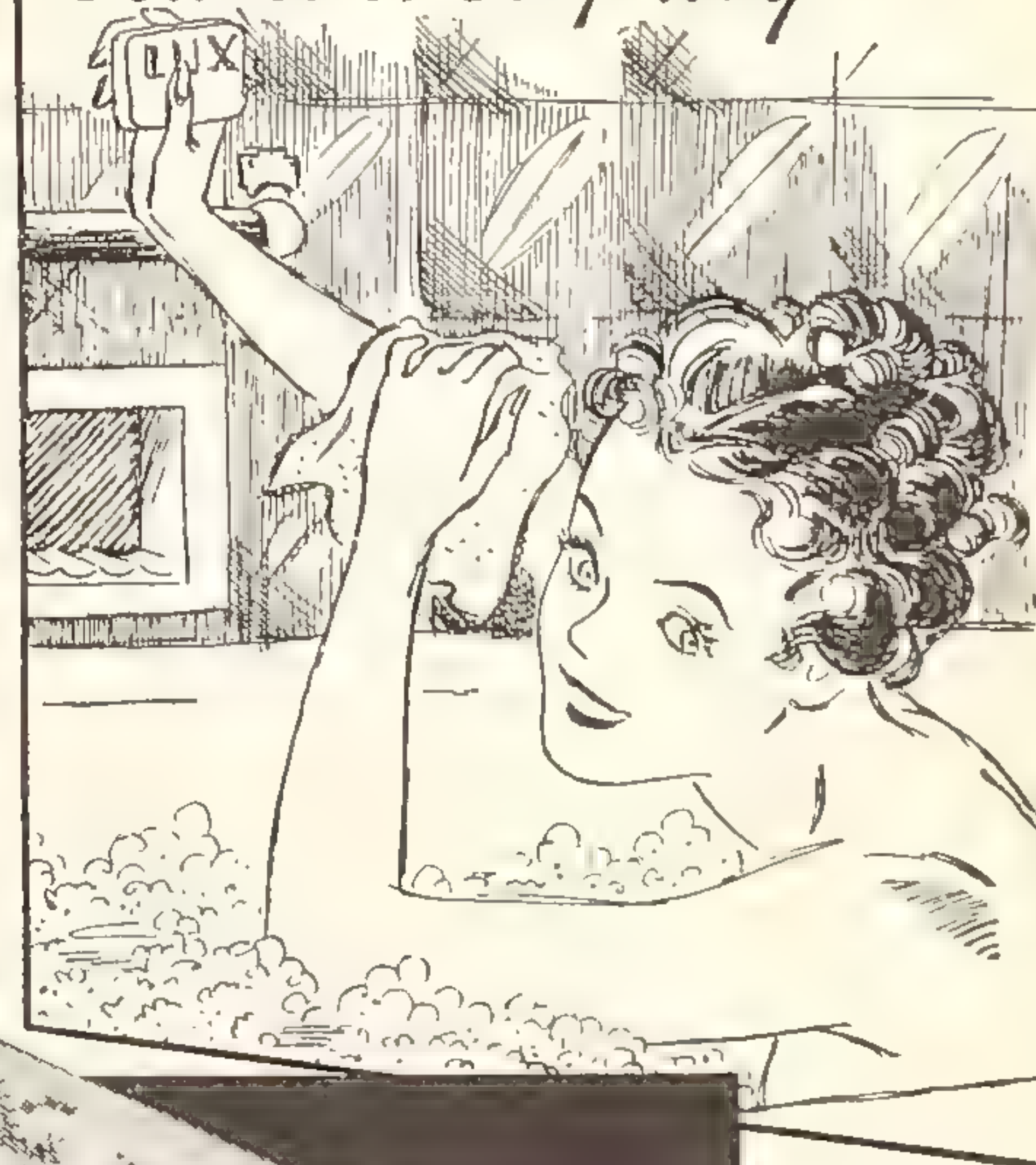
Carole Lombard
PARAMOUNT STAR

MY COMPLEXION SOAP—
LUX TOILET SOAP—
MAKES A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY BATH



WHEN I STEP OUT
MY SKIN IS SOFT
AND SMOOTH—
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT. YOU'LL
LOVE **LUX TOILET**
SOAP'S PERFUME!

*Girls everywhere
follow Hollywood's lead—
protect daintiness the
Lux Toilet Soap way*



Hollywood's Beauty Bath protects daintiness . . .

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin sweet. It's only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin *thoroughly* clean.

You'll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?



9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean*. You'll feel more *alive*. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S87, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

on, near Vienna. Luli bought a huge, white Cord, with flaming red leather upholstery. Luli has three black Afghan wolf hounds and will buy others. And wolf hounds are rare and Afghan wolf hounds are rarer and black Afghan wolf hounds are rarest of all. She owns five horses of her own and will buy others . . . she says "but the world is here, and all the treasures in the world, and then the hand is given the power to choose the treasures. They ask me how do I like it. What can they mean, how do I like it? It is the land of the milk and the honey, the champagne and the orchids, the most beautiful women, the very most handsome men, the flattery, the fun, the song, the work that is dressed in the pleasure . . ."

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich can, she says, earn more money on the stage, on the radio—more than she can earn in pictures. But she will remain in pictures. "For we are all exhibitionists," claims Marlene, "and where but on the screen can exhibitionism be so fully gratified?" She loves the way she looks in pictures. She loves to be seen in the lovely gowns, the jewels, the long Dusenbergs car Hollywood has made possible.

All ages, all types, young, old . . . Dame May Whitty raised ecstatic hands and eyebrows one recent day and said to me "I've never heard of such a place! Why didn't someone tell me? I would have been over here at seventeen instead of waiting until I'm seventy something! Such courtesy! Such luxury! Such thoughtfulness! Work? Why, they don't let you raise your little finger or your big toe for yourself! I really wonder that they expect you to do your own acting. The studio has a car at my door every time I look out of the window. I am driven fifty miles or three feet, wherever I go. The dressing rooms are like the drawing rooms at home in England. They even built luxurious dressing rooms on location, dressing rooms equipped with running hot and cold water, telephones, radios, chaise longues. When we were making *Night Must Fall*, such an amusing thing happened, due, largely, to my rapidly growing belief that Service is the watchword of Hollywood. I was carrying my make-up box one day, from my dressing room to the stage, when a young man in buttons passed by me. I hailed him. 'Young man,' I said, 'if you please.' He leapt to attention. He relieved me of my box. He deposited it in my dressing room, touched his cap and, just as I handed him a tip, he began to laugh and it was—that naughty, incorrigible *Danny*—young Mr. Robert Montgomery, you know. I said, 'Aren't you ashamed to tease an old lady, you rascal, you!' And he laughed fit to kill and said, 'A pleasure, Madam. And you don't get the tip back, either. I shall keep it for a lucky piece, that I shall.' They're all so gay here in Hollywood," said gay Dame May, "they're laughing and lovable and helpful and kind. They talk of the glamour of Hollywood, I should like to talk of the *generousness* of Hollywood . . . the great generousness."

Ginger Rogers who works, perhaps, harder than any star in town forgets it more easily . . . she loves to give parties . . . such as her giant roller skating party at the Rollerdrome in Culver City . . . with all of the gay and glamorous ones skating about her . . . Franchot and Joan, Jeanette and Gene, Fredric March, Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, Simone, Loretta Young, James Stewart, Mildred and Harold Lloyd . . . all of "my own people" . . . she loves to go to parties . . . such as the anniversary party of the Basil Rathbones where, to mention one item, fifty or sixty yards of white satin

were specially bought and made into drapes just for that one enchanted evening . . . parties such as the shower Mildred Lloyd gave for Jeanette MacDonald when the weavings of the looms of loveliness all over the world showered on her tawny head.

Ginger Rogers gets a kick out of building a new home, a one story frame and field, stone structure, high in the Hollywood hills. There is to be one modern room in the "stylized farmhouse," as Ginger calls it . . . an enormous "rumpus" room beneath the living room and in this room will be gathered everything in the form of entertainment—projection machine, ping pong tables, billiard tables, games, a real soda fountain where Ginger can, and will, dish you up your favourite sundae or pop. In the patio is a huge open fireplace and grill for "steak parties," behind the house a mammoth swimming pool and tennis courts. "The whole object of the house," Ginger told me, "is for fun—games and fun. That's how I take Hollywood—work furiously and play furiously. One balances the other so that there can be no complaint. I've had time and opportunity to indulge all of my hobbies, from petit point to high diving. My latest is charcoal sketching. I love buying clothes. I love swimming, tennis, riding, books, my home. I don't care much for formal affairs but now and then I do doll up and have a scrumptious time, with Jimmy Stewart or Cary Grant or Alfred Vanderbilt or this boy or that, dancing at the Troc, at the Grove, wherever fancy leads . . . It gives you just about everything, Hollywood . . . if anyone complains it's time for that person to be put away . . ."

Rosalind Russell laughed and said, "I was raised in a substantial American home where we all fought for the first bath and all that. Now I sit in my luxurious home, surrounded by my Pekingese, the clothes presses crammed with 'little imports,' maids and secretaries and stewed pheasant or something for lunch. I have myself a time showering bath crystals into the water with wanton, prodigal hands, lathering myself with priceless cold creams and lotions and slathering on tankards of perfume . . . of course I don't really do any of these things, but I could . . . it's in the air . . . it's here . . . it's Hollywood, if you get me . . . ?"

Carole Lombard said, "It gives us everything we want, that's the theme song of Hollywood. If it takes anything away . . . well, you can't haggle with Santa Claus, or can you? If I want to play tennis at night I have an electrically lighted court to play on; if I want to swim at midnight I have a private pool to swim in also electrically lit. If we like clothes we can be mannikins; if we like to be casual, careless, guiltless of lipstick and guilty of slacks and sneaks we can get away with that, too—people will say 'she's eccentric, isn't it fun?' . . ."

Dolores del Rio told me, "I love pictures. I love picture people. I love being interviewed. I love being talked about. I don't want a private life. The only people who have such a thing are the people who never do anything. I am prepared to pay any penalty so long as I can avoid having a 'private life.' I shall not complain of the penalty, whatever it may be. I haven't found it yet."

Verily, it would seem, glamour rests over Hollywood, a veil . . . and beneath that veil, bedecked in the fruits and flowers of their fame and fortune, furs and jewels and laces and perfumes, dance and sing and give thanks the lovely ladies who greatly love to be greatly loved. . . .

IMAGINE THAT!

EVERYONE knows Sonja Henie as the world's champion ice skater since she collected a total of thirty-two skating championships during her young life. But she has also earned eleven major skiing competitions throughout Europe.

THIS

Freshening Up



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

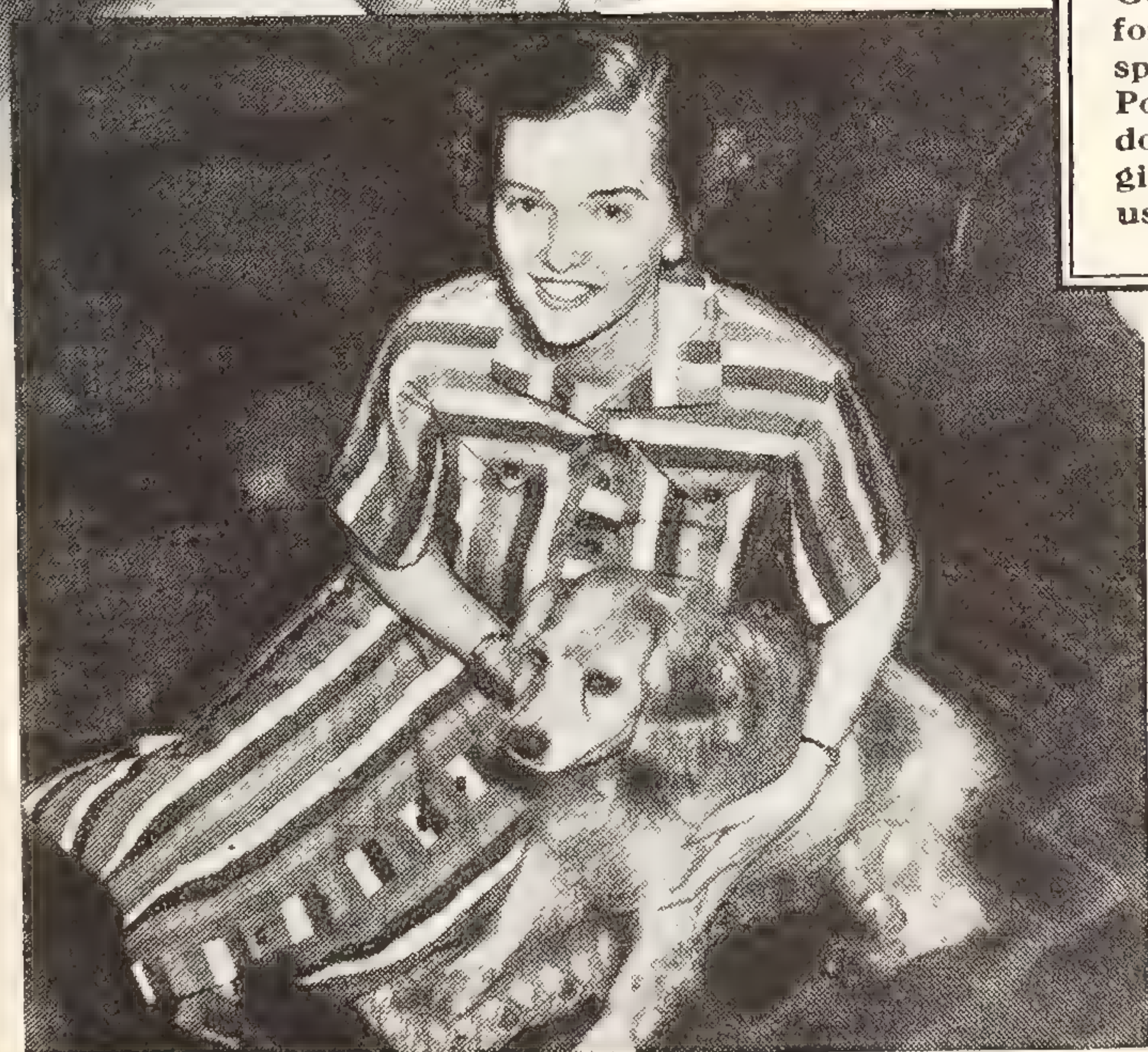
Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 788-CH, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

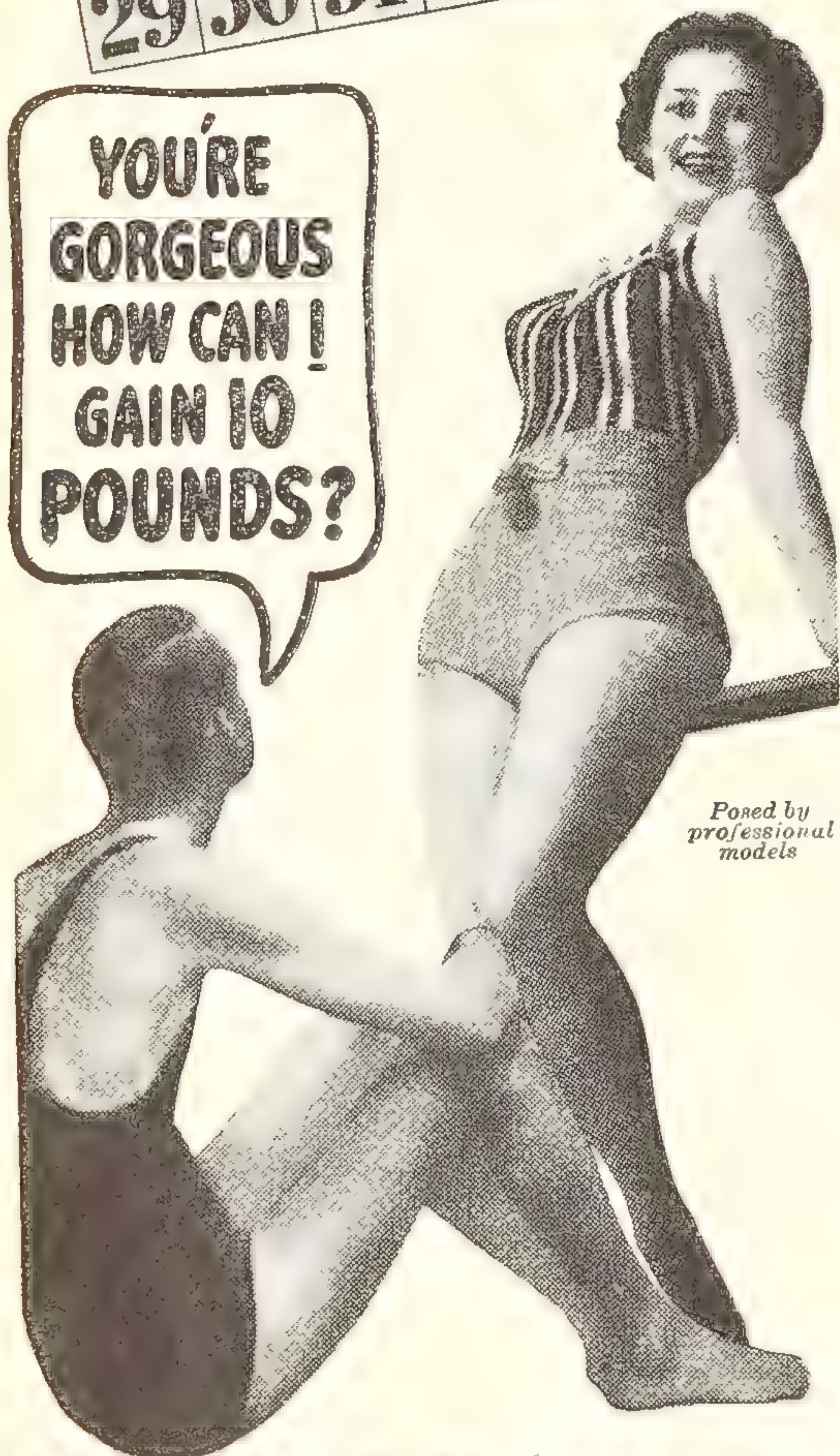
Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



**YOU'RE
GORGEOUS
HOW CAN I
GAIN 10
POUNDS?**



SKINNY? Thousands Gain Normal Attractive Curves With New IRONIZED YEAST

WHY should thousands of people today remain skinny and friendless when this new discovery is giving other thousands solid, normally attractive flesh—gains of 10 to 25 pounds—in just a few weeks!

People who never could gain an ounce before have not only put on all the weight they wanted, but also report naturally clear skin and good-looking color, wonderful new pep and energy that bring loads of new friends, new popularity and good times.

Why it builds so quick

Doctors now know that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color come. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't let anyone sell you some substitute. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each genuine Ironized Yeast tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.

Relief From Glamour

[Continued from page 17]

trimmings. They drive to the high lakes South of the Tahoe country and pitch camp. Bette does the light housekeeping with a neatness and dispatch that's remarkable. Ham routs her out at dawn and they catch their breakfast. They'll have no radios along. It's a brief imitation of their beloved vacation jaunts when they have only a day or two off and traipse to a lake in the foothills.

Clark Gable has an entirely new poise these days because he has regained faith in human nature as a result of his fishing expeditions to the Jackson Hole country. He has invested almost four thousand dollars in equipment for the jaunts, but already the dividends are obvious. Up in those forests there is release from all the hectic doings of everyday life. There Clark breathes in the pine air and the tang fills him with renewed confidence in himself. He thinks over his problems—and he has them even as you and I—with a clear-sightedness he never used to know. Each sunrise inspires him with the majesty of nature's free gifts to man. He prepares for these evasions of artificiality with all the zest of a Boy Scout. And when he strides out of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel he looks like one. His station wagon is filled with every kind of camping device. He stops at the humble home of one of the studio electricians or wardrobe men and picks up a companion and they are off! When he is wading in a magnificent mountain stream, practically hip-deep in rubber boots, he is completely at peace. Incidentally, he can cast a fly sixty feet and land it within ten inches of his mark.

There is something about mountain fishing that demands solitude. Wallace Beery is Hollywood's ace fisherman along this line and he hates to be disturbed when once he is under way in his shrewd maneuvering with his lures. Wally chooses lakes rather than streams, and he puts out in an out-board motor boat or pushes himself out on a raft. He owns an island in June Lake, a retreat eight thousand feet high in the Sierras, and there are plenty of bass because he personally sees that the lake is stocked. But since his lodge burned down he hasn't been flying up there so frequently. He has bought a twenty-two-foot bus which he loads to the top with fishing paraphernalia. Then he selects a party of congenial men and when they reach camp-site there is every luxury you can dream of for such a spot. However, Wally has certain peculiarities he invariably follows. He arises at two a.m. and cooks breakfast. By two-thirty he is away in the darkness, out on the lake absolutely by himself, wrapped in his fleece-lined mackintosh. He dozes a bit. But as light begins to wake up the forests to a new day, as there is that mysterious but potent stirring in the shadowy underbrush rimming the lake, Wally will come to with a jolt. Ever methodical, he examines the scale he has with him. Then he picks among the lures he has.

"A good old angle worm will catch the most fish," he admits with a grin. But he's continually buying every new bait that comes on the market. And he has invented a lure which is exceptionally effective. Wally has a splendid tackle room in his home in Beverly Hills with a broad work table on which he can spread out his equipment. He took a broom handle, put it in his lathe, beveled it, painted it, and it emerged such a temptation to black bass that he's been besieged with offers to put it on the market. But he will never com-



Mrs. Ruth Davis, mother of Bette Davis, drops in at the studio where Mr. Goulding (center) is directing "That Certain Woman."

*"This was the snapshot
that brought us together"*



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back — 'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

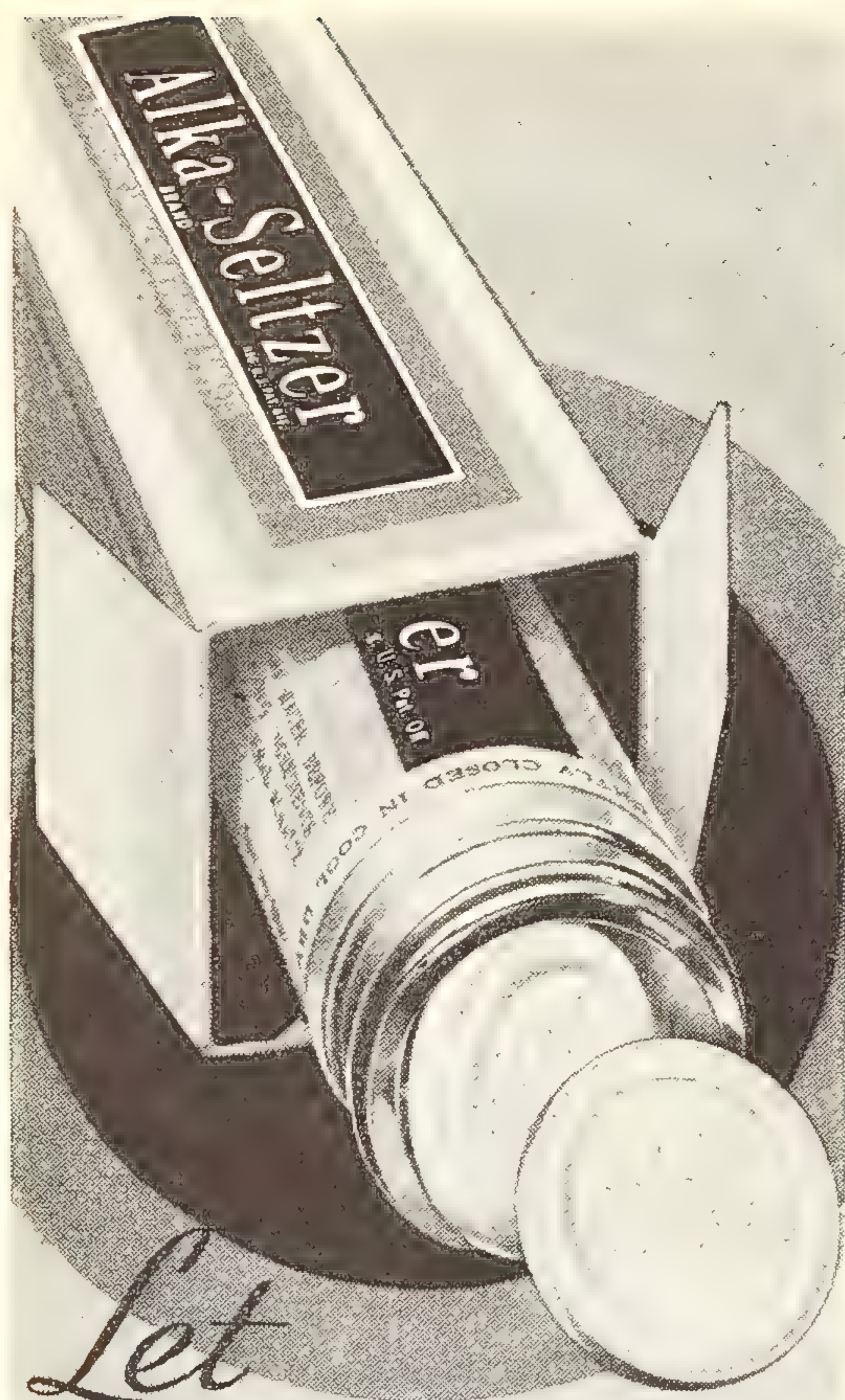
"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

*The snapshots you'll
want Tomorrow
—you must take
Today*

● By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.





Let Alka-Seltzer help you keep Feeling Your Best

WHEN you suffer with a Headache, Acid Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will usually bring prompt relief and also help correct the cause of your trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

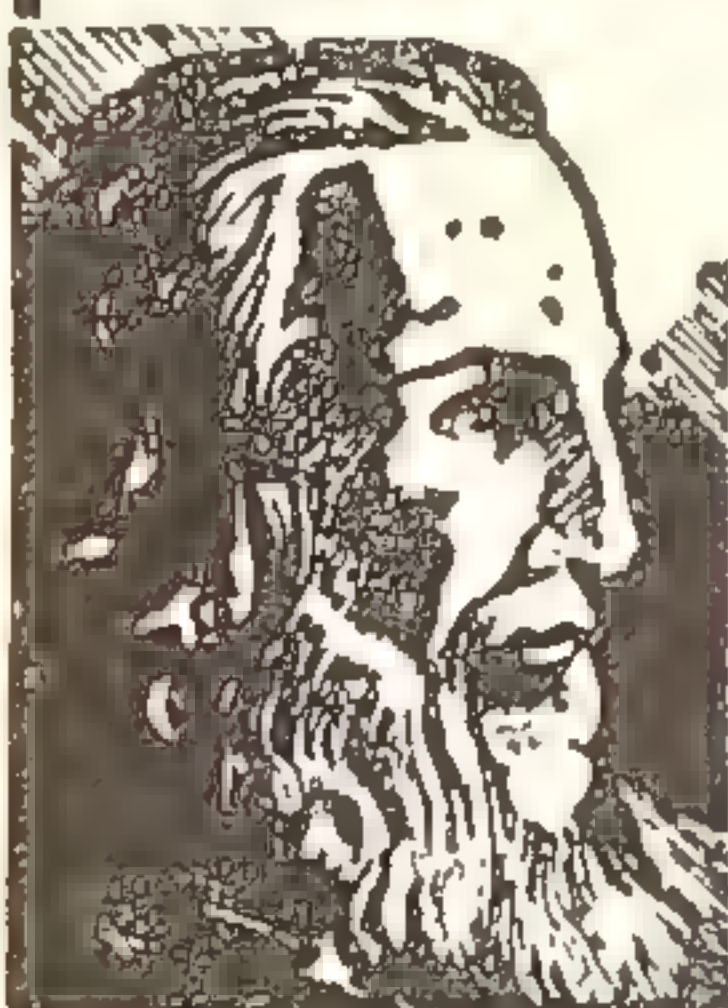


You'll like Alka-Seltzer because of its pleasant taste and because it is so effective. Don't let common ailments keep you from feeling your best—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

All Drug Stores
30¢ and 60¢ Pkgs.
(Slightly Higher in Canada)

Listen to Alka Seltzer Nat'l Barn Dance, Sat. Night NBC Network

THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!

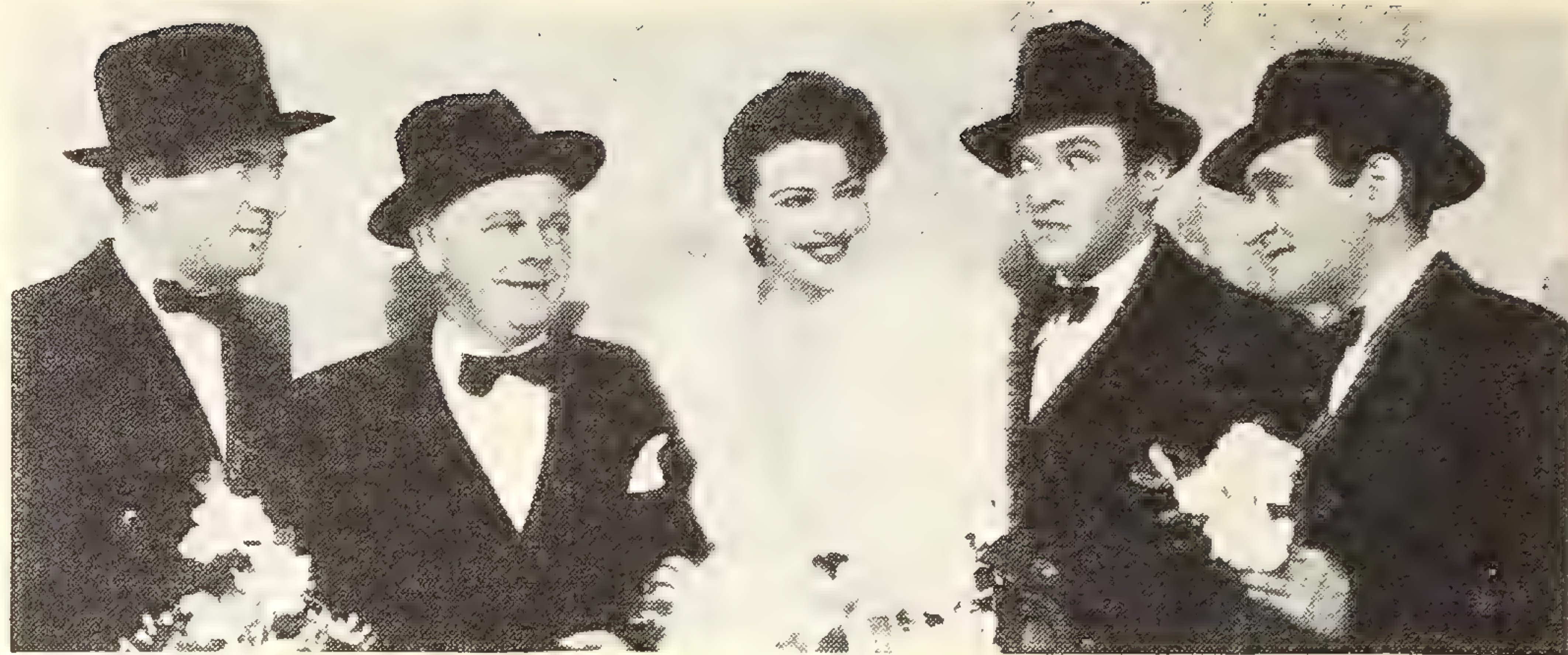


The famous European astrologer, Professor SAHIBOL LAKAJAT. He will state who are your friends, who your enemies, if success and happiness await you in marriage and speculation; also information regarding travels, illness, happy and unhappy times, and a great deal more interesting details.

Royal personalities have been astonished at the wonder of his great knowledge. Write him today, your proper name and address, the day, month and year of your birth, sex, if married or not, enclosing also a small lock of your hair for palping purposes. **YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A HOROSCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Postage to Holland is 5 c. Kindly enclose 20 c. in stamps (no coins) for postage and handling. His address is:

PROFESSOR SAHIBOL LAKAJAT
Dept. 855, Postbox 72, Den Haag, Holland



In "You Can't Have Everything," the Ritz Brothers and Charles Winninger react to Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee) Hovick, as who would not.

mercialize on his love for fishing. "Anyway," says Wally, "you can't guarantee any sort of bait, you know." He believes that a fish will always bite eventually, if you continue experimenting long enough with your lures. He isn't beyond cutting off a piece of cloth from his clothes and sewing on a piece of bacon and trying that combination on the sophisticated fish! He takes ice boxes in his bus so he can preserve a big share of his catch for acquaintances back in the city.

Robert Taylor stayed at a certain farmhouse when he went fishing recently in a certain part of Utah. But for his sake I'll not be more specific! Fred Stone, a most ambitious trout man with rod and reel, still reminisces about his Alaskan trip with Rex Beach, his brother-in-law. But there's nothing quite so convenient as a trout stream on your estate, though. Robert Montgomery has this regal touch as the piece de resistance of his upstate New York farm. His butler hies over and collects the morning's mess and Bob and his guests go off horseback riding. When they come in for luncheon the trout are basking on the best china. Walter Huston has a trout pond at his Arrowhead estate and, of course, Cecil B. DeMille would have an elaborate ever-running trout stream on his ranch in Paradise Valley.

The trout farms around Hollywood finally got Jack Benny. "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't catch ten fish in one day," said Mary Livingston to him. "Aw, now Mary, that's too many!" protested Jack. "All right, then, nine," she conceded. She went off and left him to lose the bet. She should have hung around. I happen to know that he bought nine fish for one dollar and, consequently, won the ten from his trusting wife!

Other Hollywood players who enjoy the trout farms are Binnie Barnes, Louis Hayward, Judith Barrett, Cesar Romero and Myrna Loy.

But while the mountains are unquestionably a fisherman's heaven, the rivers that flow into the sea have their appeal, too. Shirley Temple hasn't recovered from the strike she got up in Vancouver. The Temples leisurely drove to Canada and then determined to capture some salmon. Shirley sat still in a chair for three whole hours, her pole hopefully extended over the water. At last it strained. It became the most stupendous arc. Shirley's eyes popped. Her dad gave minute advice. She reeled in an eleven-pound salmon. If Bill Powell is informed of this he'll lose his imperturbability. He got precisely nothing on his recent trip to British Columbia for salmon. It's bad enough that Shirley's acting ease shows up the older performers, but if she's going to be better with fish too—!

Samuel Goldwyn offered a large silver cup as a trophy at Ensenada for the best fishing actress we have. Among those com-

peting were Madge Evans, Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames, and Ann Sothorn. Ann won by producing thirty-seven of the desired yellowtail in two days. Gloria Stuart bet Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles county, that she could catch more than he could last week-end at Ensenada. She did, and won a season ticket to this autumn's football games. Gloria likely has the most novel fish charm bracelet, also. A tiny golden creel dangles from her wrist. Open the top of the creel and inside is a small golden trout with jeweled eyes.

Lee Tracy, Preston Foster, Eric Rhodes, and Lewis Stone are the colony's foremost fishing yachtsmen. They make a party up almost every one of these warm week-ends. Betty Grable often gets invited along with this group. Lee and Preston are informal cronies who can wield light tackle and reel in wearing the oldest of attire. It's sailor boys they be. The Stone yacht, a beautiful, trim affair, lends itself to gracious fishing. You dine in the salon, rather than having a fish-fry on deck.

The waters of Lower California are virgin fishing grounds, teeming with valued game. But elaborate equipment is required to cruise down along the sparsely settled Mexican coastline. Guaymus, reached by train, is headquarters for that region. Douglass Montgomery caught fifty sea bass there on his first trip. He was thrilled at their size, for they average almost fifty pounds. But he says none of the natives looked twice because that is common. One day he was stranded on some rocks and had to sit atop them until the tide finally changed at midnight. Gary Cooper is going down to Guaymas this month all by himself. I hope he doesn't commune with himself on the same rocks!

A Hollywood lad takes a Hollywood girl on a fishing bender these Sundays. Craig Reynolds hired a boat for himself and Gertrude Niesen. They were valiantly barracuda bound, young moderns being modish. Gertrude, determined to give a Dietrich dash to herself, used an extra-long French duelling foil instead of a pole. She knew what it was—but whatever bit didn't. With a wish she was dragged overboard and when her hero rescued her she didn't resemble Dietrich by any stretch of the imagination.

Groucho Marx is an obstinate holdout. But he insists that when he once sang in an Atlantic City cafe he had a room right on the ocean. The management caught its own fish for the employees, in a net forever swishing directly outside his very window. Be that as it may, I believe Jane Withers pulled the fastest one yesterday when she overheard rabid fisherman Slim Summer-ville telling a studio executive that he couldn't stay on the lot any longer. "What's the matter," asked Jane, suddenly a picture of absolute innocence. "Do you have to fish at a certain time?"

The Hard Way

[Continued from page 23]

36 years old, and his "overnight" success covers perhaps eighteen years in the theatre. He started out as a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, playing the part of a soda jerker in a big girl act. It was in the hard school of vaudeville that Haley learned how to sing a song, and dance and time the delivery of his jokes. But it took years for him to win the big shot at big time show-business. He was playing the Orpheum, in San Francisco, when the wire arrived from New York. "Schwab and Mandel want you to report to New York immediately for rehearsals of the Chicago company of 'Good News.'"

Haley and the rest of the company had been playing practical jokes on each other all the way to the Coast, so when the magic wire arrived, he laughed, crumpled it up and heaved it into the wastepaper basket. He decided not to let the jokester know that the wire had arrived, figuring that eventually some one would make guarded inquiries and then he'd have the last laugh. But nobody asked any questions, and finally Haley blurted: "All right. I got the wire. Which one of you sent it?" The rest of the vaudeville troupe looked at him in amazement. Haley says that for one stunned instant, it was though a bolt of lightning had hit him directly between the eyes. "My God," he screamed, "it's true, it's true."

He dashed to his dressing room, dug the crumpled wire out of the wastepaper basket, the rest of the crowd in hot pursuit. Haley read the wire out loud, and the rest of them went off into yells of delight. Later, all of them or some of them might go back to their own dressing rooms and wonder why



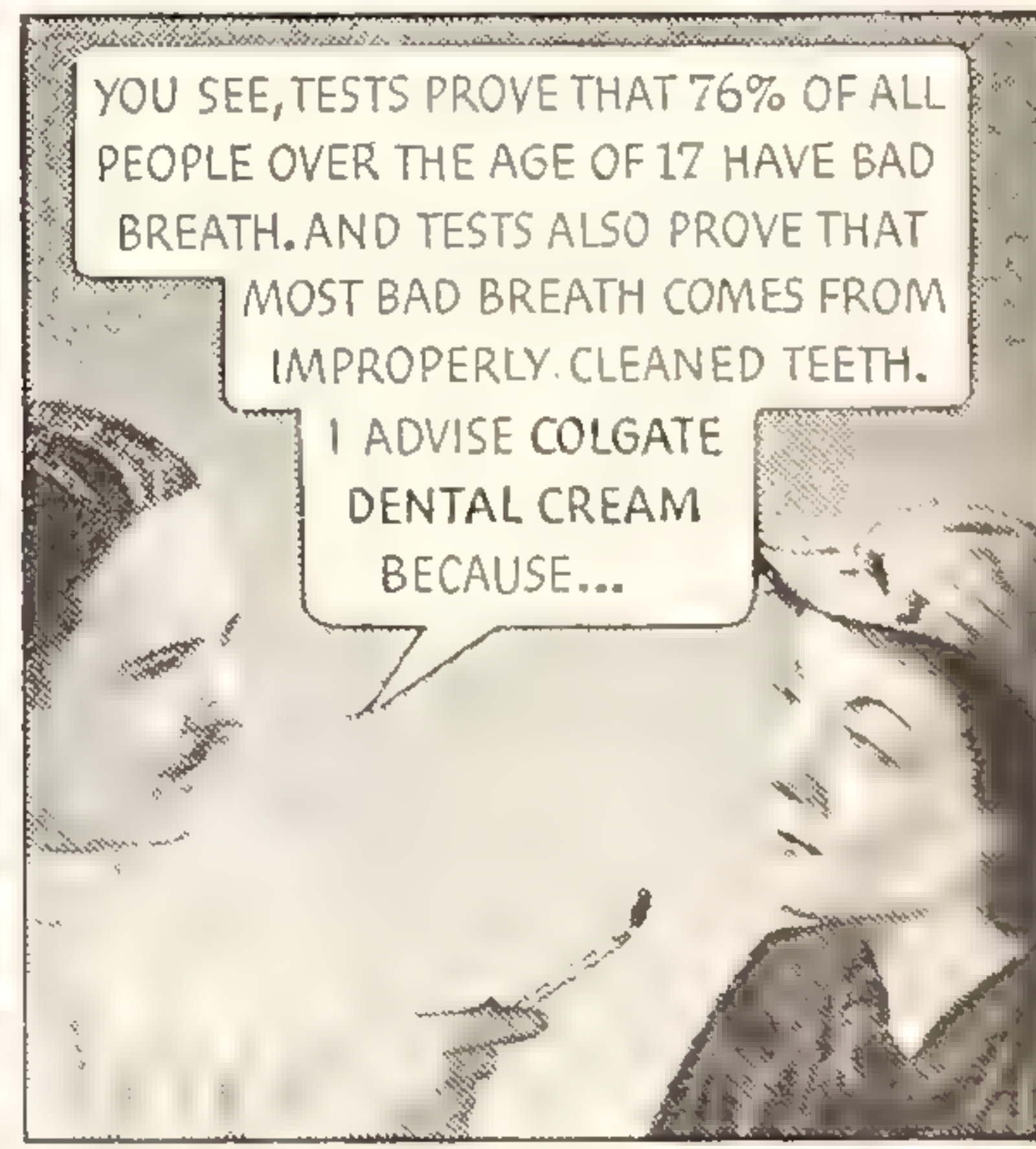
Eddie Allen, make-upper, exercises his art on Olivia de Havilland for "It's Love I'm After."

it was that this great chance had fallen into Haley's hands, instead of their own, but this was no time for post-mortems. They called the stage doorman, sent out for beer and they had themselves a party. This was a great event, the greatest event in show business. "You'll knock those critics

right in the aisle, Jack," they told him, and others kidded him, and asked if they could have his autograph when he was a Broadway star. And he laughed at the idea, too, because in his mind's eye, he could see the bright lights on a Broadway theatre spelling out his name, and suddenly, he felt a



STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

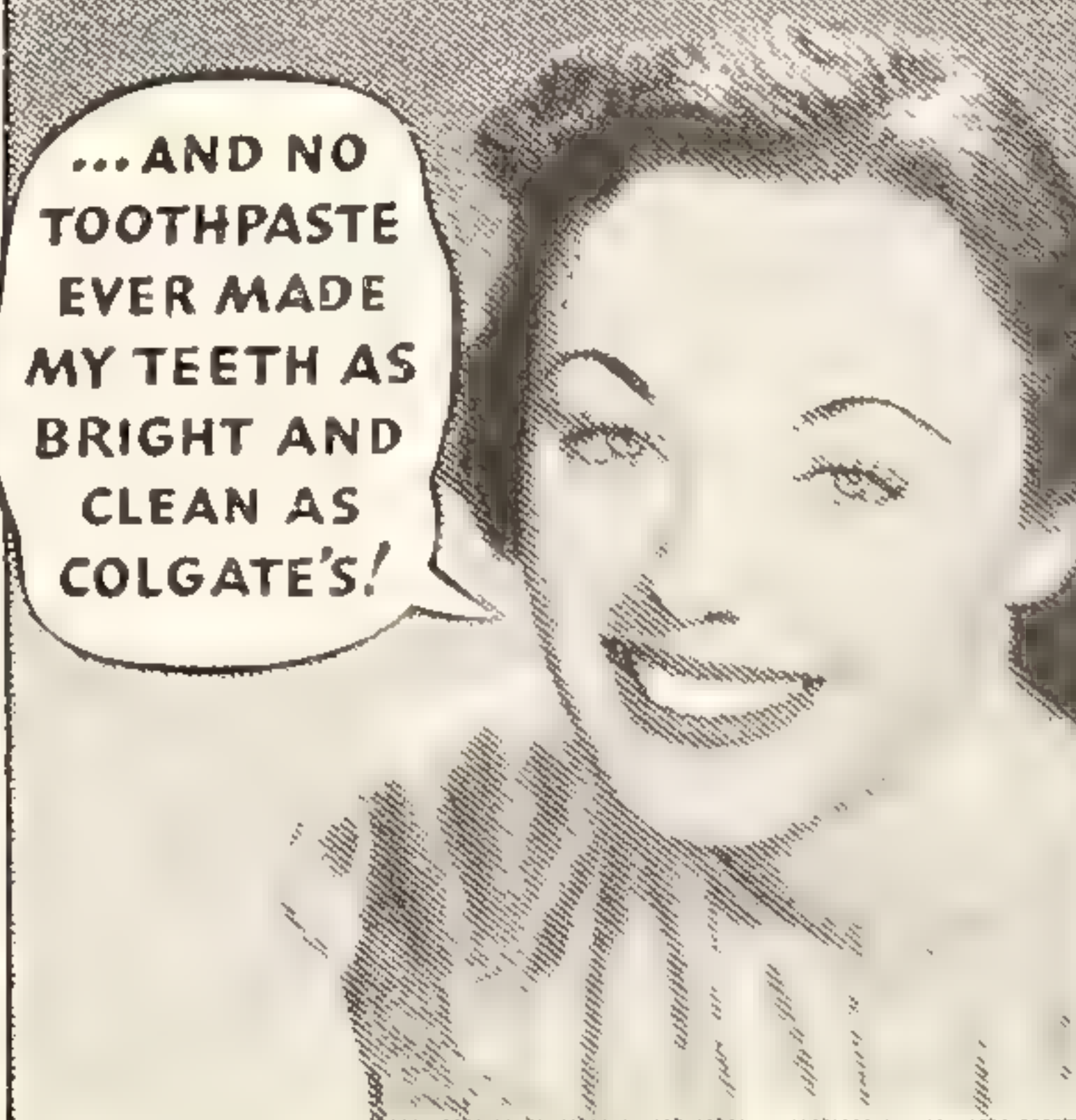


"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

ONE MONTH LATER -- THANKS TO COLGATE'S



NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!





Remove Unsightly Hair the modern, feminine way

Are you letting unsightly hair-growth spoil your feminine charm? Here is the dainty, modern method of removing hair on arms and legs without a razor.

Use NEET—easy, sure, effective! Like a cold cream in texture, you simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how soft and delightfully smooth it leaves the skin!

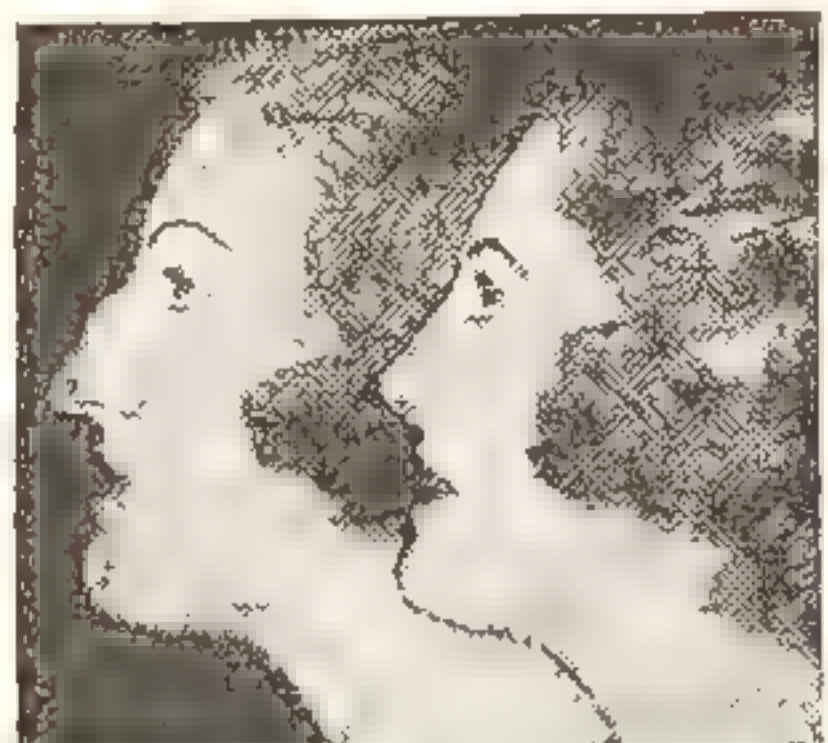
That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Re-growth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.



CHANGE YOUR FACE!

... and change your future!

It may bring a different, happier life when you have new straight features that others admire! Faces reconstructed by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Dr. Stotter (Vienna University graduate) quickly corrects Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, Pouches under Eyes, Large Lips, etc. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet—“Facial Reconstruction.” Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 41-Y, New York.



SECRETS OF SONG WRITING

Do not pay the song sharks exorbitant prices for serving your song! DO IT YOURSELF! Complete, easily understood course of SIX LESSONS reveals the PROFESSIONAL SECRETS of writing SALABLE words and music. ONE SONG SERVED FREE.

Write for free booklet on “Popular Songs and How to Write Them.”

ASSOCIATED SONG WRITERS

1154 N. Western Hollywood, Calif.

Help Your Hair



Dull, drab hair, or a scalp covered with unsightly dandruff, robs you of your attractiveness. Start today and make a regular practice of using this famous treatment—Glover's Mange Medicine with Massage. And

shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It makes the scalp seem to fairly glow with a feeling of cleanliness and well-being and imparts a lustrous beauty to the hair. Sold at all Druggists. Your Hairdresser can give you Glover's.

GLOVER'S



Wendy Barrie actually writes songs when not in front of the camera. Marc Lachmann is putting on the Universal touch.

little faint and blamed it on the beer. Because emotion can knock you flatter than a left hook to the chin.

He was scared when he packed up his bags and left for the big chance. Inside the bags were autographed pictures from all of the vaudeville troupe, and he'd left each one of them an autographed picture. “I'm going to miss all of you,” he said, and they said they were going to miss him, too, and he left for Chicago, where he was to take the high road to stardom.

Three hard, earnest years followed and then he shot to the top register of the top-flight comics on Broadway with his performance in “Take a Chance.” From then on, he was “in,” and the Coast beckoned to him and he went out there with high hopes, little reckoning that almost four years would pass before the movie-makers would give him the roles in “Pigskin Parade” and “Wake Up and Live” that he needed. He left Broadway in 1933 as the No. 1 comedian of the Bright Light Belt, but the hardest part of the battle, instead of being in back of him, was directly ahead.

So Jack Haley, knowing all of these things, must smile a sardonic smile, when they refer to his success as an “overnight” product, because there are a lot of nights and a lot of heartbreaks stretched over eighteen years, but it proves again that performers must be manufactured and polished the hard way.

Not long ago, I read in a paper that Patsy Kelly had bounced from nowhere to screen prominence. Uh-huh, but it seems to me that as long ago as 1927 Patsy Kelly was appearing on Broadway in Harry Delmar's Revels, and one of the other girls in that show was Winnie Lightner. Patsy started learning the business ten years ago, and if you ransack the records, you'll find she appeared in several of Earl Carroll's annual Vanities, and Jolson's “Wonder Bar” and “Flying Colors.” She's well up on top now, but like the rest of them, she didn't just take a train to Hollywood as Vicki Lester did, because stars aren't born that way.

The deep-seated strength and appeal of

“A Star Is Born” was not in the slightly cockeyed portrait of the girl, but rather because of the honesty of Fredric March as the falling star. Here was no starry-eyed portrait, but a cruelly accurate picture of what can and does happen in Hollywood. The picture owed its strength to the character portrayed by Fredric March, because this was flesh-and-blood and heartache. Vicki Lester was stardust and mignonette and the scent of lilacs, but it wasn't earthy or on the level. The case histories of Victor Moore and Jack Haley and Patsy Kelly prove that something closer to a Caesarian operation is demanded when a star is born, because it takes a heap of heartaches and a heap of courage, and the performer needs must have what the fighters describe as “Moxie,” or heart, to stand the gaff. For the process is slow and tortuous, and many are called and most are rejected—and those who go on and up will tell you that they left part of their youth or all of it on the journey to the peaks.



Tommy Kelly will play Tom Sawyer. David O. Selznick picked him from 25,000 entries.

Projections

[Continued from page 29]

Street, New York City, and her mother had barely gotten her theatre make-up off before Joan put in her surprised appearance. Ed Blondell was one of the famous comedians of his day and when he married Mrs. Blondell, a beautiful chorus girl, he made her a part of the act, and later on Joan joined the act too.

Joan sort of upset the usual success story by getting herself born into the lap of luxury (but don't worry, poverty caught up with her later and made up for lost time), for vaudeville was in its heyday during the gay decade that preceded the war, and no comedian was more popular or more highly paid than Ed Blondell. There were de luxe baby carriages for little Joan, German toys that talked and walked, ermine lined booties, and more little frills and laces. With those big blue eyes and friendly smile she very much resembled a rosebud. Her adoring mother called her that one day and the name stuck right up until Joan went into the movies. The Brooklyn kids shortened it to Bud.

Soon after she was born the Blondells set forth on a highly successful European tour which was done in the grand manner, with nurses and maids and Louis Quatorze suites in Grand hotels. Her first birthday was celebrated in Germany, and for seven years after that she spent the gala day of August 30th in a different country.

Back in the United States again, Mr. Blondell (Joan calls him Johnny) took his act on tour through the East and Middle West for a number of years, playing a week in each city, sometimes two if business was good. He had secured a certificate from a state official which permitted Joan and Ed Jr., to attend the public schools in every town in which they played—and what a picnic that turned out to be for Joan. An unusually precocious child, and very elegant in her taffeta and bows, Joan soon discovered that the "new girl" got all the attention in a school, and as she was constantly being a new girl she simply thrived on attention.

Along about eleven every Monday morning she would let it casually be known that she could recite and dance and sing, and so the teacher (who probably was as eager for professional entertainment as the pupils) would call Joan to the rostrum and she would recite "Little Orphan Annie" and sing and dance as long as the teacher would allow her. Sometimes she stalled off the arithmetic hour for weeks at a time. At recess she would entertain the kids with tall tales of how she had been chased across China by bandits with knives in their mouths, how she had been kidnaped by natives in India, and tortured by Arabs in Arabia.

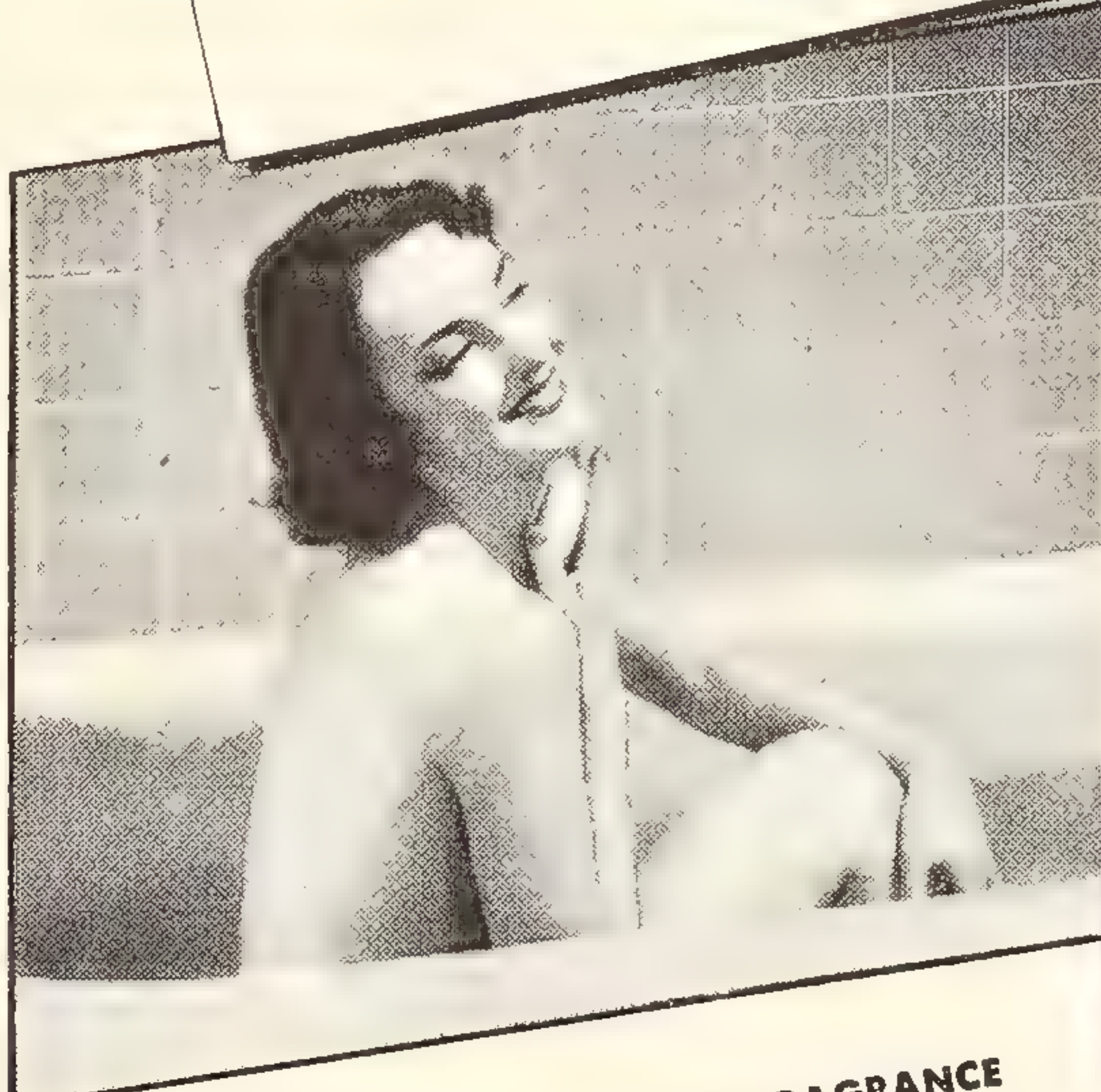
What with her marvelous imagination (which she still has) and her ability to go backstage unmolested at the local theatre, Joan was looked on with awe by her more mundane classmates. "Sometimes," said Joan, "I overdid the stories and my audience would get a little suspicious. But before they could check up on me I had gone to another city and was busy being the new girl again."

And when I think of what a dull education I had!

By the spring of 1914 Mr. Blondell and his family had arrived on the West Coast—San Diego to be exact—and the sunshine was so lovely and the palm trees so beautiful and the Pacific so blue that he completely lost his heart and decided that this was the ideal spot where he should settle down and bring up his children as children should be brought up. There was a real

"and life is so much gayer now!"

Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick! I'm sure all girls would be more alluring, if they bathed with this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap!
Sincerely,
Mary Moore



LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE LINGERS... surrounds you glamorously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

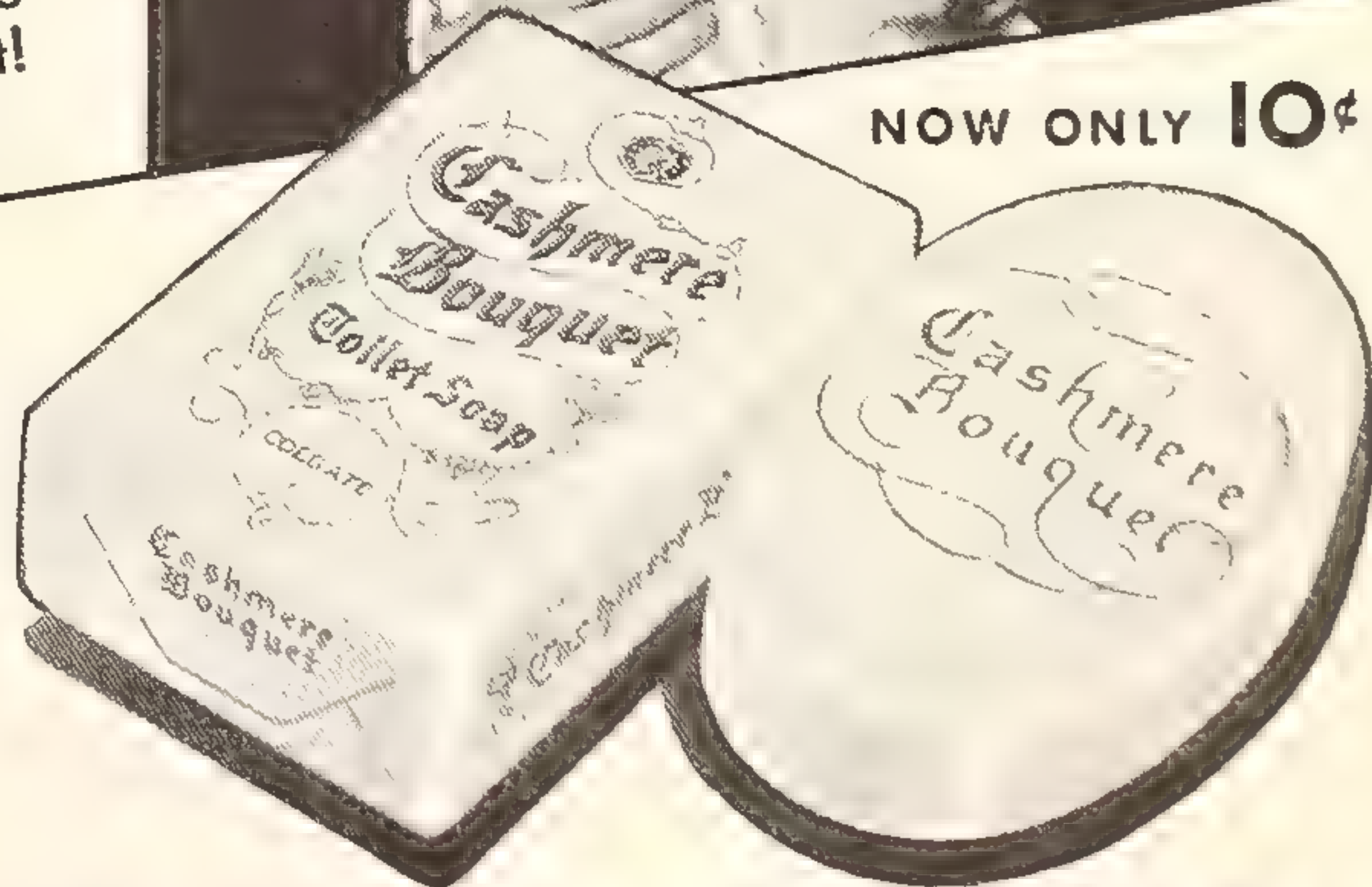
SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor... And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!



NOW ONLY 10¢

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!



TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

NOW LITTLE JOAN IS NEVER ALONE



use

Hush

and be **Sure**

It's true, isn't it, that the popular person is the one who is always fresh and dainty, so play safe against Body Odors by daily use of HUSH! Instant protection from perspiration odors is yours with HUSH—use it any time, it is harmless to fabrics and imparts a soothing coolness to the skin. . . . Use it Daily

4 TYPES
CREAM LIQUID
POWDER STICK



RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET!

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, soft, cushioning, medicated foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes; flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ stores.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Amazing new LOTION makes you LOSE FAT without one single change in your diet!

Just Rub It On!
The Inches Go Like Magic or Your MONEY BACK
Avoid Dangerous Diets, Iridesome Exercises—Beware of Harmful Drugs and Laxatives—yet lose from 1 to 5 inches of ugly excess fat (due to no glandular or other systemic cause) off hips, abdomen, bust, neck, arms, thighs, calves and ankles! Modern science at last has made an amazingly SAFE discovery, a remarkably delightful LOTION called KREMA. Nothing to take internally. You just rub KREMA on. Fat goes fast, full inches of it, yet leaves no wrinkles, no lines. Tightens flabby skin with perfect safety. Simple and Convenient. Send \$1 for full 10-day treatment. 10-DAY TREATMENT only \$3. KREMA LABS., 14 W. Washington St., Dept. 3-SC, Chicago, Ill.

estate boom on at the time and Mr. Blondell was just the man that a couple of high-pressured salesmen were looking for. He put thousands of dollars, the entire bank account, in San Diego real estate and confident that it would triple in value in a year's time (hadn't the boys said that it would?) he left for Australia with the act.

Back again in America the Blondells soon wandered back to San Diego to collect their tremendous fortune and build a home. In the meantime though the United States had gone to war with Germany, the boom days of San Diego were over, and the bottom had dropped out of California real estate. Mr. Blondell also made the startling discovery that two thirds of his property was under that beautiful blue Pacific. The Blondells were broke. After several vague ventures in business, Mr. and Mrs. Blondell decided to open a tea room in Santa Monica, which is on the seacoast and about a half hour's drive from Hollywood.

In the mornings Joan went to the Santa Monica school and in the afternoons and evenings she was supposed to make the salads (and you haven't lived until you have tasted Joan's salad dressings) and wait on table. I wish I had the time and the ability to give you the saga of the Blondell tea room as Joan gave it to me. Briefly: "For two days no one came at all," said Joan, "and then on the third day a timid little old lady ventured in and the five Blondells fairly swooped down on her. We gave her vast tureens of soup, several steaks, gobs of potatoes and a huge salad bowl. I think the poor little thing died of over-eating, just to make us happy, but before she died she must have told people about us for from then on we did a good business.

"However, we never could make expenses because Gloria's and Junior's, not to mention my own, friends dropped in every afternoon after school and ate up all the profits. The highlight of my life as a waitress was the night that John Gilbert came in with a washed-out blonde. I put on my prettiest organdy apron and stuck a ribbon in my hair and smiled and swished about very much as Janet Gaynor did in 'A Star Is Born.' But Mr. Gilbert never once took his eyes off of the pasty faced blonde. But he left me a dollar for a tip and I pasted it in my memory book with the date and the occasion and a poem. (Miss Blondell, it seems, was always impractical.)

"The maddest I ever got was the afternoon my teacher from the Santa Monica school came stalking in and asked very severely to see my mother. Gloria and Junior and I listened at the pantry door while she gave a very uncolorful account of how I had skipped school that morning and she had seen me down on the beach playing leap-frog with one of the boys. 'Leap frog must stop,' she said, and I guess mother promised her that it would because she came back into the kitchen a few minutes later and ordered me to serve Miss So-and-So with a large bowl of our best soup. We, Gloria, Junior and I, decided to spill the soup right over her, but we weakened and I served it to dear teacher with my most gracious smile."

With the tea room bankrupt, Johnny invested sixty dollars in a second hand car, got a few bookings for the act in the cow-towns of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and the merry Blondells were on their way again, eating scrambled eggs off of a sterno on Mrs. Blondell's lap and pumping up tires. There were one night stands galore, but never enough money to buy gas and groceries, and, finally arriving at Johnny's sister's house in Orange, Texas, one night the engine literally fell right out of the car. Joan's aunt insisted that show business was no place to bring up children so she bought them a store in a little Louisiana swamp town—"More cows walked into our

store than customers," said Joan—and following that store were more stores in the South, until finally they had a fairly successful shop in Denton, Texas, where Joan sold dresses and novelties to the college girls in the afternoons and attended classes in the mornings.

One week-end while she was in Dallas buying dresses for the shop from a wholesale house Joan met a very pleasant girl at the hotel and this meeting led to one of the most hilarious times of her life. The girl was there to enter the Dallas Bathing Beauty Contest—the winner to get the title of Miss Dallas and be sent to the finals at Atlantic City, all expenses paid, and besides would receive two thousand dollars. "Two thousand dollars," exclaimed Joan, "In cash?"

To make a long story short, though I wish I didn't have to as it is simply killing, our Miss Blondell bought herself a white bathing suit, tinted it pink, put a blue ribbon in her hair, and was one of the five girls chosen for the final eliminations. "Girls," said one of the fifteen judges, "you are all too beautiful. We've decided to pick the girl who has the most pleasing personality." Now Joan readily admits that the other four girls were much prettier than herself, but when it became a matter of personality it was simply in the bag for her. She hadn't been in the theatre all those years for nothing. Amid much fanfare and how do you do Joan became Miss Dallas and almost fainted when the personality-loving judges presented her with two thousand dollars in cold cash. As soon as she was revived she called her mother over the phone, "Mom," she said, "Ah'm Miss Dallas. And you all has got to chaperone me to Atlantic City."

On the famous Atlantic City Boardwalk Miss Dallas was a panic. With all the other contest winners, from all over the country, beautiful in form-fitting bathing suits, Joan wore a cowboy costume in the parade and yelled "Yip-pee" (much to the hysterical delight of some pals from Brooklyn) and tossed ropes in the air and shot off guns. She was nosed out of first place by a girl with long hair. With five hundred dollars of her contest money she sent for Johnny and Gloria to join her mother and herself in New York, where they would buy new clothes and book the act again.

But alas, success had gone to Joan's head. She was a big shot. She was in the money. While her mother was out one day getting a finger wave Joan planked down fifteen hundred dollars on Dempsey to win the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Tunney won. The Blondells were broke again, no stake, no nothing. Easy come, easy go Joan. But it taught her a severe lesson—Joan has never



Since Tom Mix rode the range, Universal has always had a round-up of cowboy talent. Now it's Bob Baker, who rides, ropes and is regular.

gone in for gambling since, and as far as she is concerned the boys can fight it out any time in the ring, but don't expect her to be there. She can't stand prize fights.

Johnny went on the road as a single, with hardly enough to feed himself, so it was more or less up to big shot Joan to support her mother and little sister, who had been quite sick for months (Ed Jr., had stayed in Texas.) Joan pounded the pavement every day from morning until night looking for jobs, and sometimes she found one, but it was always badly paid and never seemed to last. During that time she knew many of life's darkest moments. Poverty in Texas was a picnic compared with poverty in the over-crowded city of New York. She finally got a steady job at twelve dollars a week in a circulating library, where the owner would let her have a long lunch hour during which time she haunted the producers' offices. For Joan had decided to try the legitimate stage. She wanted to act. It was in her blood.

She landed a week's work in a play in South Brooklyn, and then several weeks at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village. More pavement-pounding, and more grim poverty. Then Al Woods sent her on the road with "The Trial of Mary Dugan" company in which she played the hard-boiled chorus girl for eight months. Then came an awful play, that Joan expected to be raided any night, called "My Girl Friday."

She heard, one day, while she was grabbing a chocolate malted for lunch that George Kelley was casting a new play, and with a what-can-I-lose air, Joan made her way to the Kelley offices and found herself in a crowded room next to a little guy with red hair. "Gee, I'd love to see Mr. Kelley," Joan confided to the little guy, "but I've got a matinee and I can't wait." "I've got a friend," said the red-headed boy, "you follow me and I'll get you in there."

The red-headed guy was Jimmy Cagney and he and Joan both got parts in the play, which was "Maggie the Magnificent," and a good play, but had a short run due to the market crash of 1929. But it was all that Jimmy and Joan needed to put them over. Soon afterwards they were co-starred in "Penny Arcade," which play was bought by the Warner Brothers and Jimmy and Joan were told to report at the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank, California, to repeat the roles on the screen that they had created on the stage. After the preview they were both given long term contracts. Joan arrived in Hollywood in an upper, but any time she cares to leave Hollywood now she can have a drawing room on the Chief.

Passionately fond of her family, she sent for them as soon as she was settled in Hollywood and could afford a home. Although a favorite in pictures with the critics and the public from the start, it was not until she appeared in "Union Depot" with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., that the studio executives realized that they had a player who could be both a dramatic actress and a fast talking comedienne. She soon became a star. She married George Barnes, an ace cameraman at her own studio, and a year later Norman Scott Barnes made his appearance. The marriage wasn't a success, for that thing called incompatibility entered and Joan, who is not the type to let things drag on, applied for a divorce and the full custody of little Normie.

Soon after she received her final decree (it takes a year in California) she married Dick Powell, who had been secretly mad about her since the first day he had set eyes on her in the Green Room of the studio. Normie calls him Daddy Dick and considers watching him shave every morning the greatest thing in life.

And so, dear reader, I give you Miss Joan Blondell. But just try and get her away from Mr. Powell.

How could he tell her *why their Marriage had failed?*



How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"? Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

IT WOULD be so much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a *rage*, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

If you are in any doubt regarding a wholesome, cleanly method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many physicians and is used in many hospitals,

for many antiseptic needs. Here are good reasons why:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is an effective germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... Cleanly, disappears after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 8-S. S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Lysol
Disinfectant



[Continued from page 34]



*"You have an enemy
—a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"*

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde.
It's you, yourself, my dear!"

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm —

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

neck. I'm not particularly maternal, you know, but I would have liked to have brought Annette home with me."

An entirely new Rochelle was talking, while discoursing on the Quintuplets, a Rochelle whom I had never known in over six years of friendship. She seemed to take on a new maturity and radiance . . . and she even forgot that mammoth lobster on the figured plate before her. She returned to the present.

"So you don't think I'm athletic, do you?" She drew herself up grandiloquently. "Are you aware that I swim—and well, too—and play golf and tennis and that I'm a whizz at driving a high-speed car? I guess that'll stop you."

She nearly choked on a gulp of her China tea, and I began to thump her on the back.

"You see," she came back, a moment later; "I CAN take it." I had to admit that she could . . . she must have been black and blue where I had administered my gentle remedy.

"So now you're twenty-one . . ." I probed.

"Yes, and it's taken me long enough. Now, maybe I can get some roles besides the sweet ingenue types I've been playing so long."

I knew what she meant. Rochelle always has wanted to enact more sophisticated parts, characterizations which would allow her opportunity for something more than looking sweet and lovely, but lack of age has interfered.

"I very nearly did get away from them in 'Such Women Are Dangerous,' if you happen to recall that picture, several years ago," she continued. "I played with Warner Baxter, and I pursued him so savagely that they had to kill me off before he was safe from my clutches. It wasn't a particularly sympathetic role, but I loved it. It was something I could sink my teeth into." She paused, to autograph a visitor's book.

"I've had the funniest sort of career," resuming. "You might say that I've had three or four separate careers, for just when I've started going good I've been cast in pictures that thrust me back just about where I started."

"After 'Are These Our Children?' which I made at Radio, I enacted several roles that were positively bad. Following 'Such Women Are Dangerous,' the same thing happened, and also after 'Imitation of Life' and 'Les Miserables.' In 'Way Down East,' I thought my star had turned and that I was destined for something better; but no, it was no go."

Despite the calibre of many of Rochelle's roles, however, her career has progressed with amazing smoothness and to a degree that many an older player might well envy. She is one of the outstanding of the younger leading ladies on the screen today, and time and again has proven her ability as a dramatic actress.

"I'm hoping that my current picture, 'She Had to Eat,' will be a real turning point. I'm the only girl in the film, and it's filled with comedians. Jack Haley and Arthur Treacher and a number of others should make it a hilarious affair. And, for the first time in my career, I really sing."

"Did you know I can sing? The studio didn't, until recently. And to think of all the years I've practiced and taken lessons."

"Another thing they've just discovered is that I can dance. I'm hoping to do this in some future picture."

We left the Cafe de Paris and sauntered over to the huge stage where Rochelle was working in "She Had to Eat." Immediately she appeared, Mal St. Clair, the director,

who towers over Rochelle by a good thirteen inches, had her go up on the stage of the auditorium set.

The scene was a meeting of the Shelley Society in an eastern hotel. Rochelle was playing a wise-cracking gal who lives by her wits, but apparently those wits never completely worked on all six because she was continually hungry. Neither she nor Jack Haley, her partner in crime in most of the amusing exploits of this production, ever had their hunger entirely appeased.

In this particular sequence, Rochelle and Jack had crashed the meeting, knowing that a buffet luncheon was to be served. Rochelle claimed to be a member of the Alabama group, visiting the city, and was welcomed as such. After another had rendered, literally, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," the chairman called upon her to offer something appropriate for the occasion.

Knowing no Shelley, Rochelle, on the spot, made the best of the situation.

"Here's something we always sing at our meetings down in Alabama," she drawled, and proceeded to shock, then delight, the members present with "When a Girl from Alabama Meets a Boy from Tennessee."

When you hear Rochelle sing this in the picture, you'll find a real treat awaiting you. The girl can sing with the best of them, and the manner in which she puts over both this song and "Livin' On the Town," another vocal number, is a revelation. Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, was so intrigued with Rochelle's singing when he heard her tests that already he is searching for a suitable musical vehicle for her in which to be starred.

"Didn't I tell you I can sing?" Rochelle asked, simply and without conceit, joining me after several "takes" of the number. That Rochelle made such a statement is no reflection upon her, any more than the



Lucille Ball drinks her favorite tippie—it's orange juice. Pshaw!

average man's assertion that he can drive a car. It is a simple statement of fact.

The wonder of this, however, lies in the fact that her voice has not been discovered ere the present. It is a cultivated, melodious voice that is certain to please even the most critical. Rochelle's wish to change her type, to get away from the sweet-young-thing that she has so constantly interpreted, doubtlessly will be granted now. She is too talented an actress to languish forever in roles which do not carry a full appreciation on the part of the public.

A small group of visitors approached, held in check by a studio guide, and I

could see several young men gazing at Rochelle.

"And why," I asked, suddenly recalling that Rochelle is continually being the center of masculine attentions, "why don't you go out with picture men any more. Actors, especially?"

"I haven't time for romance, these days," she replied. "I'm far too busy, and much too interested in my work."

"As for picture dates . . . Tom Brown was the only actor I ever really went out with. And that was a long time ago. Since then, for no particular reason except that I seem to get along better with them, I have gone out mostly with men outside the profession."

"Army men interest me, especially those in the aviation end. They lead more exciting lives, and aren't forever talking shop, as actors are inclined to do. Besides, they don't take so possessive an attitude, and when you turn them down, whenever you'd rather spend an evening at home, they aren't offended."

Rochelle seldom is found in the popular night spots of the picture colony. Many an evening, she'll slip into some small movie house with Jack Young, son of a Los Angeles food merchant, and afterwards either go directly home or take a short ride to the beach. Occasionally, she likes to visit the Trocadero, but for the most part this young actress leads a quiet life.

Not, however, because Hollywood wills it so. Were our little hamlet of lights and shadows, and its lively swains, to have their way, she would be constantly in the limelight, romantically.

It's difficult to believe such a grand little trouser has reached only this first milestone of womanhood. Mentally, she is many years older. And her past, professionally speaking, is one of which any actress in her thirties might well be proud.



THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE

HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH



SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

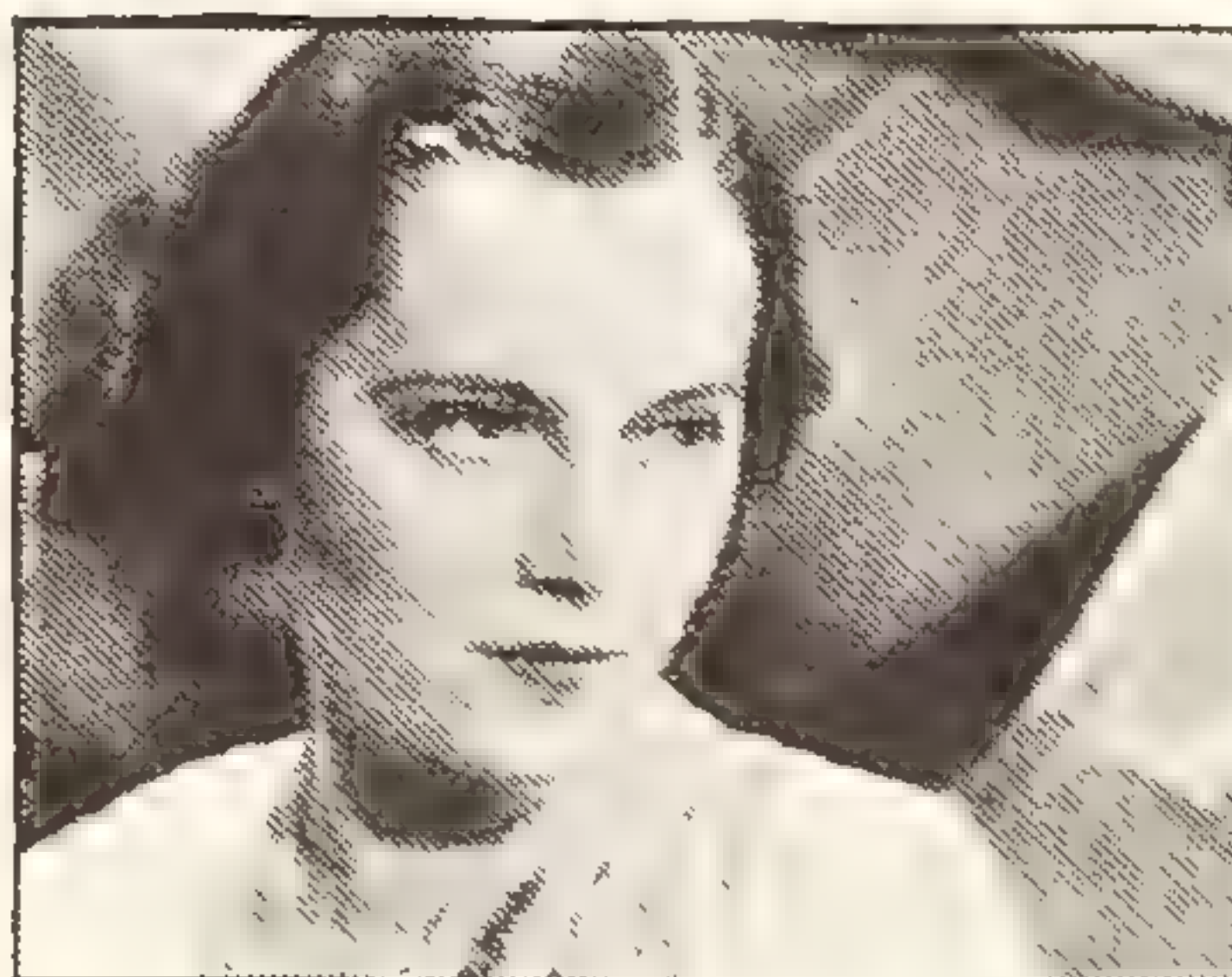
This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to

see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They *always* use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and stay."

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-VH, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

For Your Wife



CANTON PAJAMA SUIT SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

These lovely new Oriental silk pongee Pajama Suits are the smartest of garments—for lounging, sleeping and Birthday Gifts. All hand embroidered in silk floral designs in 2 fascinating pastel shades, red or green. Collar, sleeves and cuffs richly trimmed in same colors. State size: large, medium or small. **Send No Money**... Shipped C.O.D., or send check, stamps or money order on my money-back guarantee.

\$2.95
Post Paid

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
100 Minna Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Write for catalogue of wonderful Kimonos and other Oriental Articles from \$2 to \$50.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 569, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(43rd Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training Appointments. For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.



U. S. Government Jobs

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year!

MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. E-264, Rochester, N. Y.



SKIN
Beauty
WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.



Wide World

A social event in Hollywood finds Ella Logan, John King, Rosalind Russell, Binnie Barnes and Mischa Auer carrying on the gay spirit of the studios.

He Can Do Anything

[Continued from page 51]

Earl MacQuarrie met Walter and offered to handle him. The association that began then has never been broken. Every few days some big shot agent approaches Walter and wants to know who is handling him now. His answer is invariably the same: "The same guy who had me when I was on my fanny!" Big shots don't impress Walter today one bit more than he impressed them ten years ago.

Because he doesn't mingle much with the stars whom his new fame has enabled him to meet, Walter is becoming known as "high hat." High hat? Hooey! "He's plenty nice to me," says Schmitt, the truck driver; and Joe, the sound mixer, says "He's the most democratic man in Hollywood. He has no false sense of values. He refuses to recognize class distinctions."

If loyalty be considered a fault, then Walter is wrong. But, right or wrong, he is still slow to make friendships and is doggedly loyal to those he does make.

He is happy and grateful for his success, but not one bit surprised. He has plugged along, year after year, in the face of discouragement and disappointment, always knowing that some day the break would come. He has tremendous faith in himself. Perhaps his dogged determination can be traced to his New England ancestry. His story is that of the plodder, who refused to give up under any conditions.

He has the rock-bound New Englander's austere tastes. His recently completed home in the San Fernando Valley is the culmination of a life-long dream. A simple Mexican farm house set in the midst of walnut trees, roses, horse corrals, barns. There Walter lives with his wife and three children. They have one servant, a model of efficiency.

They have two horses, Pancho and Chico; three cows, a German shepherd dog and a cat. Walter raises roses. He and the kids, Mike (christened Wells), Andy (named Walter Andrew after his dad) and Ruth, spend spare moments painting the barns and enlarging the corrals.

If you happened out to the ranch of a Sunday, you'd find Walter pattering around

down by the corral in moccasins, ancient cowboy pants, an old shirt and a big black Stetson hat. He goes in for comfort on all occasions.

While he is working on a picture, Walter never takes unnecessary chances off the set. He loves riding, but rides only between films, because he is in the habit of riding spirited cayuses that throw him every so often.

Driving past a vacant field out in San Fernando Valley one Sunday, I saw a group of kids staring at a man who sat on the ground, gingerly feeling the seat of his pants. Apparently, he was trying to discover any broken bones that might lurk there. At a little distance stood a huge, shining horse, eyeing the group with disdain. Something familiar about the man caused me to take a second look. Sure enough, it was Walt Brennan, his kids, and Pancho. Pancho, as usual, had won an argument. Walter was busy exploring for results!

Pancho has Walter completely buffaloed. Whenever the actor wants to ride, he asks Mike to saddle Pancho and "take some of the kinks out" for him. Mike is pretty disgusted about it all. "Gosh," he says, "I don't see why I have to get thrown by a darn horse every few days just because dad likes to ride!"

The Brennans are a close-knit family. Walter and his wife were kids together back in Massachusetts. Long before they were born, their parents were school mates. Seventeen years ago, Walter informed his childhood playmate that he was ready to marry and settle down. They have been both married and settled ever since.

Every member of the family is an amateur movie enthusiast. They shoot everything from colored films of California's wild flowers to deep-dyed Western melodramas with the villain riding across the fields on Pancho in pursuit of the screeching heroine, usually seated on Chico. They like to get up early Sunday mornings and drive out to the desert to cook breakfast over a camp fire in the sand. Those breakfasts are hearty affairs, with plenty of eggs and griddle cakes and huge slabs of ham.

Walter is a high-strung type, continually under a nervous tension. He never sits still for a moment. Always making odd noises, shuffling his feet, doing things with his

hands. He has learned to imitate auto horns, wasps, bees, birds, cows, dogs, cats. There's no limit to the queer sound effects Walter can produce. He's as delighted as a child with a new toy when he perfects a new one. No dance step can stump him. He has always been so active that his feet are as nimble as Fred Astaire's. He has a habit of drumming with his fingers in a peculiar manner when tired or nervous. That served him well in "Banjo on My Knee." Called upon to play a number of string instruments, he found that his fingers were extremely nimble. All of these traits are a result of his inability to relax.

When he talks about himself (which isn't often) he says he's "screwy." He says he "makes goofy sounds and does crazy things just like a high-school kid, simply for the hell of it." Thinks he just never outgrew his adolescence.

He makes friends with all sorts of people. Everyone he meets gives him ideas for characterizations. He has learned much by visiting with street sweepers, garbage collectors, postmen. He never passes a tramp without pausing to say "howdy." Chances are ten to one that, after a visit with Walter Brennan, you are likely to see yourself on the screen in a few months—your little individual habits and gestures. Everyone, to him, is material for study.

Like all New Englanders, he is slow to anger and unless one knows him very well, it is difficult to tell when he is angry. But he gets just a bit riled over some of the stories circulated about his struggle to fame. "I've never spent a hungry day in my life," he says. "Neither has any member of my family. I worked for \$7.50 a day for a short time, but never for less. For several years before I got my break with Sam Goldwyn. I was making from \$25.00 to \$100.00 a day. Does that sound like starvation?"

Great sorrows, great joys and an exceptionally happy family life have given Walter a human quality and a deep understanding of people that are evident in all his portrayals.

One of his greatest griefs was the passing away of his father, during the production of "Come and Get It." The role of "Swan" turned out to be a perfect reproduction of his father. So striking was the resemblance that Walter's wife was almost afraid to take the elder Mrs. Brennan to see the completed picture. When she finally did see it, she could hardly believe that the man on the screen was her son, not her beloved husband.

Nobody ever recognizes the buoyant, slim New Englander without makeup. After the press pre-view of "Barbary Coast," Howard Hawks, director of the film, was standing in the lobby. He had never seen Brennan except in makeup. Brennan approached Mr. Hawks, congratulated him and remarked: "You know, Mr. Hawks, I think the picture was swell; but 'Old Atrocity' could have been brushed up a little."

Hawks gave a disgusted grunt and turned away. Someone asked if he knew the man who had just spoken to him.

"Oh, he's just some fanatical son-of-a-gun," grunted Hawks, angrily. You could have knocked him over with a battleship when he was told that the "fanatic" who had dared to criticize his beloved "Atrocity" was the Atrocity in person!

Ever since I first saw him doubling for the rooster in "Shannons of Broadway," I have admired Walter Brennan tremendously. You would, too, if you happened to know him. He is so human, so real, so utterly devoid of the affectations and attempts to be glamorous that seem to be an affliction of most movie stars.

If you don't know Brennan you would probably, upon meeting him, be like Howard Hawks and the crowd at the Motion Picture Academy's last banquet. You would think he's two other fellows!



Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin of your face, exposed to hot sun and drying wind, loses its fresh radiance and youthful attraction. Don't risk this tragedy! There's a way to guard this vital skin moisture.

Protect your allure this magic way—with Outdoor Girl Face Powder, which brings you the tried and true beauty aid—Olive Oil!

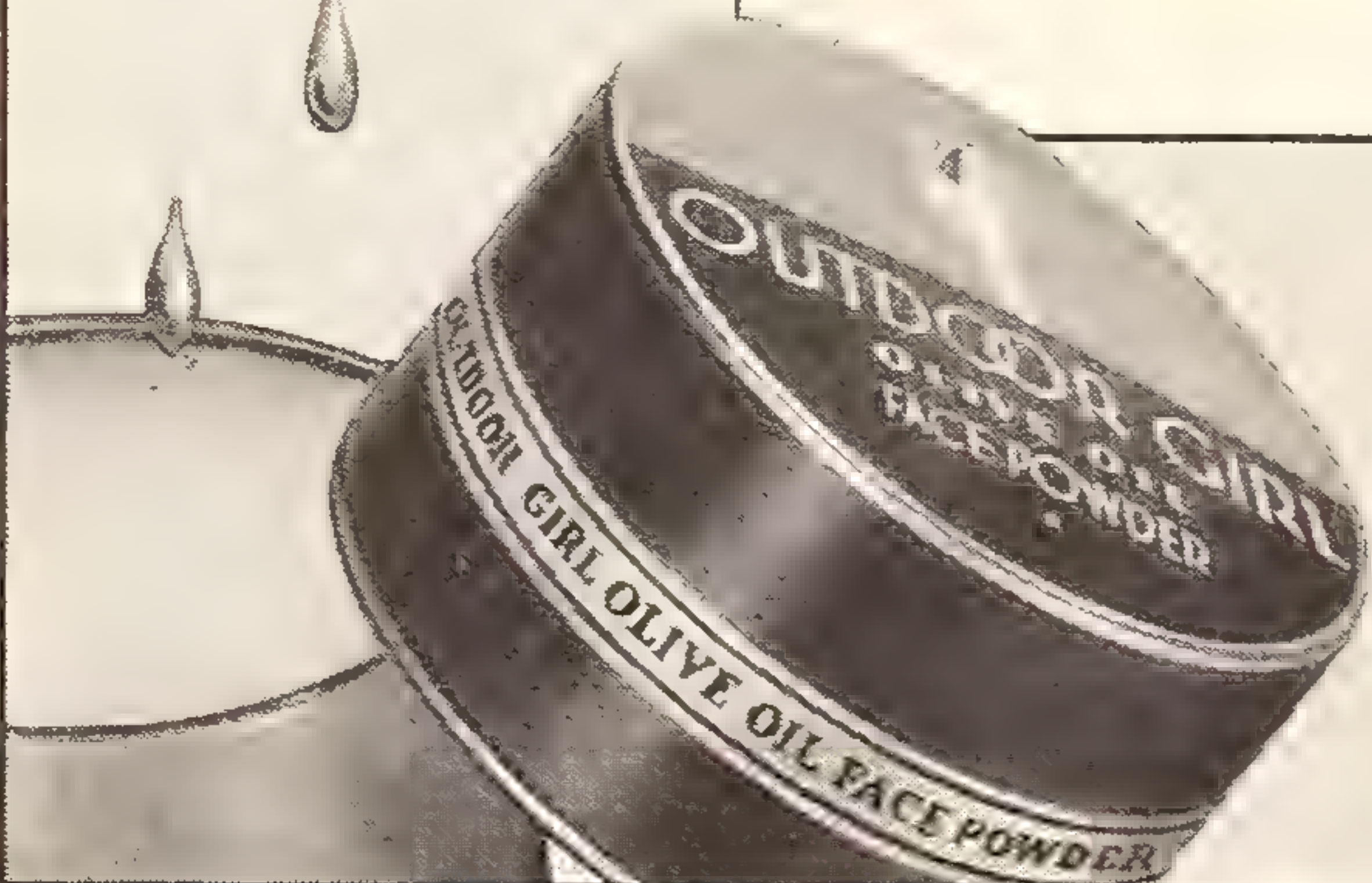


Olive Oil is a "Fountain of Youth" for your Skin . . .

Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil. Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder — each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with **OLIVE OIL**



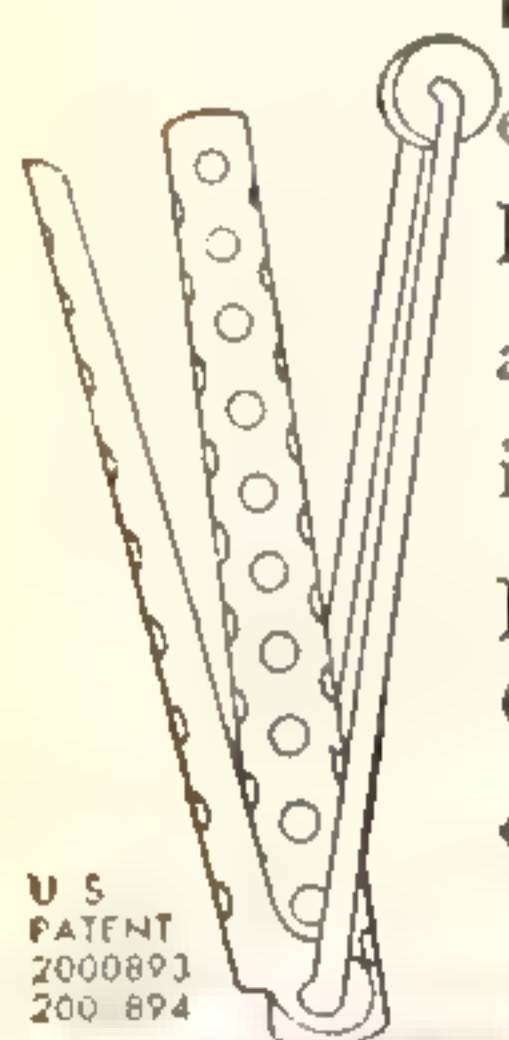
Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . . **50c**

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..



U.S. PATENT 2000893 200-894



BETTY BURGESS
Imperial Pictures
KEEP CURLS LOVELY with
HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry **CURLERS**

Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...beauty restored! At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get your emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

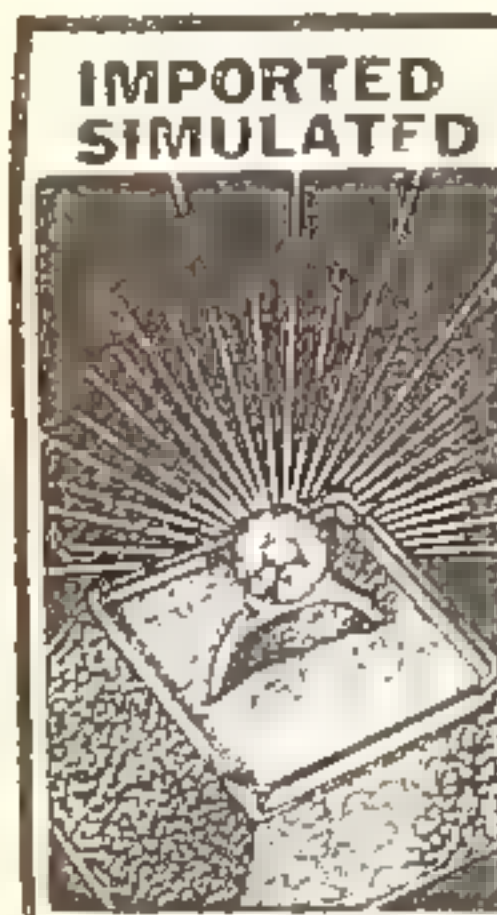
Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS



LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER—BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



IMPORTED SIMULATED **DIAMOND 15c**

To introduce Hollywood's NEW-EST Orizaba Mexican Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire—(worn by Movie Stars). We will send a 1 Kt. Simulated Brazilian Diamond, mounted in Solid Gold effect Ring as illustrated—(looks like \$150. Gem) for this ad and 15c. Address today FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)



CONCEALS BLEMISHES INSTANTLY!

DON't let a sudden skin blemish spoil your Summer Fun. Be clever—use "Hide-it!" Instantly conceals pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises and any discoloration. Waterproof. Won't crack or peel. Four fleshshades to match your skin. Use the Cream for large areas; Stick for touch-ups.

\$1 at Drug and Dept. Stores

10c Size at Ten Cent Stores

Hide-it

Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 19-H, Chicago
I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" ☐ Cream ☐ Stick.
Check Shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.

Name.....
Address.....

Their Fates Hang in the Balance

[Continued from page 25]

After Luise Rainer's spectacular success in the stark role of "Olan" in "The Good Earth," how will the public take her in a role which can only be described as hot-cha? After all, you couldn't expect the vibrant Luise to go on and on being stark! But... is this transition too abrupt? Everyone seems worried about it except Miss Rainer. "I liked the sad role of 'Olan,'" she will tell you. "Then they told me I must be... what you say?... hoopla... huzza.... Oh, well, I have a gay role in the 'The Emperor's Candlesticks.' I do not mind being gay for jus' now. I mus' make fun some times."

Apparently everyone is worried about this particular experiment except the person most concerned. Possibly she doesn't care whether her fate hangs in the balance or not. (But, between you and me, I think she cares tremendously.)

The Wise Ones shook their heads, you remember, when Walt Disney planned to make "The Three Little Pigs." "It won't do," they told him solemnly. "You'll lose your shirt!"

Well, the Wise Ones must be dizzy from head-shaking, at this point, over Walt's experiment in the feature length, all-color production of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." He has spent two years and \$581,822.42 on that experiment, to date. I don't know what Walt squandered that extra forty-two cents for, but I do know that the picture is not yet finished to his complete satisfaction. I know, too, that the

Wise Ones are still shaking their heads, and I wonder what the outcome of all this time and thought and money will be.

Barbara Stanwyck, who has always played glamorous ladies, staked a good deal when she consented to play the role of "Stella Dallas." Everyone remembers Belle Bennett in that role... and comparisons are odious. It isn't a very pretty role, either. But Barbara is a fine actress.

Well, we shall have to wait and see. Meanwhile, there is a deal of anxiety on everyone's part. If Barbara makes good in the role, she may go on to play more and more dramatic roles. She can always go back to being lovely and glamorous...

The young man, Jon Hall, who finds himself entrusted with the leading role in the million dollar production, "Hurricane," is just plain scared stiff. Someone has to remind him about once every half hour that a man named Errol Flynn was entrusted with a similar role about two years ago... and he's doing well, now.

And Boris Karloff wonders whether the public meant it when it seemed to like him in the almost-straight role in "Night Key." "Shall I try a really straight role?" Boris pleads. "D'you think they'll let me change, and like me just as well?"

Just when everyone seems to have gone crazy over mad comedies, someone screens Sidney Kingsley's "Dead End"—as stark and drab a sociological problem picture as you are likely to see in many a moon. And the fate of many people, and many people's pocketbooks, hangs in the balance.

Leslie Howard returns to comedy, Metro threatens to make "The Forsyte Saga" with an all-star cast and... but this story could go on forever. And, with every new experiment, talented, exciting, interested people must tell themselves, "My fate hangs in the balance!"

AS YOU probably know, or where have you been lately, there was a strike going on in Hollywood, not a big strike but a strike. All the studios and theatres were being picketed and at the premiere of "Captains Courageous" at the Carthay Circle some of the pickets went in for a bit of booing and hissing as the movie stars got out of their limousines. It is interesting to note that every movie star was booed (and the dress opening brought out most of the best) except Barbara Stanwyck who arrived with Robert Taylor. One of the press agents got curious and asked a picketer why Stanwyck was not hissed along with the others. "We like Barbara and Bob," he said, "they're swell folks."



George Brent, his bride whose screen name is Constance Worth, and George O'Brien. The Brents eloped, but immediately afterwards Constance had to report for her part in "Windjammer."

Volcanic Hollywood

[Continued from page 19]

your interest in dementia praecox as a subject for drama—the fact remains that a cataclysmic change has occurred in Robert Montgomery's career. I happen to know that he deliberately chose this part of *Danny* in "Night Must Fall," and persuaded his studio to let him play it, in order to prove to his bosses and the public that he was an actor and not just a charm-salesman. I think he proved that point, at any rate; and I hope with the rest of Hollywood that he will be given roles in the future that will make use of those talents which were revealed in his daring excursion into picture pathology.

I have said that I thought I heard a low rumbling sound while watching the activity of Mt. Vesuvius, that time when I was having a drink in Naples. I may be mistaken about that—it was a number of years ago—but I am certain that a low rumbling sound precedes every eruption of the Hollywood volcano. This preliminary rumble is not static; it is the murmur of gossip running from studio to studio, from executive office to executive office, from night club to night club and from smart beauty parlors to the boot-black stands that are permanent institutions on almost every movie lot. Nor is this current of gossip a mere retailing of the personal foibles of the celebrities whose names it mentions. Unlike the gossip of small towns—or of large towns, for that matter—it is not primarily critical, destructive.

For this is the Hollywood grapevine, which I have referred to previously, and its function is chiefly to convey information about coming events and coming players. Exactly how any particular item of information gets started on its course over the grapevine I cannot say. But I do know that such items are amazingly accurate. And amazingly comprehensive. They range in scope from the health of Darryl Zanuck's horse to the fact that a certain great producer, who had paid \$100,000 for a popular novel, protested bitterly when he was asked to read the novel. But on the whole, the grapevine is concerned with the forecast of those events which are most vital to the picture industry:—namely, the creation of new stars and the making of the latest hit pictures.

I haven't the faintest idea how it happens. But suddenly, in the locker room of the club, over a luncheon table at Lucey's or the Vendome, or while getting my hair cut in a barber shop patronized by picture people, I hear a name mentioned. Perhaps it is the name of a picture. Perhaps it is the name of an actor or producer, or director or song-writer or dancer or singer. But subsequently, wherever I go, I hear the same name repeated. Then a few days or weeks or sometimes months later, that picture or that person suddenly dawns on the Hollywood scene as a sensational success. I have seen it happen time and time again.

I asked a friend of mine, a young lady who has spent several years in the executive offices of a major studio, whether she could explain why the Hollywood grapevine was so often correct in its predictions of future events. She said:—"I think it's because, more than any other class of humans on earth, movie people are determined to be right in their judgments of their own industry. They have a horror of being wrong, both because of personal pride and for purely practical reasons. They make it their business to know everything that is going on in every studio in Hollywood, and if any young player shows promise or the rushes of a certain picture look good, they know



NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-S-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



***ODO-RO-NO ICE**
NON-GREASY



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, **FOR** leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

Free

Write — The Stillman Co.
BOOKLET Aurora, Ill., U.S.A. Box 21

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

BACHELOR OF MUSIC

4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dpt. 20-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.

GET
RID
OF
UGLY
HAIR

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY

Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Special offer with Zip Cream Deodorant both for the price of one. Ask your dealer or send 50¢ for this special to Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

it and begin to talk about that player or that picture. This spontaneous comment leaks out over the grapevine, and by the time the picture has reached the screen, or the new personality has been presented to the public, Hollywood has already registered its acclaim. The actor in question finds himself—or herself—in great demand, a new career is launched immediately and there is an eruption of pictures on the type of the one that has made the latest hit. This may or may not be a good thing. But that's the way it is."

Yes, that's the way it is; and that is why I say that Hollywood is not merely a great and gilded gamble. Gambling is a matter of pure chance, while the movie capital makes heroic efforts to eliminate the element of chance and to produce pictures with a reasonable expectancy of success. Such heroic efforts generate an extraordinary energy, which frequently bursts forth in ways that are strange and wonderful, if not colossal. Because of these outbursts of energy I maintain that Hollywood is more of a celluloid Vesuvius than it is the Monte Carlo of the amusement world, which it has been sometimes called.

During the past winter and spring, I heard various rumors of forthcoming successes, both of persons and pictures, which have since proved to be justified. The successes of Sonja Heine, of young Tyrone Power, of James Stewart, of Carolé Lombard as a light comedienne, of Errol Flynn as an authentically romantic hero—all these and various others whose names and achievements are now familiar to millions, were first whispered over the grapevine to those of us who happened to be in a position to hear them. Then the volcano erupted, and suddenly these whispers became headlines.

Take the case of "Wake Up and Live." When it was first announced in the papers that Darryl Zanuck was going to make a picture featuring the "feud" between Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, Hollywood was properly skeptical. Bernie was a well-known and popular orchestra leader who said "Yowz-suh!" and smoked a dominant black cigar. Winchell was a famous newspaperman. But neither of them was necessarily a picture personality. The general feeling was that Zanuck would make them accessories after the fact: the fact being that he had a good story and some experienced actors, including Jack Haley and Alice Faye, to bear the burden of his opera.

Then when the picture had been in production for a short time, the advance rumblings began. It was whispered around Hollywood that Bernie was really amusing and that Winchell had proved to be a surprisingly effective actor on the screen. The picture itself was labeled a hit before it ever reached the cutting room.

It was a hit. Bernie was amusing; and Walter Winchell was definitely a success in his role. His performance was first-rate. Incidentally, it was the first time that I have seen the role of a reporter played properly on the screen. For which, I hereby offer an ex-newspaperman's thanks.

But that is past history. What are the wild wave-lengths of the Hollywood grapevine saying now? Well, they are saying at the moment that the new Claudette Colbert picture, which you probably will have seen by the time you read this, is one of the most amusing-comedies of this comedy era. Miss Colbert and Melvyn Douglas are mutually charming, or in the Hollywood phrase they are terrific. I haven't yet seen "I Met Him In Paris," but I did see Mel Douglas at the tennis club the other day. I asked him how the picture had turned out. "I think it's pretty good. It's an amusing story," said young Mr. Douglas, and turned his attention to the serious business of practicing his back-hand. But I gathered that the rumors were correct and that the

picture was good; for young Mr. Douglas, who is definitely on his way to stardom, is not one to be even mildly enthusiastic over a slice of turkey.

Now heaven defend me from the hazards of making prophecies! But as one who lives in close proximity to the Hollywood volcano, I feel that I may legitimately report a few of the careers which are currently simmering in its crater. I would start with the Mauch twins, except that "The Prince and The Pauper" has already become a nation-wide hit and the Mauch twins are definitely famous. I was told months ago by an executive of Warner Brothers that they would be; and now they are, and the Mauch twins are no longer news—except for the fact that the studio is having a headache trying to find a new story for them.

There is a lovely blonde girl at RKO—Radio studios who is headed for stardom, according to the whispers of the grapevine. Her name is Joan Fontaine, and she was discovered playing a part in a stage play in a Hollywood theatre less than a year ago. Jesse Lasky discovered her, and at present she is playing opposite Preston Foster in a picture called "You Can't Beat Love." Well, you can't beat youth and beauty and talent, and rumor has it that Miss Fontaine possesses all three. I trust the rumor is true. Harriet Hilliard is another RKO player who seems destined for big things. You will remember her for the torch-song she sang in "Follow The Fleet," by means of which she appropriated an entire scene to herself in the Astaire-Rogers musical. Her employers feel that Miss Hilliard, who is the wife of Ozzie Nelson, the orchestra leader, will shortly become a star in her own right.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has as prospective star material Della Lind, blonde Viennese singer, Ariane Borg, French actress who made her American screen debut in "Camille" with Garbo and Robert Taylor, and young Judy Garland, who will be seen in "Broadway Melody."

Sam Goldwyn, who is perhaps the most consistent star-maker in Hollywood, has under contract at this time a number of players whom I have heard he expects to develop into screen celebrities. (And what Sam expects to do he usually does.) Among them are Sigrid Gurie, who will make her debut in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," and Zorina, lovely young Norwegian whom Goldwyn recruited from the Ballet Russe and who will appear in the forthcoming "Goldwyn Follies." Then there is Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera star, who will also be seen and heard in the Follies.

Other names that I have heard mentioned as candidates for sudden fame are Wayne Morris, of Warner Brothers, whose work in "Kid Galahad" has already gained Hollywood's enthusiastic approval; Charles Quigley, Allen Brook and Luli Deste, of Columbia Studios; George Sanders, Tony Martin and Gypsy Rose Lee, of Twentieth Century-Fox; Dorothy Lamour and Johnny Downs, of Paramount; and John King, Noah Beery, Jr., Jean Rogers and Barbara Read, of Universal.

There are others, of course; but these are names that I find recurring with significant frequency in the film capital's conversational exchanges. It will be interesting to see which of them will be tossed up by the next eruption of the ever-active Hollywood volcano, which, whether it creates or destroys, always acts with dramatic suddenness.

And speaking of suddenness, my 'phone rang a moment ago and the voice of my agent asked me for heaven's sake did I have a story for a certain male star? Because it seemed that this star, who draws a tremendous salary, had reported for work at his studio and the studio had no story for him to go to work on, or in, or with. So

I said no, I had no such story, but I would think of one and write a synopsis of it by nightfall.

Which just goes to show how a calm and peace-loving temperament like mine can go to pieces under the pressure of this volcanic Hollywood atmosphere.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 33]

agree and he turns to Joe: "You're fired." "Give him another chance," Lorraine pleads.

"What else can he do?" Brady queries. "I'll ask him," Parky puts in briskly, and turns to Joe again: "What else can you do?"

"Anything," Joe admits humbly. "He says he can do anything," Parky informs Brady, and then demands of Joe: "Can you saw a woman in half?"

"Yes," says Joe—"only I can't put her together again."

"That makes it more original," Parky encourages him.

"Forget it," Brady advises. "Can you act?" "Sure," Joe brags.

"Don't you believe him!" Parky yells, feeling that maybe Joe is carrying things to extremes.

"All right," Brady concedes, ignoring Parky. "Try this little scene. Take your hat and walk slowly towards that door"—pointing to a door marked "Exit"—"and when you reach it, turn the knob, open the door and close it behind you."

"What do I do then?" Joe asks. "Just keep walking," Brady suggests.

"Cut!" calls the director and I think it's about time.

"Do you know Dick Mook?" my guide asks Harriet Hilliard accusingly when the scene is finished.

"I'm afraid not," Harriet smiles as she extends her hand.

"Don't rub it in, please," I beg her. And, folks, leave me state here and now—right out in public—that Miss Hilliard is a honey in any man's language. Such a honey the indicator that reflects the state of my heart is palpitating like a seismograph in an earthquake.

"Well, you've seen everything over here now," my guide begins.

"I'll say I have!" I yell as I reluctantly make my way through their back gate to—



"Topper," a smart comedy, with Roland Young and Constance Bennett arguing it out on the dance floor.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE

Only about
3 out of 10 women ever find
their lucky shade of
face powder...
This is your chance!

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for you! It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"

A
thrilling
surprise for
every
woman

a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

—a more glamorous "you."

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

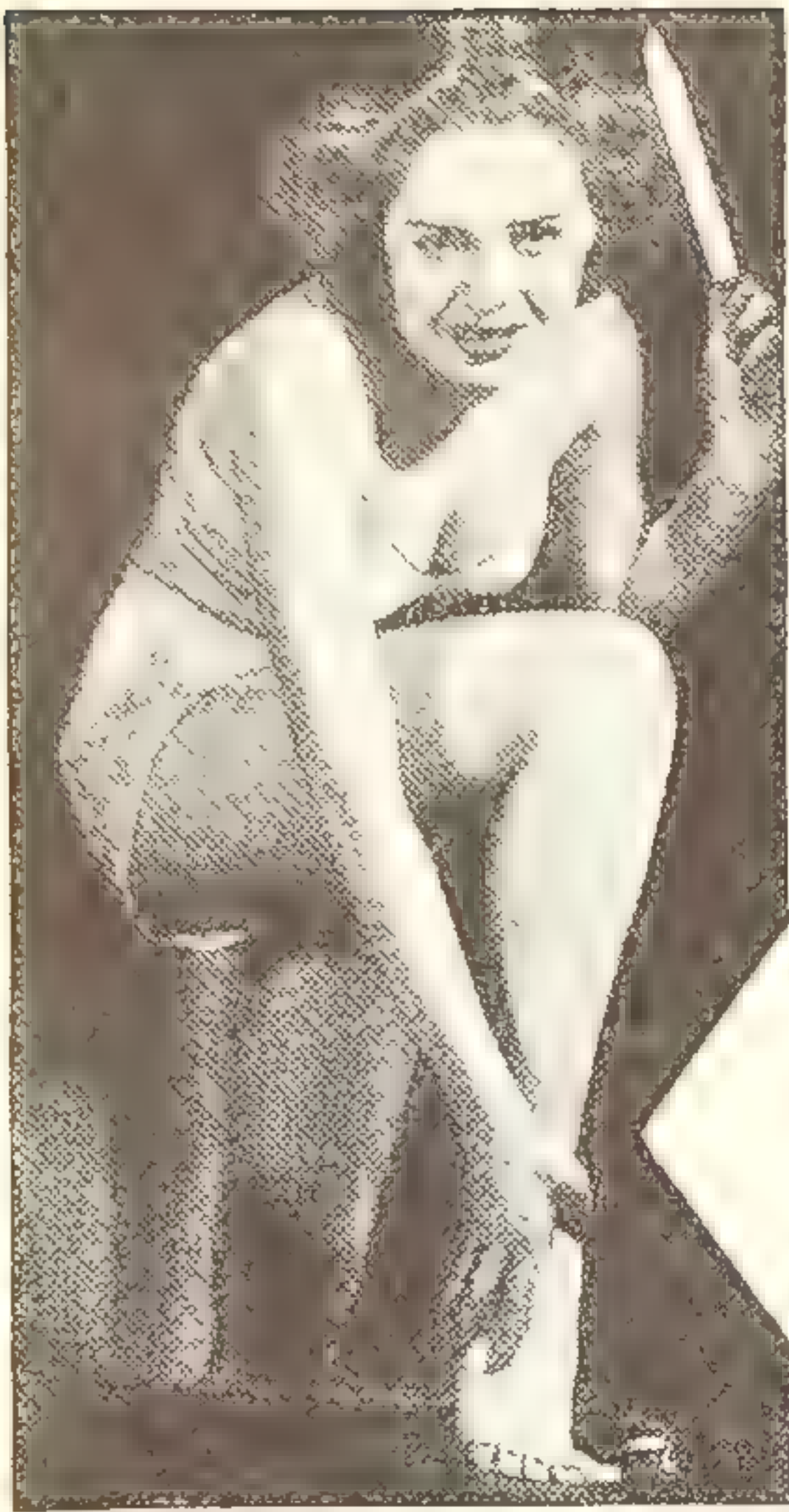
Try, not one or two shades, but all ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



**DROP
THAT
KNIFE!**

**CORNS COME
BACK BIGGER-
UGLIER**

UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL

Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use, Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. J-1, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



PHOTOGRAPHY

offers you big opportunities

Get into this profitable field! Cash in on the growing demand for expert photographers! Enjoy a fascinating, profitable career. We give you individual, practical training that will qualify you as an expert in Commercial, News, Portrait, Advertising or Motion Picture photography. Personal Attendance or Home Study courses. 27th year. Write for Free booklet. New York Institute of Photography 10 West 33 St. (Dept. 64) New York

STORIES WANTED

for immediate consideration. Short shorts, short stories, novelettes, articles, book lengths, plays, scenarios, and poems edited, criticized, revised and submitted to markets. 2,000 magazine editors, 300 book publishers, 100 syndicates and over 1,000 incidental markets are buying 30,000 to 50,000 stories, articles and features every month. YOU, too, can sell your stories to this vast market through us. No books or courses to sell. Send your manuscripts today for free examination and report. CENTRAL AGENCY, Belle Plaine, Kansas.

PILES DON'T SUFFER Needlessly, Try This Treatment FREE

No matter what your age or occupation, if you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 520-B2, Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



Personal to Fat Girls!— Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat — then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.



Roy Atwill, Walter Catlett, Dick Powell and Ted Healy in "Varsity Show," a swiny song and dance picture.

Paramount

FIVE big pictures shooting over here this month—"Double or Nothing" starring Bing Crosby (and about which I'll tell you next month), "Exclusive" with Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer, "The Last Train from Madrid" with Lew Ayres, Gilbert Roland and Karen Morley, "Easy Living" with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland and "Artists and Models" with Richard Arlen, Jack Benny, Gail Patrick and Ida Lupino.

The latter is a very pretentious musical, although no one seems to know exactly what it's about. The scene I watch is the very last one in the picture—the annual Beaux Arts Ball in New York—for artists and models. The set itself is just like any elaborate night club, with balconies, etc. In fact, it looks suspiciously like the hotel cafe that was used in "Mountain Music." The only difference is that in the latter picture you'd notice the set. In this one you won't. And I'll tell you why. Because you have never seen so many nor such beautiful girls at one time in your life. Most of the people are in fancy dress costume and I can't wait until Mr. Benny's dear public gets a load of him as *Romeo*. Well, shucks, Jack, I'd play *Romeo* to Gail Patrick's *Juliet* every day in the year—if I had a chance.

I disremember exactly who Mr. Arlen is supposed to be but he, too, is a vision in his pale blue satin knee breeches; a tricorne hat trimmed in maribou, his blue satin jacket with a flaring skirt to it, a lace jabot at his throat and a white wig on his head. He is something all who see him will long remember—and that costume is something Dick will long remember. I mean to say he really takes a ribbing from all his friends around the studio.

It's hard to say which is the more beautiful—Gail or Ida Lupino. Lupy could accurately be described as a "dream come true."

As if all this were not enough, there is a ramp leading from the ballroom down to the never-never-land. There is a balustrade on each side, with columns at regular intervals. Atop each column stands a girl. And each and every one of those girls would cause a guy to leave home and mother.

"When the music starts playing, you folks start jigging and sort of sachey down the ramp and the chorus will follow you," the director, Raoul Walsh, instructs the principals.

"I can't dance," Dick objects. "Don't you

remember the song and dance I did in 'College Humor'?"

"Yes," says the director grimly, "but you'll jiggle."

So the procession starts with *Romeo* Benny, Gail, Ida and Dick jigging away for dear life and the extras cheering and following them. 'Tis a gala affair. And the girls are all so friendly, too.

Reluctantly I leave it and proceed to "Exclusive."

The scene here is a newspaper office. This is almost the last scene in this picture, too. Lloyd Nolan is the city gangster. As Charles Ruggles and his daughter, Frances Farmer, are rushing back to town from a strike she (a girl reporter) has been covering, with enough evidence to indict Nolan, he orders some of his henchman to bump them off. Ruggles is mortally wounded but manages to reach the newspaper office and hand the "papers" over to Fred MacMurray.

"Hold everything!" Ruggles gasps. "Stop those presses. I've got the biggest story that ever hit this town! And boys, it's exclusive."

"I thought we fired him," William Mansell murmurs.

"He's drunk again," Harlan Briggs suggests.

"He's not drunk!" Frances interjects indignantly. "It's true. Listen, won't you?"

"Those elevators," Ruggles gasps again. "The Franklyn store. Here it is. A signed confess— (as he speaks he pulls Horace MacMahon's confession from his pocket. It is crumpled and bloody. So is his hand. As he puts the paper on the desk he wilts and collapses in a heap on the floor at Fred MacMurray's feet.

"Ralph!" Frances ejaculates to Fred. "They shot him." She sinks at her father's side.

"Shot him? Who?" Fred demands.

"Gillett's (Nolan's) thugs," she answers. "They tried to stop us."

"Get a doctor—quick!" Fred orders.

"No doctor," Ruggles murmurs, opening his eyes. "Take a death notice—somebody." He closes his eyes. He's dead.

"Pop!" Frances sobs as she huddles over his body. Fred straightens up grimly.

"He's dead, gang," Fred announces. "They've killed him. And do you know why? Because he got a story that'll send Gillette (Nolan) to the chair! Gillette! Do you hear? Your new boss— (I forgot to tell you Nolan has just bought the paper they're working for.)

"Easy, Houston," Briggs advises. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"I don't, don't I?" Fred shouts, shoving the confession under his nose. "Beak McArdle (Horace MacMahon) admits he greased those elevator cables on Gillette's orders. (to the others) Well, men, we're working for a murderer now. What are you going to do about it? I know what I want to do. Edit his paper for him tonight for the first and last time." He turns to one of the men, "I'm asking you to get out a yellow sheet tonight. You dig out everything we've got in the morgue on Banker Robinson. Write the truth on why he left the state—why he had to leave!"

The man doesn't budge but compresses his lips defiantly. Fred wheels on the man next to him. "You give me a column and a half on the society mob that's really running the numbers racket in this burg!" This man is grim but impassive. "What are you waiting for?" Fred shouts wildly. "Give 'em news. Give 'em facts! Give 'em scandal! We'll wreck this paper. We'll wreck this town!"

"No you won't," Frances says slowly and sincerely, as she rises from her father's body. "That's not what my father died for. You'll be what you've taught me to be—what you've always been yourself—a decent newspaper man."

During a taut second the two fight for mastery.

"She's right, Houston," Lee Bowman says. "The police will take care of Gillette."

"No!" Fred maintains stoutly. "He's beat the police too often. We're going to rub him out with his own newspaper! Are you with me?"

Personally I don't care much for the way Fred reads that last line. There's no punch to it. But maybe he belongs to the repressed school of acting.

Having worn out my welcome at Paramount I start for—

20th Century-Fox

FOUR pictures going here, too: "Lancer Spy" which Gregory Ratoff is directing and which you'll read about next month, "Thin Ice" starring Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, "Wild and Woolly" starring Jane Withers and "You Can't Have Everything" with Charles Winninger and Alice Faye.

On the "Thin Ice" set, Sonja isn't working. But Tyrone is standing there in a dressing gown talking to his valet, Arthur Treacher, who is dressed for the street.

"Your Highness," Treacher begins and pauses dramatically. "I have had the honor to be with you since the day you were born. I held your hand when you began to walk. I led your pony the first time you sat in a saddle. I have served your Highness loyally for twenty-five years." He sighs forlornly. "And to think it should all come to an end in the Village Inn at St. Christopher!"

"Why, Nottingham," Tyrone exclaims. "What have I done?"

"Your Highness doesn't trust me any longer. You don't confide in me any more?"

"What on earth gave you that idea?" Tyrone queries.

"Your Highness told me you moved here to ski. And now—I've learned the real reason."

"The real reason?" Tyrone puzzles. And what is that?"

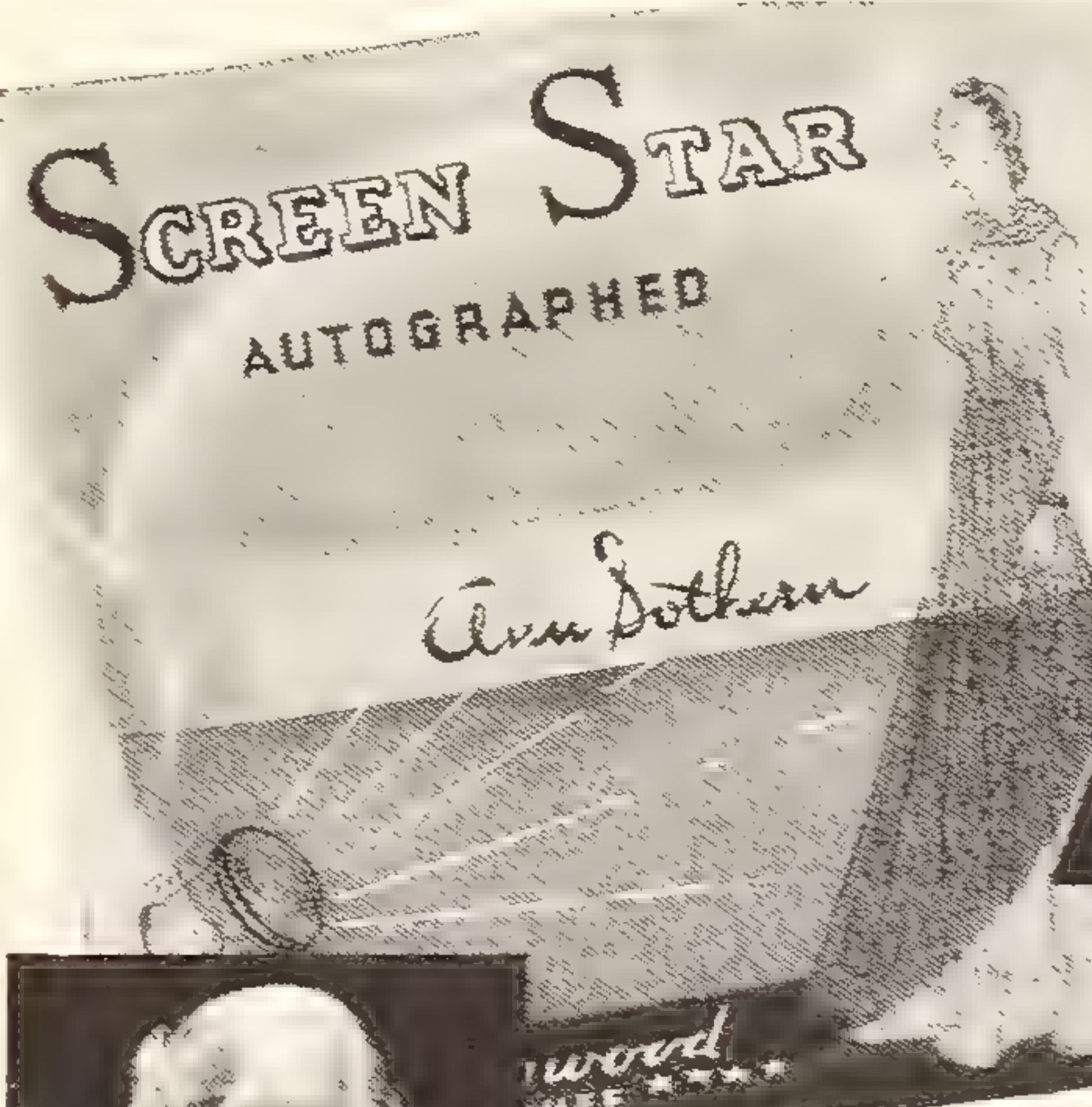
"That—that young person, sir," Art answers reluctantly. "The ice skater, sir."

"Oh!" Tyrone breathes in amazement. "Who told you that?"

"The whole town is talking about nothing else, sir," Treacher says sadly. "Only I did not know. And may I add, sir," dropping his head, "it was very humiliating."

"I can't understand it," Tyrone specu-

ORIEN HEYWARD —NOTED BEAUTY MODEL—NOW A B. P. SCHULBERG STAR IN HOLLYWOOD



HOLLYWOOD'S
FAVORITE POWDER PUFF
Autographed
FOR YOU



JOAN BENNETT
Walter Wanger—
United Artists Star



ANN SOTHERN
R K O Star



JOAN MARSH
Paramount Star

ON HOLLYWOOD dressing tables—where only the finest beauty aids are chosen—you'll find these dainty Screen Star Powder Puffs. They're soft as down, with extra-long silken velour fibres to hold your powder where it belongs—on top. That's why make-up goes on so easily, and so evenly. Look for the autograph of your favorite star on the ribbon. At leading chain stores 5c

FREE A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappers from Screen Stars Powder Puffs. Don't wait—act now!

SCREEN STARS
Powder Puffs



GAIL PATRICK
In Paramount Picture,
"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD
M-G-M Star



IDA LUPINO
Paramount Star

SECURITY



1 SCRAPES
2 BURNS
3 IRRITATIONS

THE simplest skin injuries and irritations so often result seriously. Don't take chances—keep Resinol Ointment and Soap on hand and feel sure of quick, satisfying relief.

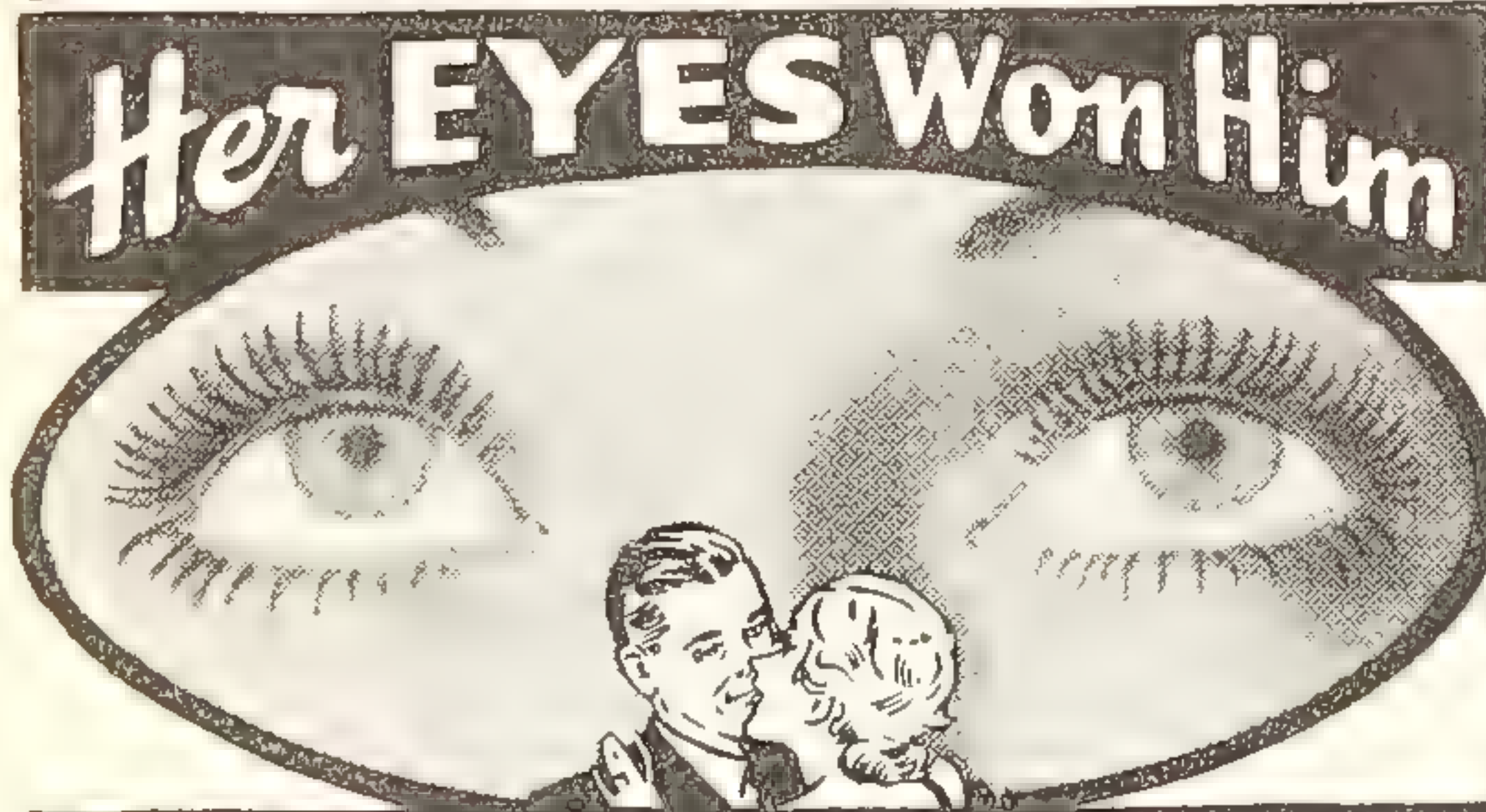
Resinol Soap—so favored for the toilet and bath—is particularly suited to cleansing sore, scraped or broken-out skin. And Resinol Ointment soothes the burning soreness in minutes, as its special medication hastens healing. An effective home treatment for over 40 years. At all drug-gists. Sample free, Resinol, Balto., Md.

Tested and Approved
103
Good Housekeeping
Bureau

Resinol

Ointment and Soap

Her EYES Won Him



CLEAR..MILKY WHITE..LUSTROUS

THOUSANDS CLEAR EYES..In Seconds..New Easy Way

WHEN eyes are dull, reddened or prominently veined by late hours, fatigue, exposure—thousands of girls now make them clear and sparkling in seconds. With new scientific EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! So soothing, refreshing, Stainless. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store... also 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved
103
Good Housekeeping
Bureau

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS

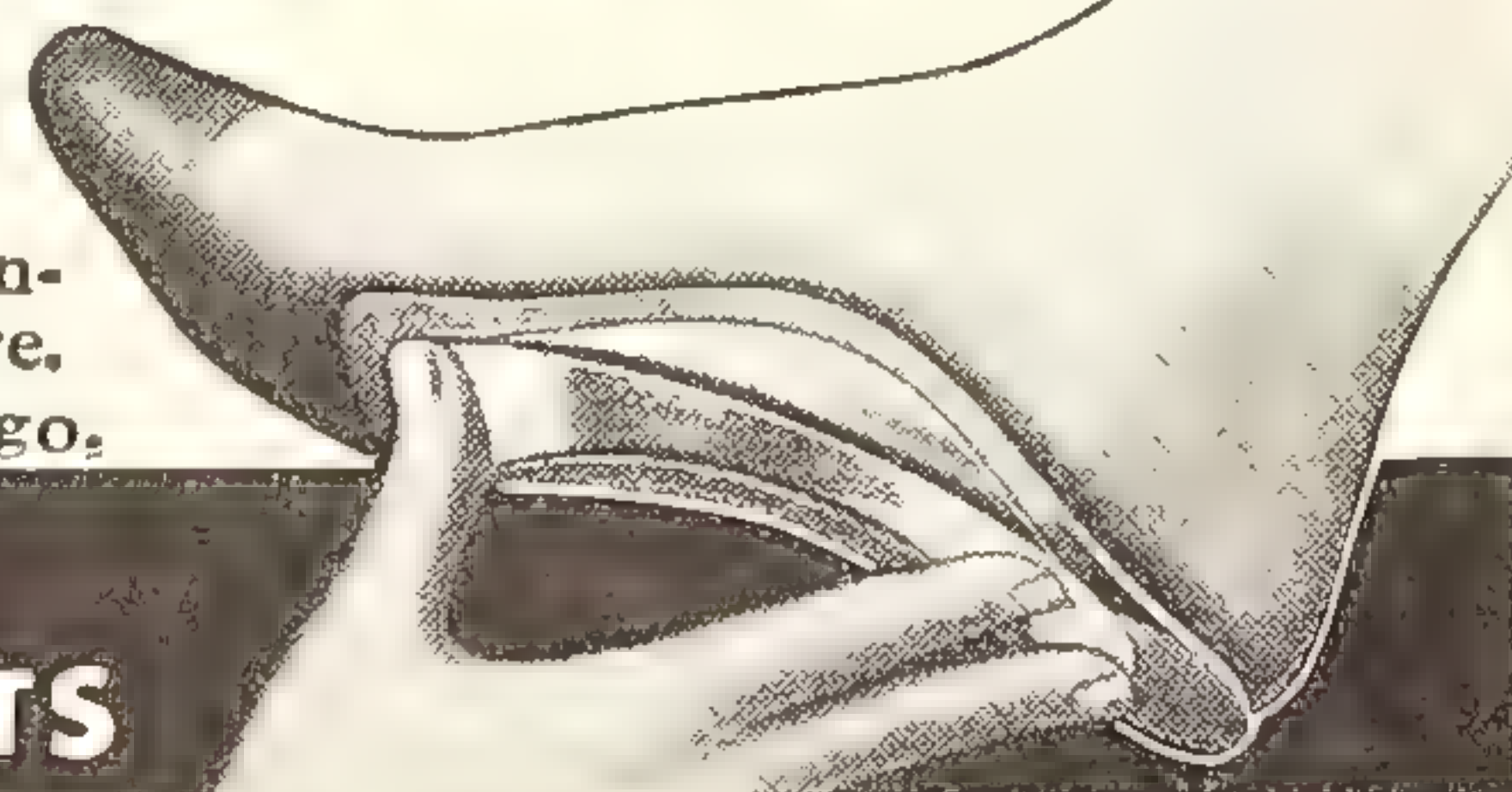
For Immediate Consideration
Send Poems to
Columbian Music Publishers
Dept. 13B, Toronto, Can.

FOOT AND LEG PAINS?

Rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, tired, aching feet, sore heels, callouses on soles—all are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give immediate relief by removing muscular and ligamentous strain—the cause of your pain. They are molded to your feet and soon restore the arches to normal. Can be changed one pair shoes to another. Expertly fitted at leading Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. For FREE foot booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 285, Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble



lates. "I was sure no one saw us together."

"No one could fail to recognize your Highness' car when you took her home last night," Treacher explains.

"I took her home last night?" Mr. Highness Power repeats. "Why, that's absurd!"

"Your Highness still won't confide in me," Treacher moans, hurt to the quick.

"But I'm telling you," Tyrone persists patiently; "I never left this room last night. I gave the chauffeur the night off."

"Then this whole thing is a monstrous plot!" Art ejaculates in shocked surprise. "Why, everyone believes the story about you and that young lady. We must deny it at once."

"Deny it?" Tyrone laughs. "What do you want to do, Nottingham—ruin my reputation?"

It's getting so late I haven't even time to say "Hello" to Tyrone and Arthur. And, anyhow, Director Lanfield, as usual, is in a fine temper. One of these days retribution is going to overtake him and he won't get a hit picture just when his option falls due. Then we'll see.

The atmosphere is very different on the "Wild and Woolly" set, which Alfred Werker is directing.

"Hi, Mookie," he calls out genially as I approach, and then has to spoil everything. "How's your bridge game these nights?" he asks in mock solicitude. He knows darned well how it is. Half my earnings every month go to him or his wife.

Be that as it may, Jane Withers lives with her grandfather, Walter Brennan. Walter is practicing up on his pistol work, preparatory to a duel. Jane is holding a twig and he's shooting the leaves off. Robert Wilcox is standing there, watching in amazement.

"Guess I'm kinda outa practice," Walt grunts. "Got a mite of that stem last time, didn't I, Arnie?"

"He can do better when he isn't riled," Jane explains to Wilcox.

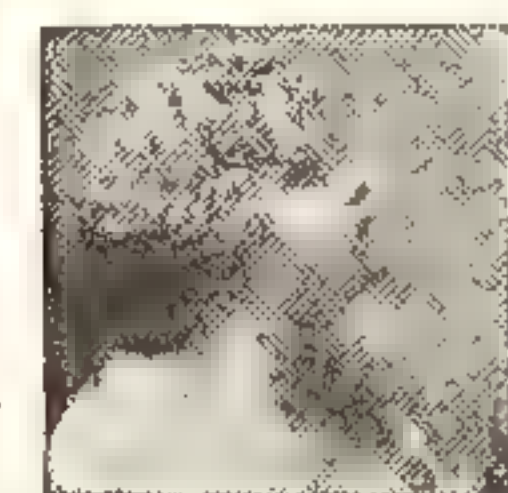
"That would be put down as amatoouer shootin' by old time men, son," Brennan goes on. "Now, when I was banditin' around these parts..."

"You mean, hunting bandits?" Wilcox asks.

"Nope. I mean when I wuz a bandit." "But I thought you were a sheriff," Bob objects.

"I wuz—later. They got me cornered oncet and I had to take my choice betwixt the rope er the badge."

"Gramp fooled 'em," Jane explains proudly. "He took the badge." She gazes off down the street and an expression of dismay creeps over her face. Determinedly striding towards them is Pauline Moore, the school teacher. Jane has been playing hookey.



Too Thin? UNDEVELOPED?

GAIN 15 LBS. DEVELOP 3 IN.

Wonderful new method really reaches basic trouble, starting development. Vitalizing, concentrated food powder completes results. Amazing results! Beautiful flesh, complete development. Guaranteed. Testimonials arriving every day. You need be undeveloped no longer. Write: The Star Developing System, Iron Mountain, Mich.

Be sure to enclose the stamp

"Cut!" calls Al. "Let's try it again."

But Jane is muttering and mumbling to herself. "What are you muttering about, Jane?" her mother asks.

"I didn't get any recess yesterday," Jane replies, "and I'm counting up to see how much time I should have to myself today!"

Poor trusting Jane. She hasn't yet learned that a recess missed is a recess lost.

The last picture on this lot is "You Can't Have Everything." Alice Faye looking very, very beautiful is in a gray tailored coat suit in Charles Winninger's office. She is sitting in a chair coolly watching him as he strides up and down excitedly. Finally she looks at her wrist watch and gets up.

"Now, come on," Charlie pleads dejectedly. "You're not going to let us down, are you?"

But Alice merely walks to the door without answering.

"Okay," Charlie gives in resignedly. "I'll take you back to your Y.W.C.A."

"I'm not going to the Y.W.C.A." Alice announces determinedly.

Could it be that she's going to do what Winninger asked and rescue Don Ameche from the toils of Gypsy Rose Lee—the world's greatest strip tease dancer.

At that, I daresay Alice could give her some keen competition. Speculating on this pleasant possibility, my spirits soar as I suddenly realize there is only—

Warner Brothers

left to cover.

But my spirits slump when I arrive at this studio and realize there are also four pictures shooting here.

None of the principals are working in "Gentleman After Midnight" starring Leslie Howard, Bette Davis and Olivia deHavilland, with Eric Blore, Spring Byington and Patric Knowles thrown in for good measure, so that's another one you'll learn about next month.

"First Lady" stars Kay Francis and Preston Foster.

"This girl is a regular *Dulcy*," Kay explains. "She gabs, gabs, gabs, butts into everybody's business but she finally helps her husband out of a jam."

"They've got me juggling teacups in this scene, for pete's sake," Pres expostulates.

"Come on, talent," the director invites so Pres and Kay take their places.

"Stephen, darling—," Kay begins patting Preston's cheek.

"Well?" he murmurs. "All ready for the great invasion—which, incidentally, has already started?"

"Let 'em wait," Kay coos. "You look tired, darling. That miserable State Department is wearing you out. What was it—those French and English again?"

"Oh, it's not as bad as all that," he consoles her.

"But it is," she insists. "They began phoning you at six o'clock this morning. And it was the same yesterday."

"Well, that can't be helped," he philosophizes. "Don't forget when it's six o'clock in Washington it's already eleven in London. You can't blame the British for the change in time."

"Well, let them stay up later or something," is Kay's helpful suggestion. "Why does it always have to be you?"

"Before I forget it," Kay remembers after a moment, "I think I have a new Senator for you. You've got to be very nice to him. Tell him you heard he made a good speech this afternoon."

"Did he?" Pres asks.

"Wonderful. I practically wrote it," she admits.

"Now, darling," he remonstrates, "I do wish you'd give up ghost-writing for Senators. You know it *always* gets you into trouble."



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

IRRIGATION... is the modern method of TRUE FEMININE HYGIENE

The EDSON DILATING IRRIGATOR

(Two way flow)



At last, scientific research has produced the **EDSON**, based on the principle employed in medical institutions — Internal Irrigation. 34 separate spraying jets produce a steady **IN** and **OUT** flow, assuring thorough **INTERNAL** cleanliness. Anatomically correct, and hygienically perfect and safe, this modern method assures freedom from ordinary inflammation and bacteria. Simple and easy to use — attach it to any fountain syringe or bulb. Quality and performance guaranteed or money refunded. Send \$2 with this ad and your name and address to **EDSON PRODUCTS, 2133 R. C. A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City.** (We pay parcel post.)

(P.S. Opportunity for refined representatives.) **

MAKE MONEY AT HOME! Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements. **NATIONAL ART SCHOOL** 3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 443C Chicago

WHY BE THE FORGOTTEN GIRL? PUT ON YOUR "PARTY FACE" and get going!

Miss Ritz no longer has a monopoly on peaches and cream. Party Face is now sold at a price every girl can afford. This magic lotion, used in place of powder or as a powder base, closes large pores, hides blemishes, tightens sagging lines, wipes out wrinkles. Absolutely harmless. Money-back guarantee.

MAIL COUPON

Party Face Co., Dept. B-1, 381 4th Ave., New York City Please send postpaid one full-size bottle Party Face for (blond, brunette)....., for which I enclose \$1.00 payment in full.

Name.....
Street & No.....
City & State.....

"But you *can't* let Senators write their own speeches!" she cries incredulously.

When the scene is over Kay turns to me triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?" But just then the director calls for another take. "I never get to see you," Kay flatters me. "You'd better drop by the house some afternoon for a cocktail and then we can talk."

Will I???

Next, there's "Varsity Show" starring Dick Powell.

In this scene he and the one and only Ted Healy have cornered Walter Catlett who is staging the college show. Mr. Catlett is as funny as they come—when the director holds him down—and he's evidently being held this time.

Dick has been tactfully trying to suggest some changes that will improve the God-awful concoction Catlett has cooked up, but he'll have none of it. Mr. Healy is not quite so tactful. He believes in getting to the point so Dick finally has to explain to Catlett, "some of the students asked me to drop down for a while and assist you with the show."

"Assist him!" Ted ejaculates scornfully, pointing to the hapless Walter.

"I have all the assistance I need," Catlett retorts coldly. "Professor Blount is helping me with the humor, Professor Washburn (indicating Roy Atwill) with the dances and Mr. Mason (Fred Waring) with the music. I find them entirely adequate, so you see I won't need your assistance."

"Take off them glasses," Healy snarls threateningly as he advances on Mr. Catlett, but Dick holds him back.

"There seems to have been some misunderstanding," Dick admits.

"Indeed there has," Walter agrees and turns to the cast. "I thought I had made it clear that I am in sole charge of this production. When I desire outside assistance, I will call for it." He turns to Dick and Ted. "I'm glad I ran into you," he adds with cold politeness.

"Glad I ran into you," Ted offers, and adds, "Too bad I wasn't in an automobile."

The last picture shooting here is "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air." Kenny Baker, Jane Wyman, Alice Brady, Frank McHugh, Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Michael have the leads in this.

I can't find out what the story is about but there is a room full of people in Alice's sitting room (and it looks suspiciously like the living room of Robert Montgomery in "Ever Since Eve"). Suddenly Alice comes down a couple of steps from the dining room, raises her arms and in clarion tones that you could hear from one end of the lot to the other, calls, "Quiet, please! Qui-et! Mr. Dodd is going to favor us with a few selections. Come on, Mr. Dodd (turning back towards the dining room). Where are you, Mr. Dodd?"

"Mr. Dodd, in the person of Kenny Baker, appears. Alice takes him by the hand and leads him over to a small platform facing the crowd.

Alice is still screaming for "Quiet, please—a few manners." Kenny turns to the orchestra. "Drag that thing over here, closer," he snarls at the piano player.

This is a Mervyn LeRoy production, being directed by Al Green. There are no two people in Hollywood with keener senses of humor than these two and with Alice to help them out with their nonsense, this ought to be a regular wow!

But wow or not, I am practically out on my feet so you'll excuse it, please, if I simply murmur "Goodnight all" and leave you to your own devices.



THE Lure OF Lustrous Hair

History is crowded with conquests by women who were famous for their fascinating hair. It is easy to have hair that invites romance — by using Colorinse, a pure, harmless rinse that brings out the natural sheen and highlights of your particular coloring. Try it and you'll be amazed at the new glint and sparkle Colorinse brings to your hair. In 12 shades. See the Nestle Color Chart at Toilet Goods counters.



SO SIMPLE TO USE

Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.



10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores . . . 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

SONG POEMS

Wanted At Once! Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic. Don't delay—send best poem today for our offer.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Learn How to GET RID OF HAIR from FACE, LEGS, BODY FOREVER!

Send for this FREE BOOK



YOU can be rid of embarrassing hair forever by new home treatment. Absolutely safe and permanent. No regrowth, no chemicals, no tweezing or friction. Screen stars have spent fortunes on this formerly expensive method. Now available to YOU at home at low cost! Have the smooth, lovely skin that men admire! Claim your right to Romance! Only method approved by medical opinion. Test it at our expense! Mail coupon today for FREE illustrated booklet and details of trial offer!

BEAUTIDERM CO., Dept. 148, 1451 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Send FREE booklet "The Secret of Permanent Hair Removal" and details of 30-day FREE trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....

The Final Thing

LAUGHTER ahead! W. C. Fields, who has been ill for so many months, has now completely recovered and will presently begin work in Paramount's big musical picture, "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Bill's popularity has never waned and his Sunday night broadcasts have brought millions of his rooters back into the ring.

MORE and more romantic! Fred Perry's wife, Helen Vinson, was quite certain that she had the ideal husband. She was receiving flowers daily and life grew brighter and brighter until she found they were a build up from a local horticulturist looking for an order.

WHEN Gladys Swarthout returns from Europe she will start work on a very appropriate picture titled "The Yellow Nightingale."

MARLENE DIETRICH, so the rumor goes, has a chauffeur named Murphy but she calls him Bridges, because she doesn't believe that Murphy is a nice name for a chauffeur. Marlene is still being escorted to all the openings about town by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

THE most popular song around Hollywood night clubs this month is "Sweet Leilani." The stars make more requests for that than any other song.

ARTHUR TREACHER thinks he is the best reason in the world to stage a one-man sitdown strike. As the screen's ace gentleman's gentleman, the dolichocephalic (bet you don't know what that means) Englishman servilely stood or walked through all of his nearly one hundred roles. Never having trained for a walkathon he now finds it imperative that he sit down the minute he finishes a take. But Tyrone Power decided he would have a little fun with Mr. Treacher on the "Thin Ice" set one day. Every time Treacher, who had been up late the night before, started to lower his length into a chair, Tyrone would play a phonograph record of "God Save the King." Treacher hastily but wearily stood up. Now he plans to stage a personal sitdown strike.

CORA WITHERSPOON dislikes quiet places. When she and her sister came to Hollywood from New York they were as pleased as any acting folk over being able to have a home at last. So they rented a house in the quietest part of Beverly Hills and went to a lot of trouble to redecorate it. They stayed only one night! It was so quiet Cora couldn't sleep a wink. So they've moved back now to the noisiest hotel in Hollywood and Cora sleeps like a baby.

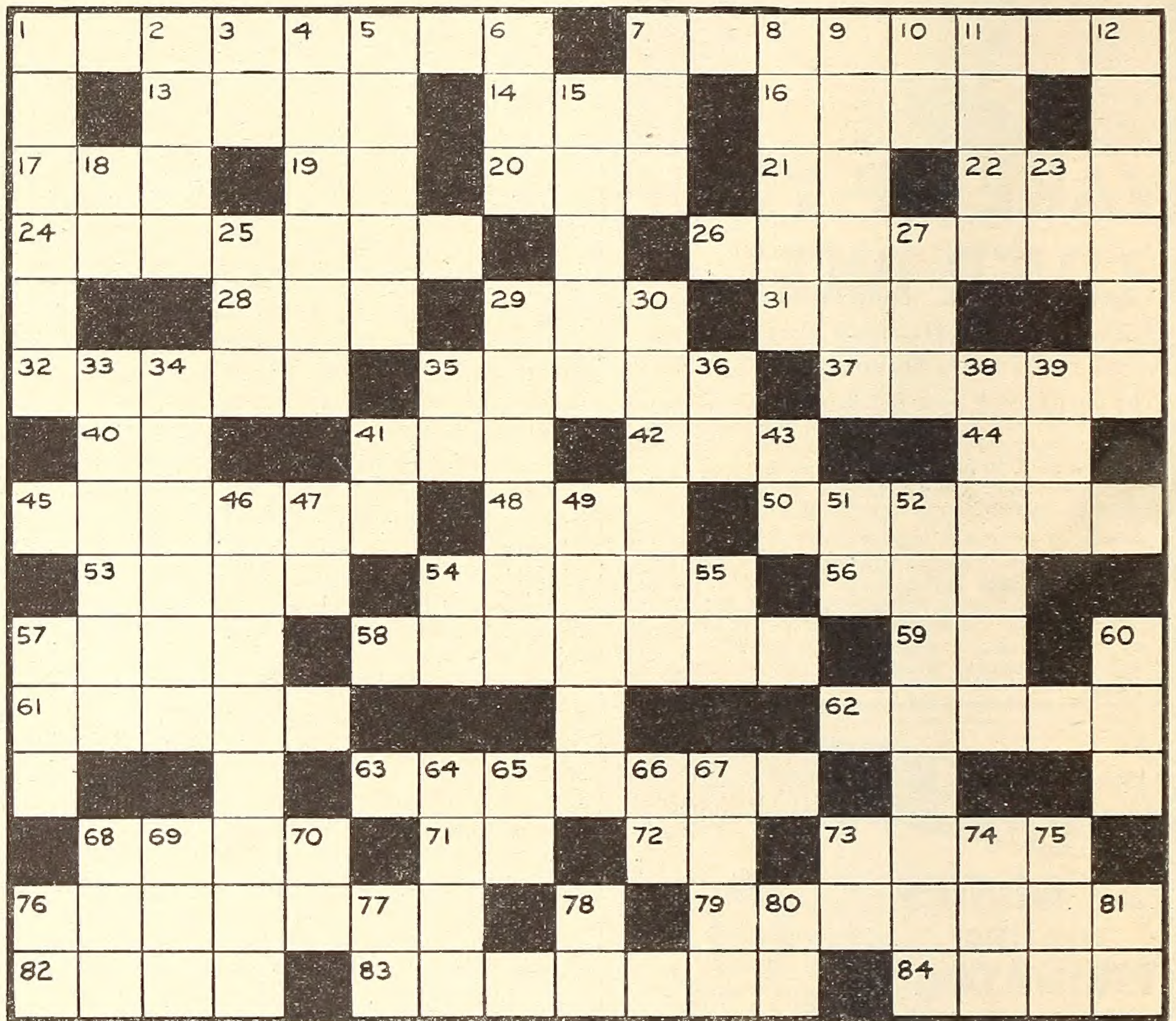
THE files in a motion picture studio are unique. They contain items that can be found in no other filing system in the world. For example, in the M-G-M studio files can be found such notations as "Clark Gable mustache," "Eleanor Powell legs," "Jeanette MacDonald hands" and other seemingly meaningless inscriptions.

The "mustache" file has pictures of almost every actor, wearing a mustache. When a director wants a certain type, he asks for a man with a "Gable mustache" or an "Edmund Lowe mustache," or whatever he needs.

Dave Gould, dance director, has a "legs" file of his own from which he selects dancers with the types of legs he needs in any dance number.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

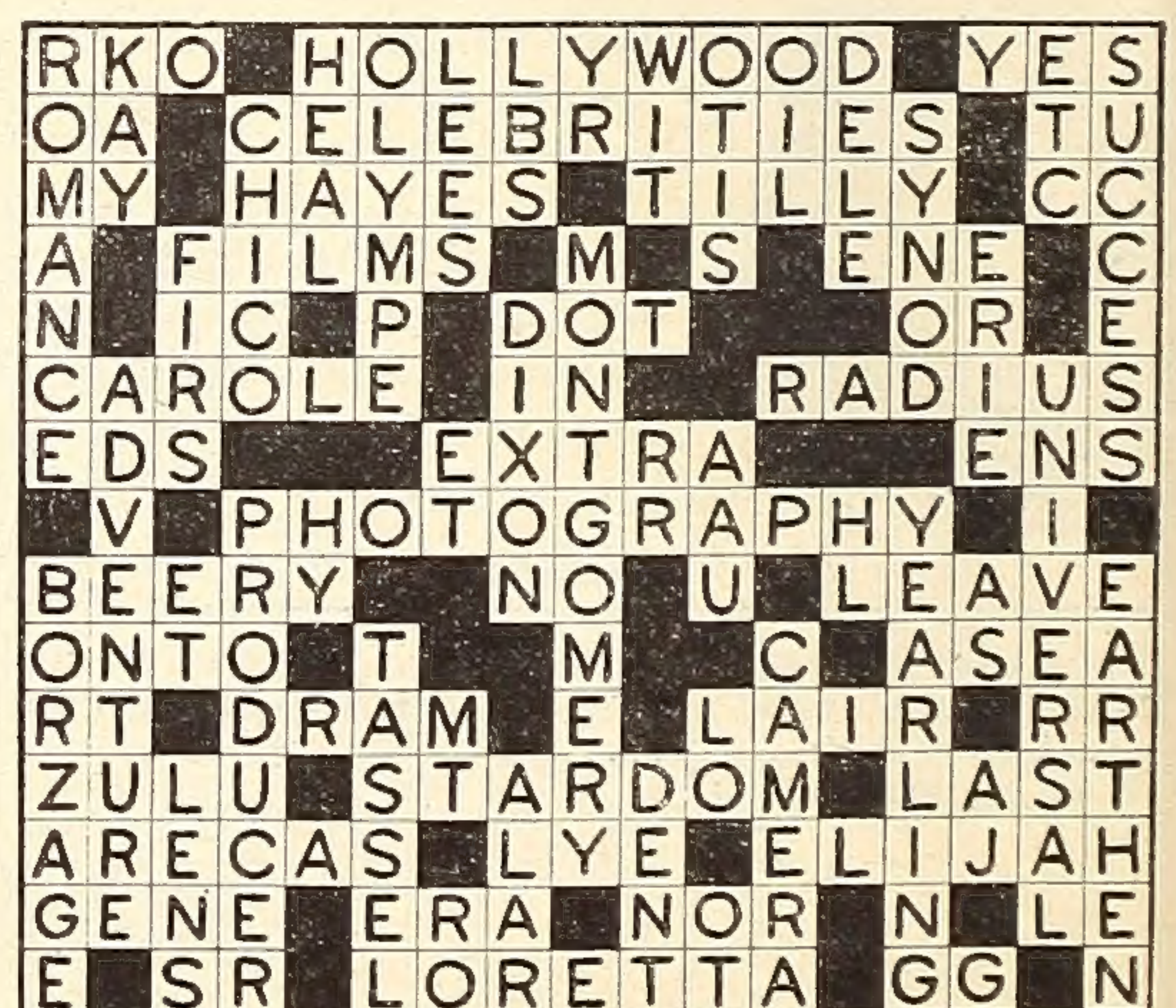
- 1 The loyal chef in "History Is Made At Night"
- 7 Strogoff in "The Soldier and the Lady"
- 13 Famous baritone at M-G-M
- 14 Son of Mohammed
- 16 The villain in "Othello"
- 17 Hurried
- 19 Type measure
- 20 Merriment
- 21 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 22 Feminine name
- 24 The devoted maid in "Maytime"
- 26 She's "mother" to the marines in "The Singing Marine"
- 28 A beverage
- 29 The cry of the crow
- 31 Drink little by little
- 32 She was a reporter in "Espionage"
- 35 National flower of England (pl.)
- 37 Keenly desirous
- 40 Within
- 41 Disfigure
- 42 Turf
- 44 The renowned "Mammy" singer
- 45 Co-star of "Internes Can't Take Money"
- 48 Make lace
- 50 The elder daughter in "Call It a Day"
- 53 Norse god of thunder
- 54 City in Italy
- 56 A single unit
- 57 Vocal sounds made to indicate contempt
- 58 Clara in "Ready, Willing and Able"
- 59 Plural ending
- 61 Adorn
- 62 Established (abbr.)
- 63 Henry VIII in "The Prince and the Pauper"
- 68 The gambler's wife in "Her Husband Lies"
- 71 Proceed
- 72 Personal pronoun
- 73 Bing's love interest in "Waikiki Wedding"
- 76 In "Make Way For Tomorrow"
- 79 Her latest picture is "Wee Willie Winkie"
- 82 Famous Antarctic explorer
- 83 In "Vogues of 1938"
- 84 The doctor in "Quality Street"

DOWN

1. Fred MacMurray's wife in "Swing High, Swing Low"
- 2 Tear
- 3 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 4 Standards of perfection
- 5 Tom Brown's Sweetheart in "Maytime"
- 6 Simpleton
- 7 To be victorious
- 8 Italian coins
- 9 In "Wings Over Honolulu"
- 10 Son of a well-known acting team (initials)
- 11 To discharge slowly
- 12 Mrs. Al Jolson
- 15 The munitions manufacturer in "Espionage"
- 18 Near by
- 23 Old Latin (abbr.)
- 25 With Kay Francis in "Another Dawn"

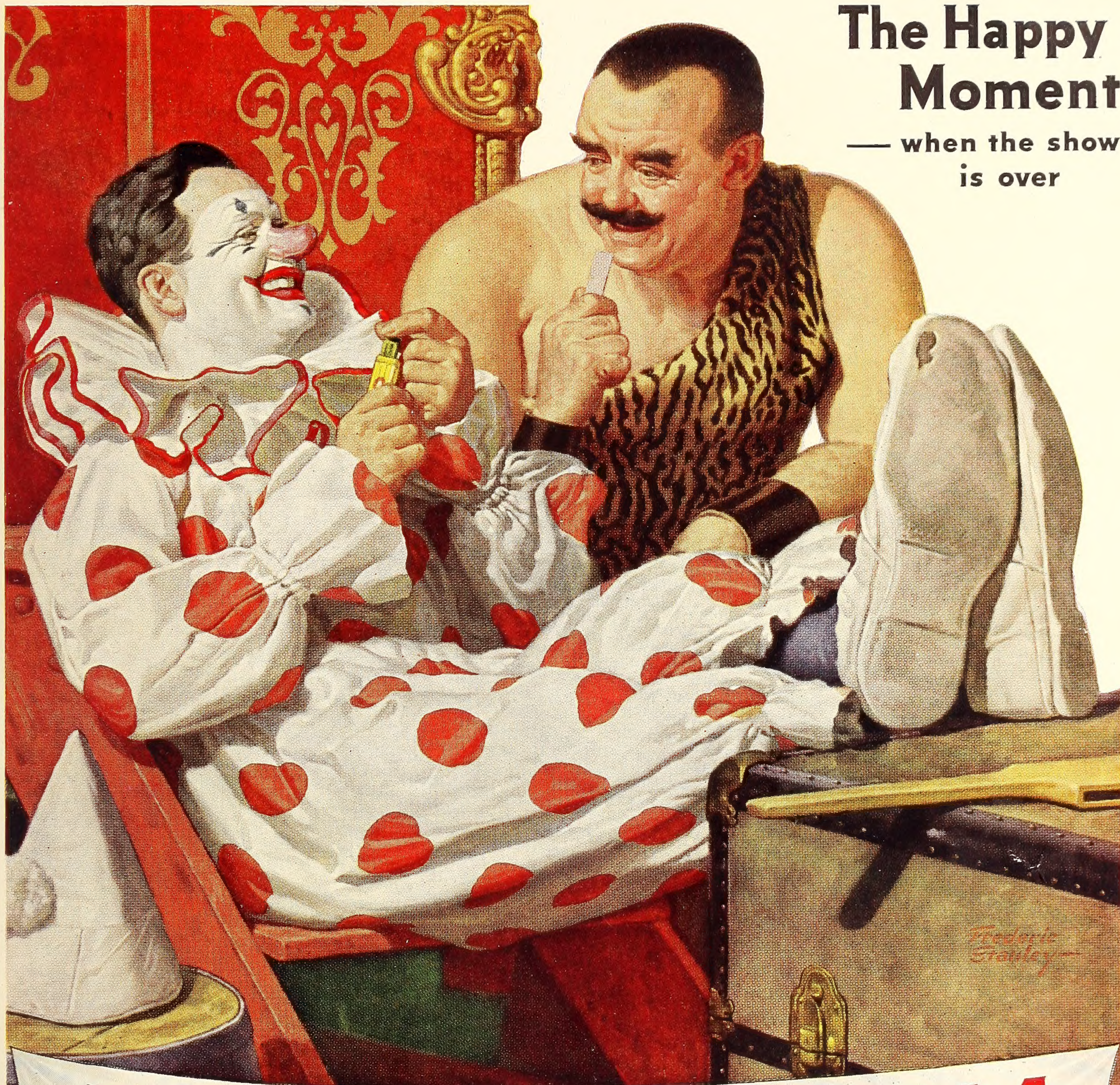
- 27 One of the government projects (abbr.)
- 29 The honest gambler in "Her Husband Lies"
- 30 With Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine"
- 33 The old father in "Make Way For Tomorrow"
- 34 To fix or fasten, as a ship
- 35 The sun god
- 36 Therefore
- 38 Gave (poet.)
- 39 A high priest (Bib.)
- 41 Parent
- 43 Perform
- 46 With Bob Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"
- 47 Speech of hesitancy
- 49 In regard to
- 51 Behold
- 52 The mother in "Call It a Day"
- 54 Southern state (abbr.)
- 55 Paid publicity
- 57 Prohibit
- 60 Japanese sash
- 64 Cruel monster
- 65 A denial
- 66 Morning (abbr.)
- 67 A great theatrical producer
- 68 Merry
- 69 Atmosphere
- 70 Army Officer (abbr.)
- 73 Eastern state (abbr.)
- 74 Not rapidly (poet.)
- 75 Japanese coin
- 76 Martha Raye's side partner (initials)
- 77 She recently returned to the screen (initials)
- 78 Upon
- 80 Height (abbr.)
- 81 Biblical pronoun

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



The Happy Moment

— when the show is over



BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."



SEE THE
BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



Swimming is the favorite sport
of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her debut in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (*right*) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



*These distinguished women
also prefer
Camel's mild, delicate taste:*

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand



For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.